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THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF
BRANN
THE ICONOCLAST

VOLUME V

THE BRANN PUBLISHERS, INC.
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
SHOULD "BOB" BE HANGED?	1
TO GOV. CHARLES ANSERINE CULBERSON	2
HUNTING FOR A HUSBAND	3
THE DEADLY PARALLEL	4
LIVE JACKASS VS. DEAD LION	5
AN ENGLISH WOMAN'S IDEA	6
EDITORIAL ETCHINGS	8
IS GOD AN INDIAN?	21
IS SUICIDE A SIN?	24
FOREIGN MISSION FAKE	29
A SACRED LEG SHOW	34
LOVE LETTERS	36
A NEW SASSIETY SHEET	38
BOOZE AND BABY SHOES	39
THE <i>Christian Courier</i>	41
SATAN LOOSED FOR A SEASON	43
THE SALVATION ARMY NUISANCE	45
A CORRESPONDENT'S CURIOSITY	46
THE PAGET-THOMAS CONTROVERSY	54
THE GRECIAN GAMES	56
WOMAN IN JOURNALISM	62
SEXUAL PURITY AND GUNPOWDER	66
THE AMERICAN SOVEREIGN	69
PROFESSIONAL FAILURES	76
THE TELXEIRA-MOBBIS CASE	81
THE TWO "GREAT" ISSUES	88
MORAL STATUS OF TEXAS	91
MAMMON'S HIGH MUCK-A-MUCK	93
A FRANK CONFESSION	95
A KANSAS CURIOSITY	100
FRIED IN HIS OWN FAT	102
A LUNATIC AT LARGE	106
A BRACE OF MISSOURI BEAUTS	109
A POLITICAL OLLA-PODRIDA	113
IF OUR COUNTRY WERE CATHOLIC?	118
CURRENT COMMENT	124
THE DEITY IN DANGER	134
COLONEL INGERSOLL'S COWARDICE	136
DIXIE'S DALIA-LAMA	138
A GREAT "REFORM" JOURNAL	140
THE MAYBRICK MOVEMENT	142
THOSE FASHIONABLE FORNICATORS	145

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CYCLONES AND SANCTIFICATION	148
HOWELL'S NEW HORROR	159
CATHOLIC VS. PROTESTANT "CRANKS"	163
OUR AMERICAN CZARS	170
WILLY WALLY TO WED	183
EDITORIAL ETCHINGS	187
AN APOLOGY FOR PATRIOTISM	201
REVOLT OF HEN-PECKED HUSBANDS	206
UNCLE SAM IN THE SOUP	209
OUR PLASTER-OF-PARIS NAPOLEON	211
SALMAGUNDI	218
A SANCTIFIED SHARK	232
AN ISLAND CITY ANGEL	234
A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE	237
THE KANSAS TRINITY	239
THOU SHALT NOT	243
DUTCH DEITY AND DEVIL	256
THE CURRENCY CRAZE	261
SLIPPERY BILL MCKINLEY	270
A BRAZEN HUMBUG	275
THE ICONOCLAST AND THE CLERGY	278
AN OLD MAID'S AUCTION	286
"THE WEDDING OF THE SEASON"	291
A WAIL FROM THE A.P.A.	299
MCKINLEY AND THE APES	312
TOM REED'S CANDIDACY	314
A MODEST HE-MAIDEN	316

SHOULD "BOB" BE HANGED?

SOME curious things come to the ears of the **ICONOCLAST**. It is informed that shortly before Col. R. G. Ingersoll lectured in Waco, a teacher in the public schools requested all her scholars "who thought old Bob should be hanged" to signify their bloody predilection by rising to their feet, and that all, with a single exception, promptly assumed the perpendicular.

"Little boy, why don't you think old Bob should be hanged?"

"'Cos I'm agoin' t'hear 'im lectur'."

The youngster had four bits invested in "old Bob," and proposed to protect his property. He was interested in the able agnostic in much the same manner that "Christian England" is interested in "Pagan Turkey." The incident suggests a story told by Col. Ingersoll himself. "When I was a boy attending Sunday-school," said he, "the teacher asked: 'Would you all be willing to be damned were it God's will?' and every little liar cheerfully chirped 'Yes sir.' " A boy is a curious animal—almost as much so as some of those whom we pay fat salaries to make a ridiculous pretense of educating him. If the teacher will take a vote on the proposition that the exploitation of religious differences in the schoolroom should be followed by immediate dismissal, she may secure a unanimous verdict.

TO GOV. CHARLES ANSERINE
CULBERSON.

DEAR SIR: Did it ever occur to you to put a faithful sentry in the donjon-keep to warn off the proletarian rabble, pull down the blinds of the throne-room and sit quietly down with your greatness, size it up and make a systematic effort to determine how you chanced to come by it? Just between you and the "Apostle," Charles Anserine, have you any theory to account for that fit of mental aberration in which the people imagined you worthy the chief magistracy of this mighty state? It was said of old that some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have it driven into them with a maul. This is kind of a rule-of-three by which almost any man caught with a nimbus in his possession may be classified. Have you any well defined idea into which category the cold-blooded historian of a subsequent generation will drop you, with the dull, hollow plunk of a sack of guana falling into the Grand Canyon? Born great? Oh, Charles! when thou wert a fuzzy-wuzzy kid, mewling and puking in thy nurse's arms, or striving to fill thy stomach with tacks or bits of broken glass, or to drown thyself in a tub of overripe soapsuds, did any dream thou wouldst one day become "our heroic young Christian governor" and drop both thy jewel of consistency and dickey-pin on stud poker? No, thou wert even as other kids—thou wert not born great. Hast achieved greatness, Charles Anserine? What hast done except to betray those who trusted you, renege on platform pledges and pile burdens upon the taxpayer to suppress a pugilistic mill which would not have been brought hither had not you given its promoters to understand you would whistle and chew meal? What wonderful stroke of policy, what evidence of Websterian statecraft will be

found to your credit by the future historian as he pores, not without wonder, upon your serpentine track on the page of Texas politics? Trusting that it will not be arraigned for *scan. mag.*, the *ICONOCLAST* suggests that he will decide that you were a small-bore politician who considered only your own preferment; that you achieved gubernatorial honors by ways that are dark and at once proceeded to advertise your own ineptitude; that, after carefully examining the incidence of your greatness, he will record that it was thrust upon you as a tribute of respect to your father, by an impetuous people who repented the rash act at leisure.

* * *

HUNTING FOR A HUSBAND.

IN the *Philadelphia Item* of March 8, I find the following advertisement:

“A nice young colored girl would like acquaintance with white gent; middle-age or young. Object, matrimony. L.61. Item.

Here is an opportunity for some of those trans-Ohio nigger lovers to illustrate in their own lives that racial equality which they insist upon in the South. It is certainly “a fine opening for some enterprising young man” who desires to add new luster to his line. If either Judge Tourgee or Col. Cockerill, the mayor of Boston or the editor of the *Inter-Ocean* be not wedded, he should open up a correspondence with the husband-hunter without delay. Doubtless she would entertain a proposition from either, as she does not insist that the white man who is to share

her bed and board, with legal sanction, possess youth or beauty, money or moral character; a white cuticle constitutes the open sesame—if accompanied by a marriage certificate. It is no uncommon thing in the sunny Southland for “nice young colored girls” to seek the acquaintance of “white gents”; but they do not insist on orange blossoms. If the dusk-cheeked damsel does not succeed in corraling a husband in the effete East, she should send her matrimonial ad. to the *Chicago Tribune*, which recently congratulated the Ladies’ Club of that city upon the admission of a coon to full membership.

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THE DEADLY PARALLEL.

THE Christian world continues to point the finger of scorn at Islam for evangelizing with the Koran in one hand and a scourge in the other. I have not taken the Turk under my Apostolic protectorate; but I protest against the slur on our own ancestors which this unqualified condemnation implies. I dislike to be told that the savage Kurds are more civilized than were the Anglo-Saxons of the Sixteenth century—that had our forefathers received their just deserts, every mother’s son of them would have been hanged. It is not necessary to go back far to find in Christian Europe, and even in America, religious atrocities equal to the Moslem orgies in Armenia. It was not until 1829 that the last of those iniquitous laws which excluded Catholics from the elective franchise, all offices and even the educational advantages of the universities, were wiped from the statute books of Episcopal England, while so late as 1891, in Christian Russia the Jews suffered persecution that appalled even the Sublime Porte. In

Massachusetts—the storm-center of foreign mission societies—you may still read on gravestones the names of blessed Christians who burned witches, and with red-hot irons, bored the tongues of Quakers. Religious intolerance, of whatsoever kind, is the result of ignorance. Instead of preaching “a war of extermination against the unspeakable Turk,” we should carefully contemplate the bloody record of our own cult, and practice the virtue of patience.

* * *

LIVE JACKASS VS. DEAD LION.

REV. W. T. LEWIS, of Little Rock, Ark., was born with a white skin, but that fact should not be charged up against the Caucasian race. Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold prove that we must expect moral perverts and intellectual abnormalities. During the Republican state convention of Arkansas, Dr. Lewis was called upon for a speech and, unbraiding his ears and unlimbering his lungs, proceeded to proclaim himself the prize jackass of his day and generation. A splendid portrait of Jefferson Davis adorned the platform, and moved the meek and lowly man of God—whose ostensible mission is to teach us to love our enemies and pray for those who despitefully use us—to remark that he disliked to speak in its presence. “We’ll take it down by and by,” he added, while the nigger delegates split their faces, “and throw it behind the screen or in the ashes.” While true men everywhere are trying to weed out the bitterness of war and make of this mighty nation one people; while the veterans of Grant and Lee are fraternizing at the same campfire, or together laying floral tributes upon the graves of their dead; while North and South are striving to forget how

deep into each other's hearts they have driven the cruel steel, up bobs this reverend burro, like Discord at Peleus' marriage feast, to fan the smoldering embers of hate with his malicious he-haw. I was never a particular admirer of Jefferson Davis; education and environment made me the enemy of the Confederate cause; still I can only regard as beneath contempt that creature who wars upon a corpse. Dr. Lewis seeks to deprive the vulture of its occupation. There was a time when graves were guarded only from hyenas; but it has become necessary to protect them from desecration at the hands of unclean yahoos wearing the livery of the Most High. Small wonder that Infidelity spreads like the pestilence that walketh in darkness, when the professed followers of the meek and lowly Man of Gallilee are full of spite as the aspic of poison.

* * *

AN ENGLISH WOMAN'S IDEA.

A LADY teacher in the public schools of Dallas opines that the United States senators are determined to have a fight, and suggests that they be segregated in some secluded spot, and Maher, Corbett and Fitzsimmons delegated to give the most potent, grave, etc., a bellyful, or words to that effect. What have these eminent politicians done to the Dallas pedagogues that she would have them talked to death? Jim and Bob are modern Samsons when it comes to wielding the assinine jawbone. Even the Populist philistines would be powerless. The teacher in question, according to the Dallas News,—which appears to approve her barbarous plan—"is an English woman educated in Canada;" which suggests that she may stand in need of a little fatherly advice, such as can only be fur-

nished by the **ICONOCLAST**. English ladies educated in Canada are apt to be a trifle strange to our institutions, and imagine America simply a British province instead of the queen bee of the national procession. My very dear, if somewhat previous young lady, you are simply a servant of the American Republic, employed to teach its youth their a-b abs, not to exercise your truly phenomenal wit at the expense of its duly accredited representatives. You have probably from a labored perusal of the editorial page of the *Dallas News*, imbibed the fallacious idea that the boys committed to your care are to be trained for the obsequious duties of humble British subjects. Women will probably rule them, but they will have to be on the same side of the sea to do so successfully. It is a very important part of your duty to inculcate love and respect for institutions established by certain worthy gentlemen who suggested to Lord Cornwallis the propriety of taking his meals in his own countree. If you aspire to become really useful as a Texas school-marm you should become Americanized. The happiest manner of accomplishing so desirable a transformation is to marry a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat and appoint him your proxy in all matters pertaining to American politics. By the time you have reared a crop of sovereigns you will object to hearing the United States senate belittled by a British subject.

The Rev. Mr. Leatherhead, of Ladonia, is giving an excellent imitation of a man who wears the petticoats and is proud of it.

From a portrait of Miss Rebecca Merlindy Johnson in the Fourth Estate, I learn that the manual labor of carrying two shares of *Houston Post* stock has given a melancholy, catfish droop to the corners of her rose-bud

mouth. Dear Rebecca, how her responsibilities must weigh upon her!

There are Nails in Ladonia that should be driven home with the soft side of a plank.

* * *

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

DR. JEHOVAH BOANERGES CRANFILL of Waco, McLennan County, Texas, aspires to the Prohibition nomination for the Presidency. If the ICONOCLAST can do aught to aid him in realizing on his modest ambition he has only to ring the bell or pound on the table with his parasol. I will sign a petition to the Holy Willies in convention assembled at Pittsburg, help work the primaries, set up a blind-tiger booze, or even go to the Smoky City as a delegate and place my distinguished townsman's remarkable name before the long-hairs in a speech full of pathos, bathos and blue fire if necessary. I have espoused the cause of Cranfill, and I'm no Laodicean who'll linger in the shade to fight flies and scratch redbugs while my gallant chief does battle valiant with the world, the flesh and the devil. I'll mount my fiery Bucephalus, set spear in rest, expectorate on my hands and follow where I see his white plume shine amid the ranks of war. That's me. Cranfill should be, shall be nominated. He deserved the exalted distinction of being formally recognized as *facile princeps* of the religio-political perverts. It will be a great advertisement, not for Waco, but for the Prohibition party. It will thenceforth have a local habitation as well as a name; for, if nominated, Cranfill will be the Prohibition party. He will carry it around in his hat. He will lie down with it

at night and rise up with it when Aurora leaves the aged Tithonus' unsatisfactory bed to ope the purple gateways of the day. If, by some mischance, he should leave it under his pillow and the chambermaid mistook it for one of those creeping things that sometimes defy both red precipitate and a fine-tooth comb—but why borrow trouble of the morrow when present evil suffices unto the day? I am supporting Cranfill because I want to see him truly happy—and he is so easily pleased. He “wants but little here below,” but he wants it awful bad. Some men are ambitious. They aspire to be pound-masters or justices of the peace. Cranfill asks only the Prohibition nomination for President. It were like seeking the poor privilege of inhaling the sweet savor of peanuts in your neighbor's pocket, or watching Joe Cooley mix a cocktail for s'mother man. The Prohibition nomination were like the “kisses by hopeless fancy feigned on lips that are for others.” If a cat may look at a king and enjoy it, why should not our brother in Christ fix his yearning gaze upon the White House in delirious ecstasy? When we can cause the bubble joy to saltate in folly's cup without it costing us a copper cent, it were little short of a crime to withhold our hand. Cranfill's nomination were really an act of mercy. It were balm of Gilead to a man with the itch, a full-grown Washington pie to the peregrinating “pur-fesh.” Happiness does not always consist in wealth, or honor, or office. The pickaninny blithely chasing through cruel briar patch for mythical pot of gold at the receding rainbow's base, or throwing salt at the tail of some bright plumaged bird, were happier far than an Alexander trying to forget, in deep draughts of Samian wine, the rape and ruin of a world. It is the little things that really make life worth the living. The editor of the *Houston Post* is proud of the title of “colonel”—be-

stowed by some Pullman porter or obsequious colored barber—as though he had really cocked a cannon, or, by pale Luna's fitful light, led the forlorn hope on some defenseless Yankee hennerly. A sure-enough man would consider the Prohibition nomination for President "a dirty Irish trick." He would feel about it much as Falstaff must have felt when the Merry Wives of Windsor promised him the full meed of their voluptuous charms, then resolidified his melting tallow by crowding his Cranfillian carcass into a buckbasket with soiled sheets and dirty diapers and tossing him into the Thames. But while men demand the real, the tangible, infants, physical and mental, are satisfied with shadows.

"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Corbett and Fitzsimmons have again unbuckled their jawbones and are chewing the rag in a manner terrible to behold. They can make more fuss and do less fighting than a pair of brindle fices exchanging compliments through a picket-fence. Congress should again come to the rescue of the country. The danger is no less imminent and awful than when our lawmakers averted the wreck of matter and crash of worlds that would inevitably have followed a collision of these superhuman forces in the squared circle. This face-fighting is what we have most to fear. It is more destructive than the impact of the irresistible upon the immovable. It is the most terrible shape in which Death can come—worse than "consumption's ghastly form, the earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm." It is stealthily unscrewing the nut of modern civilization, enervating the universe with chronic ennui, precipitating a state of mental degeneration and physical

decay. Pugilism is played out. These doughty knights of the vocal organs have talked it to death. Somebody should enjoin Dan Stuard from monkeying with the corpse. It seems too much like sacrilege. "Let the dead and the beautiful rest."

Max O'Rell assures us that "nothing but Heaven is so beautiful as the American girl on a bicycle." That upsets at one fell swoop all our artistic traditions, and may force us to revise some features of our religion. Our highest possible conception is but the world we know made perfect. We cannot so much as think of it except by the aid of earthly symbols. It is an idealization of the real, an intensification of what we find best in this life, most beautiful. We build the walls of Heaven with jasper from our mines, pave the streets with terrene gold, and adorn it with pearls and precious gems imported from our planet. We fill the Celestial City with melody such as our own great great masters make, and people it with beautiful humans purged of all earthly passions. As our æsthetic nature develops our ideal of physical perfection advances with painful steps and slow, from the painted and bedizened savage to "Idalian Aphrodite beautiful," whispering her sweet blandishments to the simple shepherd lad on many-fountained Ida, her perfumed hair of beaten gold blowing about his face, the crocus blushing like smoldering fire beneath her feet. Max O'Rell has rudely jacked our æstheticism up a notch instead of evolving it by easy stages to a more exalted plane. Henceforth our angels will not flit from cloud to cloud and from star to star on snowy pinions, nor walk the celestial streets in robes of white Samite flowing free about fair forms, dreamy, mystic, rhythmic as sacred melody, enveloping the soul of enraptured saint; they will shed their feathers, don

bloomers or knickerbockers, and, straddling jeweled bikes of eighteen karats gold, go scorching through interstellar space, or coasting down the sapphire hills of Heaven. No longer will "Hope hear the rustle of a wing," but rather the whirr of wheels. No longer will the sacred choir march with the stately motion of a mighty river, chanting the *Te Deum*, but parade on bikes with pneumatic tires and regale Omniscience with operatic airs. Max O'Rell is right. Heaven is on wheels. Even in Homer's time did Vulcan make self-propelling machines for the convenience of the gods. When Hebe amused the High Olympian court with that historic fall, she was simply taking a header from a bike whose rubber tire had encountered carpet-tacks. Who knows but the entire Heavenly host, with old Elijah, that expert sky rider, pedaling in the van, takes an occasional moonlight spin adown the Milky Way, or circles like flying meteors the ecliptic of the sun! Bikes of course; how pur-blind we have been! Did not Shakespeare rail at "the strumpet Fortune," and adjure the general synod of the gods to

"Break all the spokes and fellies from her Wheel?"

Gone is the occupation of Pegasus—Death has turned his old white skate out to graze and bought him a record-breaker. Gabriel will put a frame on the sun and moon and come coursing down the troubled vault of heaven, blowing his resurrection horn. Wonderful Max O'Rell! He hath a great head—so great, in fact, that I can but wonder he doesn't take something for it. He has indeed exalted our ideal of beauty and given us a nobler conception of womanly grace. The American girl was just a little lower than the angels in those old days when, with the stately motion of a full-canvassed ship riding a sum-

mer sea, she came and went, we scarce knew how, her locomotion a sacred mystery, her presence music and her absence a fierce regret; but now that she hath bestrid one of those d——d machines that make her to walk while riding and ride while walking—suggestive of a dodo dancing the can-can—she's strictly in it even with the angels.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard has discovered that young Mr. Stephen Crane is a "genius"—discovered it all by himself, and without the aid of a private detective agency. This has encouraged him to explain to us the origin of "genius." If his hypothesis prove satisfactory to men of science, future Pasteurs and Jenners may be able to do something to check the disease. Mr. Hubbard defines a "genius" as a person "who knows because he knows." Accepting that definition as correct, geniuses are plentiful as blackbirds—the woods are full of them. Every woman is a genius by right of her sex. All the gabsters who denounce the *ICONOCLAST* as "an atheistical sheet" in the same breath they praise God they never read it, are copper-riveted, brass-mounted geniuses, with leather-lung patent and latest improvement in jaw-bones. Every man who discusses politics or religion, biking or baseball, is a doubled distilled genius and doesn't care a cofferdam how soon it's put in the papers. Genius is the curse of this country,—and all these years we've supposed it was gall. The trouble with Mr. Elbert Hubbard is that he takes himself too seriously. He's skating down a dilapidated Chaldean highway and imagining that he's exploring an undiscovered country. He attempts to startle us with the assertion that "every genius had a splendid mother"—forgetful of the fact that the saying was trite in the time of Tacitus—and was never true. Transcendent intellect has sprung from the loins of brutish ignorance;

children begotten in the foul bed of a bawd have won the immortelles and worn them well. Like most writers on this eminently unsatisfactory subject, Mr. Hubbard crowns the mother, but ignores the old man. The latter has been too long neglected. He begets sons and daughters, then hustles hard to provide their hash and ope to them all the gates of knowledge—grows bent and grizzly in their service as some gaunt galley slave; yet should they chance to keno in the world's great game he's expected to go out and feed the mules while the bouquets for which he toiled so many weary years are heaped on mother. He's given flatly to understand that any other man could have done as well if blessed with such a mate—that he simply touched the button and mother did the rest. Still he doesn't go on a strike and thereby compel the pseudo-psychologists to recognize his importance; he does his duty as outlined in Genesis and puts his trust in the Lord. According to Mr. Hubbard the child of genius falls heir to an unhappy mother's longing "for knowledge, for music, for beauty, for sympathy, for attainment," develops a man's strength and breaks the fetters of an unkind environment that held her fast. In common parlance, the babe is "marked" by the mother, the father's intellect and aspirations cutting little or no figure in the matter. In breeding cattle, horses, dogs and other domestic animals, the male parent is supposed to be of paramount importance; but in breeding men the law is reversed and superior qualities are inherited chiefly from the mother. This is a very pretty and chivalrous sentiment; but, as attorney for the paternal ancestor, I insist that it is not good sense. Woman but fosters the life germ received from her mate, as the field the virile grain embedded in its bosom. The soil cannot make oats of barley nor rye of corn; but it depends upon fertility

and environment whether it bring forth ten, twenty or an hundred fold. As a rule, children resemble the father or some of his progenitors, both in traits of character and personal appearance—the acorn can produce nothing but an oak, wherever it may fall. The existence of genius, in the common acceptation of the term, may well be doubted. There is not so much difference in the mental calibre of men as popularly supposed. Some men are certainly superior to others mentally as physically; but the genius will usually be found to be an intellectual abnormality in which one or more faculties are developed at the expense of all the others. Few men soar into the empyrean on eagle-wings, and those who do usually mount on borrowed plumes and sink in Icarian seas. Those who win the fadeless bays must climb, climb, inch by inch, until with infinite toil they clear the sombre clouds that hang heavy on Parnassus' rugged side, and, passing with pallid faces and worn hearts into the glory of the sun, are hailed by their fellows as something superhuman. Byron was the typical genius. We are wont to think of him as carelessly dictating "Childe Harrold" to a stenographer while reclining on a velvet couch in his Italian harem. He "awoke one morning and found himself famous"—as though he had carelessly scrawled some brilliant thought upon the fly-leaf of his "Decameron" and sent it to the morning daily. Yet Byron assures us that "easy writing makes d—d hard reading." Of long days of labor and nights of agony was born the genius of Byron. The wonderful "impromptu" reply of Webster to Hayne was but the unrolling before our enraptured eyes of cloth of gold woven by forty years of labor 'neath ambition's cruel lash. Ingersoll truly says that "every success is built upon the ashes of a thousand failures." Genius is not, as Mr. Hubbard asserts "the intuition of woman carried one step

farther"; it is the child of unceasing toil—is born of man's ability to "sweat blood."

Chappie Anserine Culberson, governor of Texas by the grace of public ignorance, Old Dave's popularity and the power of the political machine, evidently has the Old Lady, alias the Double Ender, alias the *Dal-Gal*, badly rattled, or razooed or razzle-dazzled, or whatever they call it in the terse vernacular of the vulgar. He recently stated that the Double-Ender has been the open and avowed enemy of every democratic governor of Texas, and added that he was not an exception to the rule. The venerable dame seizes her *lignumvitæ* mop stick and comes back at Chappie Anserine of the erstwhile diamond stud and threes vs. fours in a little game of draw, with a front page editorial that smells of sulphur and vitriol, and sizzles like a million volts of double-distilled electricity toying with a street-car mule. The Old Lady out-Jezebels Jezebel. She overdoes Termagent. She makes Xantippe appear like a soft-voiced country maid cooing to her first mash. The Gra'ma of Texas journalism lets down her back hair and strips for a finish fight. She's more awful in her anger than Macbeth brought to bay. Ajax defying the lightning sinks into insignificance. The indignation of the Earl of Essex when slapped by the Virgin Queen, the fine scorn of O'Connell when kangarooed by an adverse court were as pink lemonade to Prohibition pizen compared with the old dame's defiance unto death. She evidently intends to drink hot blood, to make an awful example of Chappie Anserine. Police! Police! The *Gal-Dal* informs the Guv that his statement lacks originality. It does,—he says exactly what all his predecessors have said so far back as I can remember. That's what hurts. He's rubbing Tobasco sauce into an ancient sore. He's

pounding at the same old place. Democratic governors have considered the good will of a dog a thing to be desired, but have assiduously cultivated the ill will of the Double Ender. Original? Nit! The gay "young man downstairs" is but faintly echoing the words of those who have gone before. The *News* insists that public officials are not infallible, and intimates that it is the province of the press to point out their faults. One would infer from this that editors are omniscient,—that Governors and Presidents, Potentates and Powers can glean wisdom only from the daily press. You can estimate an editor's wisdom pretty accurately by the contents of his weekly envelope. Most of the editorials in the *Gal-Dal* are written by men who receive from \$30 to \$40 a week—about the earnings of a locomotive engineer. The San Antonio *Express* and Houston *Post*—also great public opinion molders and privileged to dictate domestic policy and foreign policy—pay their chief editorial writers about \$25 a week each—the wages of a journeyman tinker in a good live town. And these are the all-knowing generation who keep watch and ward of the general welfare—sound the alarm whenever congress or the chief magistrate makes a mistake. Imagine "Snap Shots" giving advice to Gladstone or rebuking Thos. Brackett Reed, while these worthies stand with eyes cast down and meekly take their medicine. Just contemplate "Sully" button-holing Jim Blaine and kindly explaining to him the evils of reciprocity—of Whelpley taking old John Sherman aside and giving him a serious talk! Why not? These men know as little inside the sanctum as when stripped of the editorial "we." The *News* declares that it came to Texas before many of its critics were born and will be doing business at the old stand when they are dead. Age is ample apology for the nescience of an individual, but not of a newspaper. The

Old Lady should have learned wisdom during her fifty-odd years of life—she cannot plead the privilege of the lean and slippered pantaloon to play the fool. The *News* is at least newsy. The Old Lady is sufficiently virile yet to run a scoop on all her wondering contemporaries by leaking the information that the *Gal-Dal* “lives because the vital essence of truth and righteousness permeates its organization”; furthermore, that “all men, governors included, would do well to understand” that no pop-gun pellets “can shake this old fortress, the abiding place of the living faith.” Rodents! Likewise rats! St. John tells us that “Jesus wept.” I don’t remember why he wept, but it must have been because he had no gun when he found the Pharisees throwing bouquets at themselves. The general consensus of opinion is to the effect that the *News* keeps its “vital essence of truth and righteousness” in the fireproof safe of the business office. The “living faith” it carries in stock is evidently ageing fast. It needs a dose of Brown-Sequard elixir and to have the wrinkles ironed out. It has been known to change in the short space of two years from the fiatism with which Waco’s “Warwick” tried to fool the Pops, to a virulent case of the gold-bug fever. The “living faith” of the *News* is in its dotage—already shines with graveyard fire—“the gilded halo hovering round decay.” If the Old Lady has a friend on earth he should persuade her to put on her clothes. She’s too *passee* to pose for “the altogether.”

I call upon the police to suppress “Pagan Bob” Ingersoll before he turns the world topsy-turvy, precipitates a full-grown pandemonium. So long as he confines himself to the task of setting the agnosticism of the French philosophers to music he was comparatively harmless, but

his present activity is in every way pernicious. Having decided that there's no Hell in the henceforth, he has set to work with malice prepense to make it hot for us here. He's "going to and fro in the earth" like his great progenitor mentioned in the Book of Job, telling the ladies that they's got all the gumption of the world grabbed, while their alleged lords and masters are scarce competent to feed their own faces, or words to that effect. He's the devil in disguise—"squat like a toad, distilling poison in the ear of sleeping Eve." First thing we know gentle woman's head will be so swelled that she'll dispense with us altogether—give us hours to get off the earth. In the most solemn manner I caution her to beware the colonel. Tell him to dispose of his honey-dew at a boarding house. He's giving you what the canaille call "guff." When a man throws kisses with both hands it is well to watch him. Chivalry is an excellent trait, but there's such a thing as being an ass. Intellectual amazons are not unknown, but they have been few and far between. Ingersoll scrapes the great round earth with a fine-tooth comb, and that several centuries deep, then marshalls forth his Aspasia for comparison with the men of America. And after having thus stacked the cards he comes lamely off. America has not had time to breed many intellectual Titans. Yet she can furnish forth an hundred names that stand for more in the great arena of the world, than do all the women born, from Sappho down to Harriet Beecher Stowe. Carlyle tells us that it is not wonderful a quadruped walks but ill upon its hinder legs—the wonder is that it so walks at all. It is not strange that woman has accomplished so little beyond the sacred circle of the home; the miracle is that she has done so much. God did not confer all the good gifts upon the softer sex—some were reserved for her ugly and awkward mate, and among these

were superior strength, of body and breadth of mind. Woman was made beautiful and tender and true; let her take the goods the gods provide and hold her peace.

I have been glancing over an "historic novel" by one John Esten Cooke. It is supposed to be memoirs of a Col. Surry of the erstwhile Southern Confederacy. The historic novel, like the historic drama, is usually fearfully and wonderfully made. The last time I undertook to absorb a little valuable history from the mimic stage I found Gen. Sam Houston in command of the Alamo at time of the massacre, and afterwards fighting a bowie-knife duel with Santa Anna about a frowsy female. Hence I was not surprised to learn from this new Cooke book that we licked the Yankees in the late unpleasantness. As the gamin would say, we chawed 'em up and spit 'em out. See? We made hash of 'em and served it hot. We were always vastly outnumbered and ever victorious. There was free and unlimited coinage of Yankees at a ratio of 16 to 1, but we maintained the parity. We had them on the run from John Brown's raid until Col. Rip Ford of Texas put a final kibosh on 'em at Brownsville. Appomattox was a colossal mistake. Grant was going to surrender to Lee, but in the confusion incident to the occasion, the rôles got reversed and the Feds marched into Richmond on the very day that the Confeds were due in Washington. We have been clamoring for a school history of the war "from a Southern standpoint," and now we've got it. Mr. Cooke has filled a long-felt want. But it ought to be illustrated. It should have for a frontispiece a tattered Confederate soldier with Queen Anne musket and empty cartridge-box, running a Federal brigade into the Ohio river. Then we would be satisfied—would feel that the hard, cold facts of history had been impartially set forth,

nothing extenuating, naught set down in malice. The trans-Ohio historic novels simply reverse the shield. According to those faithful chronicles the Yanks fairly wore out their feet chasing us through our own cotton fields. All that was necessary to win a federal victory was a blue uniform and the American flag. The historic novels of our Northern cousins sound like the war dispatches from Cuba edited by Gen. Weyler. The Rebels are always hopping onto a small but gallant band of Government troops, then wishing to God they hadn't. After a careful hearing of both sides to this wordy controversy, I'm convinced that there was no civil war. Gettysburg is but an old Pelasgian myth, born of the collision of a Southern simoon with a Northern blizzard in the neighborhood of Bulwago. The Southern confederacy was but a hashees vision or pipe dream. There was nothing real about it but its currency and the chairman of the Texas kermishen. Lee was but a poetic conception of Southern chivalry, Grant is a latter development of the old Norse legion of Thor and his wonderful hammer. The roar of battle was but the rumbling of wheels in the heads of the historic novelists. It's all a mistake. Uncle Dan McGary's print-shop at Brenham was not destroyed by bluecoats. His claim against the government for 'steen million dollars damages is but a bluff to enable the Houston Bohemian Club to obtain another keg of beer on credit. Let us sober up and have peace—peace with an appropriation.

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IS GOD AN INDIAN?

REV. DR. SEASHOLES, of Dallas, has just startled the world with a discovery before which the North Pole flurry becomes mere folly, and the Roentgen ray pales its in-

effectual fires. He declares that "Adam's complexion was a dark red," and that "were he alive to-day he would pass for an Indian." How tedious and tasteless the hours until Dr. Seasholes arrived with this priceless morceau of information! As soon as I get that monument erected to the blessed Baylorian Babe, I'm going to rear upon the highest Texas hill a colossal statue of brass typifying Dr. Seasholes Enlightening the World. But for his tireless industry and iridescent genius we might have gone on for ages yet imagining the complexion of the first of men a pale sky blue, a pea green, or even a pink brindle. But all our doubts are now dispelled—Adam was a Turkey red and resembled the haughty inhabitants of the Reservation who wear feathers in their hair, eat boiled dog and get drunk on spirits of camphor and Hostetter's Bitters. Dr. Seasholes does not appear to appreciate the magnitude of his discovery; or perhaps he hesitates to point out its full significance lest he be unfrocked for heresy. Genesis says that Adam was a perfect miniature of the Almighty. "God created man in his own manage; in the image of God created he him." Hence the Deity adored by the learned doctor of divinity is also an Indian, with "a dark red complexion"—the great prototype of Standing Bear and Sitting Bull. Whether he is a Navajo, Comanche, Piute or Tammanyite, I cannot tell; but it is quite evident from the facts before us that he resembles the painted braves who stand so patiently before our tobacco stores, tomahawk in hand—that our wooden Indians are but Seasholes gods on wheels. I used to wonder when reading the Old Testament why Jehovah commanded the Jews to kill so many people who had done them no damage, drive off their stock, ruin their vineyards and appropriate their virgins, why he sometimes bade them slay young and old, male and female and place prisoners of war under har-

rows of iron. But the Seasholes hypothesis makes it all plain. The party who "made the stars also" merely as a divertisement at the end of a hard day's labor—threw them in as lagniappe—was heap big Injun. That is the logical conclusion to be drawn from the Seasholes discovery. He has carried his kodak back some millions of years and snapped it at our remote ancestor. The result is a complete refutation of the Darwinian doctrine. Man is not descended from the monkey. His progenitor was at first a little pile of earth, perhaps the original mud pie. Then he became an Indian like his creator—with a dark red complexion. Of course it follows that if Adam was a buck, Eve was a squaw, for she was bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Dr. Seasholes' wonderful discovery is confirmed by circumstantial evidence, for they "were naked and not ashamed," took readily to snake lore and petit larceny. They were placed upon a Reservation and fed and clothed at the expense of the government. The doctor wins on his proposition dead easy.

How unfortunate that Henry Ward Beecher died before the Seasholes demonstration. Beecher was wont to say that the man who swallowed the Adam and Eve story was not fit to teach babes; and here we are made acquainted with their very complexion! Geology has demonstrated that the Biblical story of the creation is but a barbarous myth, and biology amply proven that man is the product of tens of thousands of years of patient evolution; but Dr. Seasholes don't mind. He knows what he knows, and if the scientists monkey with him he'll not only publish an autograph portrait of Adam, taken in the suit of goat skins made by the Celestial Tailor, but dig up his wigwam and exhibit it in Dallas.

IS SUICIDE A SIN?

A SUICIDAL mania seems to be sweeping over the world despite the prevalent supposition that the Eternal hath fixed his canons 'gainst self-slaughter, in defiance of frequent denunciation by the press and pulpit of the *felo de se* as both a criminal and a coward. It is the natural result of an artificial, high pressure existence, the logical sequence of an age of sham. Everything is leather and prunells, brummagem and pinch-beck. Life is no longer real, no longer earnest, but a made farce, a Momus masque, wherein genius panders to the gross appetites of gilded fools and the world is ruled by the impudence of wealth. All the melody of life is drowned by the wrangling of the money-chambers, the ape-chatter of ineptitude and the social hullabaloo of fashionable harlots; the roses are trampled ruthlessly into the mire in the mad race for riches, virtue hath become a byword and honor a reproach. Is it any wonder that so many find the brutish revel unbearable and go forth to meet "the Angel of the Darker Drink."

Suicide has of late years been made the subject of much false logic and foolish sentiment. The impression seems to be general that all who slay themselves are insane. It were much easier to demonstrate that those who consent to live in such a Bedlam are crackbrained. If all the lunatics suffered to run at large should lay violent hands upon themselves the much-vexed "montary problem" would give place to blessed silence, sectarian sermons would cease and thousands of busy editors now prizing the world out of its orbit with goose quill for lever and a shirt-tail of pied type for fulcrum, would don linen ulster, seize palm-leaf fan and join the free excursion to

Satan's great winter resort. Unfortunately, the lunatic is in love with life. It is he that stands mouthing and mumbling by the open grave in which wiser men, finding themselves unable to longer endure his company, and unnecessary to Omniscience, have sought the blessed boon of ever dreamless sleep.

Death is "King of Terrors"; who fears him not fears nothing. The Romans were the bravest of the brave, and never suspected of being a race of lunatics; yet they ran upon their own swords rather than endure the ignominy of slavery. And they were right. "Liberty or Death" was the battle-cry that wreathed old Bunker Hill with flame and burst from the famished lips of our fathers at Valley Forge. Death is the *fidus Achates* of every man who deserves to live. He stands ever, like an angel of mercy, at the elbow of the brave. Those who fear him cannot be free; those who make him their armor-bearer may stand erect in manhood's imperial majesty and defy an adverse world.

The man who snaps the silver cord and leaps to meet the nameless terrors of the great unknown, is never a coward; the slaves of fear are those who linger after the day of their destiny's over and the star of their fate hath declined; who drink the bitter lees of life because lacking the courage to cast away the cup—who live, a curse to themselves, their country and their kind when they could their "quietus" make with a bare bodkin. Suicide is a sin only when it injures others. Man's lordship of his own life ends only where the rights of others begin. The most perfect life is not worth the living for itself alone. With

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,"

there's still more shadow than sunshine, less pleasure than pain. Half a century of sweet companionship with the grandest woman that ever wore the sacred name of wife and motherhood does not recompense man for the agony that eats out his heart when her cold dead lips respond not to his own. The children that become the very warp and woof of his existence—his joy by day, his dream by night—what are they but the dread bolts with which Destiny sears his soul as he listens to the surpliced parrot's chant of ashes to ashes and dust to dust! The poet who declared it better to have loved and lost than not to have loved at all, was but a utilitarian, a mere beast of the field, happy if he have a full belly—capable of making "the funeral baked meats furnish forth the wedding feast," of shrining as empress of his crass soul a woman who has borne children to other men.

With the most of us life at its best is no luxury, but a fierce struggle from the cradle to the grave—days of toil and anxiety, suffering and sin, with here and there a bright oasis redolent with song of birds and the perfume of a thousand flowers, making by contrast the desert seem more drear. We struggle valiantly—for what? To maintain an existence that is a mistake; that our inconsequential names may live for a moment on the foolish lips of fame, then be forever forgotten; that we may accumulate a handful of golden dross to tempt our heirs-at-law to prove us the lunatics we are. Life is "a battle and a march," at the end of which the worn soldier leaves his body to fertilize the fields and fatten future generations of fools. It was forced upon us without our foreknowledge or consent, and we are under no obligation to endure it longer than we like. We cling to it, not because existence with its cankering cares is better than oblivion, but because superstition has filled eternity with foolish terrors, peopled

it with horned devils and chimerae dire. The existence of man upon the earth may be in accordance with the Almighty's plan, for aught I know; but individual life cannot be the result of divine decree, for death comes alike to youth and age. God is not a malicious demon, hence he does not compel woman to endure all the pains of parturition, and awake to life maternal love, only to lay a dead or idiotic babe upon her breast. "Be fruitful and multiply" was the utterance of a barbarian seeking to trace to its source the procreative passion he felt beating in his blood. The survival of the fittest is the law of progressive life, and contravenes the theory that the individual is the result of a special dispensation." Not being divinely ordained to live, man is privileged to die. Suicide is not a sin against the Author of the Universe, for it is impossible to injure Omnipotence. If the Deity ordained the birth of the suicide he likewise decreed his time and mode of death, and it were as impossible for the creature to avoid the one as to escape the other. God works by general instead of special laws. If the acorn falls upon the rock it perishes; if upon the fruitful soil it becomes a spreading oak. Whether it live or die matters but little, for acorns are many and the genus runs ever on. So with the life of man. If a woman be fruitful she will conceive, and remorseless nature weed from her brood the weaklings—will prove the inconsequence of the individual, the cheapness of human life.

But man must have respect for his obligations—there be those who are not at liberty to shuffle off this mortal coil simply because it hath become distasteful. Filial affection a man may owe his parents, gratitude for their kindly care, but naught for having called him into being. If not an accident, it was a conspiracy on their part for which he was in no wise responsible. They did not so

much as know whether he would be a girl, a philosopher or a fool. They knew not whether they were bringing him into the world for honor or for shame. But he may in turn have committed the crime of endowing inert matter with the capacity for suffering. In that case it becomes his duty to make the life he has called into being as tolerable as possible. He may have won the affections of a good woman. He has no right to cause her sorrow, to sacrifice the life which has become a part of her own soul. He must do his duty, must stand at his post like a Roman sentinel though the heavens rain fire.

On the other hand, he may be necessary to no one. His existence may be an injury to others. His very presence in the world may be pollution. He may be compelled to choose between the bitter bread of charity and the calm serenity of death, between the slavery of the convict and the freedom of the universe. To such a one the sweetest thought must be that he is privileged to end a useless existence. In the grave he can defy "the oppressor's wrongs, the proud man's contumely." The scourge of poverty, the gaunt fingers of disease and the poisoned shafts of malice affect him not. His heart may be broken, but the hurt is forever healed. His trusted friend may betray him, but the iron does not enter his soul. "Greater than kings, than gods more glad," he mixes with the imperishable elements, "the visible garment of God." The battle is ended, the day of storm and stress is done; all the lawless demons that made his heart their home have been exorcised; ambition's baleful star hath sunk from sight; the fierce tide of passion beats no longer in his blood—"the Lord giveth his beloved sleep."

The privilege of self-destruction adds to the nobility, the sacredness of human life. It places man upon an exalted pedestal, from which no adverse fortune, no human

power can drag him down unless he wills it so. It makes him absolutely independent, lord of his own life, master of his own fate. It is the freedom of the truly free. Me-thinks that man can suffer and sacrifice more for others' sake; that he can bear with a braver heart "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," feeling that he does so of his own free will—that he is not chained to his habitat of clay like Prometheus to the rock to be prey of vultures.

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FOREIGN MISSION FAKE.

I AM accused of "slandering those self-sacrificing men and women who are undergoing hardships and danger to carry the blessed gospel to the benighted heathen"—of grossly misrepresenting those industrious googoes who collect the children's pennies to pay the officers of missionary societies for their high-priced services. Several editors have aligned their Washington hand-presses upon me, preachers have thundered at me from the pulpit, and rank strangers taken pen in hand to swell Uncle Sam's postal receipts and make my life one long lingering wail of double-distilled agony. Verily the path of the transgressor is hard. When I can find time to indulge in the luxury of woe I'll set my tear jugs in order and fill 'em to overflowing. If there's a sudden rise in the Brazos river the people in the bottoms will understand that my pent-up agony has "busted." I may be contumacious, but I still insist that we had best convert our own heathen before sending a lot of ignorant yaps to "projeck" with the religious opinions of the pagan—that it were better to buy bread for starving white babes at home than to tote Bibles to buck negroes abroad. I have interviewed many Euro-

peans and Americans who have spent much time in "heathen" lands, and, almost without exception, they assured me that the foreign mission business was an arrant fraud—that while millions of dollars are expended, precious few pagans are converted to Christianity, and those of the most ignorant and worthless class. Some even went so far as to assert no genuine conversions are made among Buddhists, Confucians or Mohammedans; that the few who profess Christianity do so for the same reason that many of our business men and politicians attend church—as a matter of policy. Europeans are dominant in many part of Asia and America, and it is much easier for a Christian than for a heathen to secure governmental employment. In China a few Celestials profess Christianity as an indispensable prerequisite to employment as servants in foreign families. I have conversed with intelligent Hindus, Japanese, Chinese and Turks, and their testimony corroborated that of European and American travelers. A gentleman who had spent twenty years in Asia once declared it a grievous mistake to meddle with the religion of the Orientals. "My observation has led me to believe," said he, "that the faith they inherited is best suited to them, Christianity seems to demoralize them—the women especially. I know of instances where they have been bribed, directly or indirectly, to allow themselves to be baptized that their names might be reported as converts to the home office and there used as a lever to prize more money out of dupes to be wasted in this so-called sacred work. Of course those who sell their religion for employment would, if in America, sell their votes. The Bible has been successful with the better class of Asiatics only when backed by the sword."

In 1893 I spent several days at El Paso in the company of two learned Hindu priests, who had attended the

World's Fair and were making a tour of this country, studying our institutions and occasionally delivering lectures explanatory of their own religion. The elder said that very few church people came out to see them, being cautioned by their ministers not to do so. "They seem," said he, "to regard us with more suspicion than we do them when they visit our country. We are not trying to make converts. I am not sure that our religion would be any better suited to the people of America than is Christianity to those of India. All we ask is an opportunity to explain to those who so kindly send missionaries among us to insult our traditions, that even 'pagans' may be really pious people whose religion is worthy of respect."

The younger of the priests declared that Christian missionaries had been the curse of Asia. "Wherever they go they are followed by dangerous diseases, by drunkenness, violence and lewdness. I do not say that they teach evil, but evil follows them. The Asiatics do not seem to grasp the good in your religion, but are quick to assimilate all the bad in your civilization, all the barbarism of your God. Strange that you have made such wonderful progress in all things else and have not been able to civilize your Deity. We will listen to your preachers, but they will not listen to us. We seek knowledge, that we may the better teach. For that we come from the antipodes. We admire your government, we stand worshipful before your science and your industry, but your religion causes us to laugh. It must have been made by children. Your ministers do not want to learn—they dare not. Their religious education is finished—bounded by one book, and it is simply a catchall for the cast-off garments of the world. Your Bible is a religious rubbish-heap, upon which grow, I am told, 500 different kinds of weeds—each trying to crowd the others

off. How can we but smile at those who presume to teach, yet set limits to their own learning; who embrace one of these foolish weeds and say, 'This is the Tree of Life, and all others that draw nourishment from the same soil are but poisons? I will shut my eyes and believe. If any man try to disturb my faith I will not listen to him lest I become wise, and be punished like my father Adam.' You are a great people, but your God seems to delight in ignorant worshipers rather than the praise of wisdom. He's a little afraid of you, too, and will not let you erect towers very tall lest you step into Heaven from the top and spoil his plan of vicarious atonement. You do not send wise men to India. Your wise men remain at home. I was reading a list of conversions sent from my home to England by the missionaries. Many were names of people who died when I was a little child. Others I did not know. Perhaps they were miraculous conceptions. It was drawn up by men who live in fine houses and have many servants, while thousands of people are unable to get a little rice to allay the pangs of hunger. Yet their Lord and Master was a sudra, a beggar who went about barefoot. But I offend you? "

I told them that they could speak freely without giving offense, and the elder said: "Your missionaries are, for the most part, men of little discretion and less learning. They live like nabobs in Asia, and do much more harm than good. You should call them home. They are only wasting your money to our hurt. You mean well, no doubt; but sending them to us is a mistaken kindness. They cannot understand our religion and few of them can explain their own."

J. M. Peebles, in his "Journey Around the World" declares that the missionaries in Asia "are bringing few souls to Jesus, and those they are able to bring seem

scarce worth the saving." He adds that the missionaries are usually people who are not prosperous in their own country, but live a life of luxurious ease in the Orient on the contributions of their dupes, and that wherever they go licentiousness and intemperance increase. The same writer declares that while enough money is sent abroad to induce ne'er-do-wells to expatriate themselves, not one dollar in ten given to the missionary cause ever leaves the country in which it is collected. In other words, the whole affair is a colossal confidence game that enables an army of plotting hypocrites to fatten at the expense of fools. Millions of dollars are collected on the plea that unless the gospel is preached to the pagans they will all go to perdition. A few cheap jacks, who are too lazy to work and too cowardly to steal, are bribed with the certainty of an idle and luxurious living to go abroad and fake-up lists of "converts" from coolies, sudras and moss-grown tomb-stones, while the "slick artists" remain in Europe and America and appropriate the bulk of the swag by means of big salaries for looking solemn, and subsidies to snide printing concerns. Take Early, for instance: \$2500 per annum for doing absolutely nothing that could not be done better by a female bookkeeper at \$40 a month! Then there's Cranfill, another mighty man in the foreign mission fake. Look at him—then imagine such an animal pumping wisdom into a philosophic priest of Brahm! By all the gods of Greece, if I owned a boar pig on whose countenance was stamped so little evidence of intellect, I wouldn't permit the brute to breed. This foreign mission scheme, by means of which so much money is drained into the pockets of sanctified thieves, should be rigidly investigated by the courts. It is a shameful swindle, and its perpetrators richly deserve a life term in the penitentiary. It is pos-

sible to muster up some faint adumbration of respect for those who take advantage of the American people's weakness for humbuggery, if the confidence game be confined to men grown; but what must we think of those who assume to be God's representatives on earth, yet grow fat and impudent by despoiling confiding childhood of its coppers! A man who can live by such foul means would have the gall to say grace over a dinner paid for with pennies stolen from the eyes of dead paupers.

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A SACRED LEG SHOW.

THE Epworth Leaguers of Suffern, N. Y., have been conducting a very successful leg-show in the name of the Lord. The Devil's monopoly of opera-bouffe is broken—sawdust is henceforth to be a means of saving grace, a pair of pink tights hath become our new Ark of the Covenant. It appears, from a dispatch to the St. Louis Republic, that the salary of the local Methodist minister was sadly in arrears, and the earnest efforts of the board of stewards failed to bring the promises of the godly to par. Then the young ladies of the League took the matter in hand and raised the money with a rush by the simple expedient of raising their petticoats and displaying their limbs. They evidently considered it a case in which the end justified the means. According to the dispatch, a curtain was stretched across the stage, behind which the young ladies stood, attired in high-water skirts. The drop was lifted until the audience was given a good view of the symposium of legs, when an auctioneer sold to the highest bidder the privilege of escorting the proprietress of each pair of underpinning.

When the bidding lagged the curtain was lifted a little higher, thereby enhancing the enthusiasm of the audience. What was the limit of the game—where the line of vision was drawn—we cannot gather from the dispatch; but it assures us that “the bidding grew highly spirited as the curtain rose a little at a time.” The language of the auctioneer is not reported, but we may fairly infer that he discoursed substantially as follows:

“Now young gents, how much am I offered for the society of this lovely pair of limbs? A foot like Trilby’s, the proudly arched instep which proclaims a high-stepper and rapid goer, ankles that would make Psyche stay in out of the wind, and calves like rollicking Durham two-year-olds. Phidias nor Praxiteles has such a model as he got in his graft on the Carian marble. How much for the blessed privilege of cantering her out to the banquet-board, the envy of all your fellows, the observed of all observers? Two dol—what! Do me ears deceive me? O chivalry where is thy blush? O manhood where thy shame! The stage manager will lift the curtain another inch while the choir chants a verse from the Song of Solomon. Three dollars I’m bid for this empress of physical perfection,—and our beloved pastor’s salary unpaid! Three’n a quarter—‘N’alf ‘n’alf, three fifty, make it four! Silk stockings, too, and going at three ‘n’alf, last call, and sold to our dear brother in Christ, Deacon Twogood, who will please claim his lovely prize, steer her against the lone oyster in the soup and fill her with hot-house strawberries at a dollar a box.”

We are told that the sale was “a great success.” Of course it was. Few of the young Endeavorers had seen what Parkhurst saw, or felt what Parkhurst felt. The sight of well-filled stockings and embroidered garters gave ’em a new sensation—made ’em sorry for the poor

pastor and determined to give their all to the church. I'm growing a trifle grizzly, but had I been present I would have hypothecated my umbrella.

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LOVE LETTERS.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Waukomis, Okla., wants to hear from the *ICONOCLAST* on the subject of "love letter writing," but neglects to state whether he is seeking a formula that will cause the object of his fond affections to surrender at discretion, or simply desires to sit on the fence while another expresses for him the disgust that is praying upon his liver like the fabled vulture absorbing the viscera of Prometheus Bound. The subject is one with which the editor is, fortunately, unfamiliar. He never sent or received any spoon victuals, by mail or special messenger. He may in his callow youth have talked more or less unintelligible tommy-rot to sentimental maids who didn't know what ailed them; but he never sat him deliberately down to fish over dovey funny business out of an ink bottle and smear it over a sheet of perfumed note paper. He isn't built that way. He doesn't want his soul sighs and unutterable heart-aches carried about in a postman's mailpouch with patent medicine circulars and advertisements of laundry soap. He prefers to suffer in silence and let his ecstatic delirium accumulate until he can steal enough time from the boss to hie him to the faire ladye's bower and pour his soulful lies into her listening ear, after having carefully plugged the keyhole and pulled down the blinds. No man in his right mind will indulge in long distance love-making. It

is a wicked waster of nervous energy, as stale, flat and every way unprofitable as getting married by proxy or apostrophizing a pair of empty bloomers. Seldom does a man pass the shoals of courtship and the quicksands of matrimony without occasionally taking his pen in hand to inform the janitor of his affections that he's a large piebald ass who could scare the crows out of a forty-acre field by flapping his ears against his hollow head. During the few months preceding the Hymenic sacrifice the young turtle doves feel that they would die if they failed to hear each from the other every day. Of course they have nothing in God's great world to say except pine because ducky and darling are separated by unkind fate and cannot chew each other every hour in the day. Each succeeding letter is like unto its predecessor, only more so. The agony increases in a ratio of geometrical progression. Sometimes it gets so awful that they have to use the telegraph, as was the case with Lillian Russell, and the last he-thing she made up her mind to marry. These daily or hourly epistles serve to keep the two young idiots in a perspiration of expectance. If the party of the first part sickens of so much sweetness and tries to jump the game his letters bob up in a breach of promise suit and are printed in the Daily Slummer to gratify the public taste for slop. If his stomach does not go back on him until after the crisis his captor files these evidences of his folly away for future usefulness, and later in life, when he rises up to protest that the fellow who's spilling so much slush over their eldest daughter is a double blankety-blanked ass who should be saddled, bridled and ridden around the block by a buck nigger, the wife of his bosom pulls the deadly parallel on him and he subsides like a Republican boom that's hit the bottom of the bar'l.

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A NEW SASSIETY SHEET.

I have received from San Antonio, Texas, a new publication entitled *Fad*. It is a small affair, printed on scorched paper and much resembles an unbleached diaper that has run the gauntlet of a city sewer. It is the same sheet that the St. Louis *Mirror*—the ablest magazine in America—sat down upon sometime ago with the awful impact of a ten-ton pile-driver toying with a hot custard pie. I do not know who is responsible for *Fad*. Editor and publisher are evidently ashamed of themselves, for they decline to put their names at the masthead. I do not blame them for concealing their identity—it is the season of spoiled cabbage and overripe eggs. I suspect, however, that Majah Moses Harris has been “hitting the pipe,” and that while his brilliant but erratic mind was stupefied by the drowsy drug, he conceived the idea of satirizing the sassiety-sheets by the emission of a lot of goose-gabble calculated to cause a self-respecting American citizens to go out behind the woodshed and throw up the free lunch he had absorbed in a moment of mental aberration. Yet I can hardly conceive of the Majah editing *Fad*. Were he drunk or dead he could scarce enact the rôle of an irremediable ass. His very “stiff” would give forth an occasional phosphorescent gleam of wit, a fleeting glimmer of genius, and *Fad* is rot of the rottenest variety from imprimis to finis. I beg the Majah’s pardon for having suspected him of such pitiful puerility. He once accused me of associating with Frank Grice, and pulled a to-be-continued-in-our-next-gun on me when I called at his office to demand an explanation; but I will not seek so hellish a revenge as to insinuate that he is responsible for the literary follies of *Fad*. I can conceive of but one person in San Antonio capable of such

abortive banality, and that is Ryder-Taylor of the white horse whiskers and Sunday *Sun* slumgullion. *Fad* is a good paper to read if one needs an emetic. It is even more nauseating than the editorial page of the *Light*,—a paper published by alleged white men in the interest of coons. It would puke anything not both anaterious and anacephalous. It is filled with silly “goaks” that would have caused Artemus Ward to commit hara-kiri, gossip that would disgrace Mrs. Grundy, and unintelligible maunderings and mumblings about everything in general and nothing in particular. It rouses itself occasionally to inform an awestruck universe what Mrs. Hamfat Krupper has been doing, or to throw a bouquet of faded hollyhocks at Algernon Sydney Golightny. *Fad* hasn’t a valid excuse for existing. The public can puke and purge on patent medicine at a cheaper price. The paper looks like an advertising fake by the proprietors of a literary plunder store—people who haven’t the faintest conception of the eternal fitness of things. It hasn’t sufficient virility to be wicked, though it too evidently desires to be considered a trifle off color. It will perish before the next frost and the *ICONOCLAST* will write its epitaph. In the meantime, it will please cease encumbering our mails. When we want slush we can manufacture it ourselves.

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BOOZE AND BABY SHOES.

I sometimes read and enjoy the Prohibition papers. I find their very ineptitude interesting, the mere paucity of ideas exhilarating. Such a confession may be indicative of a depraved literary appetite, an abnormal craving for the intellectually inane; but what then? Better men have gone on a literary debauch—have cast aside the classics

to gorge themselves with mental soup or typographical slop. Thomas Carlyle, the splendor of whose genius compels us to forgive his faults, would occasionally carry into his den an armful of penny-dreadfuls and devour them with avidity. The average Prohibition paper is no more banal than the yaller-back. In fact, they are cousins-german—literary nightmares, impossible romances born of a morbid imagination. The farther they get from the verities, the more entertaining they become to those with a taste for the bizarre. But there is one story that had done duty in my Prohibition contemporaries until it has become trite. It is older than Frances Willard. It was hoary with age when Susan B. Anthony was paddling about in pantalettes. Marco-Polo and Munchausen regarded it as a back number and failed to incorporate it among their remarkable falsehoods. If not one of the stories which Scheherzade told the credulous sultan, it is probably a sun myth. It is to the effect that licensed liquor dealers are ever ready to exchange the exhilarating cocktail for an old corset or pass out the rum bottle upon presentation at the bar of a pair of half worn shoes belonging to a dead babe. All Prohibition spouters rehearse this remarkable story in some shape; whenever the editor of a cold water journal runs short of "copy" he works it in. These gentlemen seem to have an idea that a saloon and a pawn-shop are synonymous if not exactly the same—that a man can hypothecate at the average bar anything from a second-hand coffin to a baby's nursing bottle. It's all mistake. It is just possible that some of those Holy Willies who vote the Prohibition ticket, then sneak a barrel of Vinegar Hill jug juice into a back room and peddle the rank poison to small boys and chronic inebriates, may accept the clothing of women and children in lieu of cash, but I will pay \$25 for proof that any

licensed saloonist has ever been guilty of such infamy. Here is an opportunity for Bro. Sam Small to earn a little money and square himself with that church whose funds he is said to have misappropriated, for Luther Benson to pick up the price of another three-day jag. I am not particularly interested in liquor dealers; but, having acquired the bad habit of reading the Prohibition papers, I take this method of protecting myself from the tireless reiteration of a foolish falsehood. There is certainly enough intellectuality among them to concoct a new lie. I'm becoming just the least bit weary of the "Battle of the Nile,"—a thousand verses all alike—and unless they fabricate a new falsehood for my delectation I will stop my subscription.

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THE CHRISTIAN COURIER.

The Christian Courier, published at Dallas, is one of those goody-goody papers to which I turn when awearied of the classics, much as I leave the table d'hôte to straddle a stool at a railway lunch-stand and fill my anatomy with rancid ham and hard-boiled eggs. "Variety is the spice of life." Shakespeare noted that people with leave to feed on the fairest mountain, will sometimes batten on the foulest moor. I suppose it is that inherent perversity which causes me to sometimes turn my back upon a well-stocked library to root around in the intellectual ditch-water of the *Christian Courier*. I note that it approves the action of the mob of she-toughs at Ladonia, who recently beat up a little doctor on the supposition that he had given their husbands red licker prescriptions. The *Christian Courier* declares that if it be impossible to suppress the saloon by legal methods the Shemale Cowhide

Legion will swoop down upon it and make it hard to catch. "An irrepressible conflict is on," says this sacred parrot, "and whether by methods regular or irregular, the saloon is doomed." Charge, Mrs. Leatherhood, Charge On, Madame Shingle Nails, On! Fill your bustles with back number *Christian Couriers*, grab your cowhides and go forth, conquering and to conquering. Form a hollow square about the little men you have taken to raise, and protect 'em from the bities or perish in the attempt! But in all seriousness, something ought to be done with these sanctified jackasses like the Rev. Mr. Leatherhood and the editor of the *Christian Courier*, who are encouraging weak-minded women to defy the law of the land and commit crimes against their sex. Too infamously cowardly themselves to assault men who sell liquor, they gather about them a lot of hysterical old hens whom they counsel to acts of violence that would disgrace a coterie of drunken courtesans. Pretending to be the friends of temperance, they counsel intemperence. Posing as the apostles of peace, they light the flames of civil war, then sneak to the rear like pitiful poltroons. Clamoring for the purification of the world, they deliberately degrade womanhood. I wish that God had drowned old Noah and saved for seed some men addicted to sobriety. Could I banish every intoxicant from the world I'd do so with right good will. Despite all the biblical blessings bestowed upon the vine, I wouldn't leave enough strong drink to fill a Campbellite communion-cup. But liquor is here with all its attendant ills. It is probably responsible for as much crime, pauperism and insanity as are the sensations of preachers and Miss Nancy publications themselves. Its sale cannot be suppressed by sumptuary laws. It cannot be driven out by armed bands of God-intoxicated old Jezebels, goaded to franzy by he-

fanatics. There's something radically wrong with the men who encourage such crimes. There's something intellectually lacking to those women who shriek and howl for war. Perchance they are ill mated and must work off in physical violence that nervous energy which women mated to manly perfection expend in ways more pleasant if not more profitable.

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SATAN LOOSED FOR A SEASON.

If seems that his Satanic majesty has been raising merry sheol up in Manitoba. An infidel—so runs the story—was dying at Qu Appelle, and two gentlemen sat by his side as he prepared to take his leap into the dark. Suddenly there was an awful scream in the sickroom, and the neighbors rushed in, only to find the sinner dead and his companions insensible. Neither of them can be persuaded to explain, and one of them is so badly frightened that he is expected to kerflummix. The superstitious natives are quite sure that Satan came in *propria persona* to carry off the soul of the dying infidel, and that in his august presence the watchers lost their senses. The affair, an account of which has been telegraphed all over the world, is bringing sinners to repentance in whole regiments. Even Col. Wilyum Edmonds and J. D. Shaw are getting a trifle shaky. The story is probably true. The Bible says that in the latter days Satan will be loosed for a little season. He probably went to Manitoba to take a roll in a snow bank, and keep out of range of the deadly jawbone of the Rev. Sam Jones. I greatly regret, however, that the gentleman who saw him are too badly frightened to inform us whether he is a biped or a quadruped, whether he wears feathers or hair or is scaled like

a fish. We have no really authentic portrait of this distinguished person. Luther saw him, but threw an inkstand at his pate instead of getting out his kodak and requesting him to look pleasant. Milton assures us that he is a big as a skinned elephant, which is certainly wrong, else he could not have gotten into the Manitoba cabin and frightened the inmates. The imaginative gentleman who illustrate the four dollar Bibles that are sold on the instalment plan for fifteen to pious niggers, picture him as a four-footed, fire-breathing dragon with a tail resembling the tortuosities of a serial story, and ending in a chilled steel barb capable of penetrating a Carnegie armor plate, while the arch-fiend of the stage is a slender biped who goes about in a red suit of flannel, patterned after those worn by Shakespeare's court fools. There are many descriptions extant of the devil's personal appearance, but no two of them tally. Now that he is at large and apparently privileged to do as he pleased, I would be pleased to have him call at this office to consider a business proposition. I want to secure the sole right to sell his authentic photograph. If I succeed in making the deal I'll have the flash light turned upon his Satanic majesty while he's in the act of descending to his subterranean kingdom with his pants pockets stuffed with infidel souls. All patrons of this great religious paper will be presented with a cabinet size free of cost. No such premium was ever before offered. It beats an antedeluvian unabridged and a Belo sewing machine out of sight. When it comes to progressive journalism we are the people. Now is the time to subscribe.

THE SALVATION ARMY NUISANCE.

The row among the Salvation Army commanders has served to call the general attention to that remarkable organization. It has long been regarded by the public as very much of a nuisance, and this conclusion is not far from correct. It may have accomplished some good for aught I know; but its general tendency is to bring all religion into contempt. It is urged that it reaches sinners who are never seen inside of a church; but the contact is repellant. A man who can be saved by noise is certainly no valuable acquisition to the heavenly host. There are sinners and sinners. Some possess all the instincts of gentlemen; others are mere two-legged brutes with but a faint adumbration of intellect. The latter don't know whether they've "got religion" or the cramp colic. They constitute the great bulk of "converts" made by blackguards of the Sam Jones stripe. It really matters little whether they ever hear of "the plan of salvation" or not, being unable to comprehend it. The good God will never blame them for what they don't know. The best we can do for them is to provide methods by which they can satisfy their physical needs, and keep them terrorized into good behavior by the gallows' tree and prison house. A man who is really worth saving is not apt to be in a humor to "come to Jesus" after his auditory nerves have been harried for half an hour by the bawling of some stentor-lunged ignoramus and the cat-squalling of a lot of tacky women in scoop-shovel bonnets, who look as though they needed a bath. There's nothing elevating in such an exhibition. There's no religion in a hideous noise. Doubtless many of the Salvation Army members are earnest and honest, albeit they invariably make the collection the leading feature of their

windy worship; but they are not fitted for teachers. They are but the blind leading the blind. Earnestness cannot overcome the weakness of ignorance or the folly of ineptitude. They usually know as little of the philosophy of religion as does a poll parrot, and their sanctified hullabaloo has about the same effect upon a cultured public as does the nerve-destroying yoop of that feathered monstrosity. Even their works of charity are too often deleterious, because performed without discretion. The public cannot afford to make gross ignorance its almoner. The Salvationists should sell their instruments to a second-hand store and seek employment better suited to their capacity. If they must toil in the Lord's vineyard, let them do so without bass drum and tamborine accompaniment. Their noisy demonstrations of crankiness should be suppressed by the police as provocative of profanity.

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A CORRESPONDENT'S CURIOSITY.

If vanity be the curse of woman, curiosity is the bane of man. He always wants to know, y'know, whether the information will be of any use to him or not. One man will ask more impertinent question in the course of an hour's conversation than will a dozen women in a week. Whether woman has more tact or less morbid curiosity than her running mate I do not know; but in this respect she is certainly his social superior. Perhaps I'm so partial to woman that I cannot see her faults—unless she straddles a bike; but I didn't take my pen in hand to apologize. I have before me a letter, evidently the emanation of a large and inquiring mind. It bears a Waco post-mark, but is short a signature, hence the writer did not expect me to ring him up and chunk him full of information by

telephone which he couldn't possibly hypothecate for a nigger vote in the next municipal election. He asks "Why is it that the **ICONOCLAST** has so little to say about the town from which it draws its support?" That's a difficult problem. Perhaps it's because I cannot get my life insured. Perhaps it's because I only weigh 140 pounds with my shoes on, and have but one door to my office, while the windows are a long way from the ground. Then, again, it may be because I have property in the town and do not care to depreciate its value by exposing the faults of the people. But my correspondent should take me into his confidence. To what town does he refer? If he means Waco, the explanation is dead easy. I do not write it up because I'm infatuated with the place. I can have more fun here for my money than anywhere else on earth. Among its 30,000 inhabitants there are at lease a hundred whom I'd hate dreadfully to see hanged. But Waco is not "the town from which the **ICONOCLAST** draws its support." Not much, Mary Ann. It's the place from which it receives eleven-sevenths of the abuse that is heaped upon it. But the **ICONOCLAST** is a consistent Christian and invariably turns the other cheek to the smiter. It goes smiling on its way, collecting money from every State in the Union and pouring it into the yawning tills of Waco tradesmen through the pockets of a score of busy people. When the editor was a small boy, playing at preacher and baptizing the house cat and brindle pup in the frog-pond, a beautiful young lady took him on her lap, and, holding him so close to her heart that he can feel it beating yet, taught him to "speak a piece." It was,

"A kiss for a blow always bestow
And Angels will guard you wherever you go."

That's why the **ICONOCLAST** is widely advertising Waco, simply by carrying her name at its masthead, while a gang of good-goodies, who pray with their lips while plotting petit larceny in their hearts, are imploring people not to patronize it. There are millions of people, who, but for the **ICONOCLAST**, would not know that Waco's on the map of the world.

SALMAGUNDI.

It is only women with pretty ankles who go shopping on windy days.

Holmes is not the first "bad man" to claim a larger private graveyard that he's entitled to.

When a woman decides that she must straddle something or die, it is doubtless best to buy her a bike.

Too many men with agate brain and stallion-type mouth are now beating the brush as congressional candidates.

A Prohibitionist is a man who, judging the world by himself, concludes that it carries its brains in its belly.

The man who wars on the "Rum Demon" for hire is invariably a hypocrite. The true reformer is not a boodle grabber.

What this country needs more than currency reform is a device that will enable an asthmatic barber to swallow his own breath.

The biblical critics now declare that Methusaleh lived 969 months instead of years. What difference does it make? He's dead.

A lady writes me from Baltimore that Joseph and St. Anthony are her masculine ideals. What's the matter with Philip the Eunuch?

Waco, a city that licenses prostitution, extended a warm welcome to the gentlemen who are agonizing over the heathendom of other lands.

Whenever the Lord "calls" a minister from a pastorate worth \$5,000 to one that pays but \$1,000 per annum the "Apostle" will go to hear him preach.

The "Sound Money Democracy" will be reminded next November of the william goat that ate ten pounds of dynamite, then fell off a stone fence.

McKinley is evidently waiting to hear from the Republican convention before collating his views on the relative merits of the money metals.

The Prohibs threaten to drop the female suffrage plank out of their national platform and insist that the country can be saved only by fostering the jug trade.

The A. P. Apes announce that they are satisfied Tom Reed is in sympathy with the principles of their order. It were interesting to know how much the McKinley management paid the Apes for perpetrating this atrocious libel.

The Democratic party should offer a liberal reward for a candidate who can successfully ride two monetary mares going at a dead gallop in opposite directions.

The doctors having declared that bicycle riding develops in women an inordinate sexual appetite, the wheel forthwith became particularly popular in fashionable circles.

The average editor knows so much about farming that it seems like flying in the face of Providence for him to keep out of the cotton patch.

Waco's "Warwick" seems to have forgotten that his name is appended to a certificate that the Democracy of J. S. Hogg will pass a baking-powder purity test.

Sara Bernhardt blushing admits that she sometimes rides a bike, but protests that she does so only in the country. The Divine Sara has her faults, but is not altogether destitute of womanly modesty.

A society journal states that the bedstead upon which Mrs. Yerkes of Chicago courts the god of dreams cost \$5,000, but neglects to tell us what her nightgown cost.

Sir Miles Crowley has been announced for reelection to Congress. Sir Miles is not so purty as Dr. Riddle, but when it comes to practical politics he can give "de silk stocking stiffs" four aces and beat 'em out of their undershirts.

The St. Louis *Mirror* refers to "the raveled carpet-rag whiskers of Dr. Parkhurst." No wonder he had to buy much beer at a dollar a bot, to induce a naked Tender-

loiner to sit on his knee and tangle her hands in his hand, Jeannette.

Town Topics is responsible for the story that the Duke of Marlborough left for Europe without paying his fee, and that it was subsequently collected of his rabid mother-in-law. The Jook evidently supposed the Vanderbilts had bought him "F.O.B."

The new woman is certainly "getting there." Her costume is mannish, she can swallow four fingers of red licker without blinking, has taken to real tobacco cigarettes and expects soon to be able to expectorate without craning her neck and to scratch a match on the seat of her pants.

Murderer Holmes has been baptized and expects to go direct to Heaven. I'll wager nine to nothing that he doesn't. What the Almighty will do with such cattle I am not prepared to say; but I wouldn't give him a beer check on a "busted" saloon for his claim to a corner lot in the Celestial City.

Rev. N. W. Cleveland, brother of the President, complains in the papers that his parishioners call him a "copperhead," and even insinuate that a man cannot be both a Democrat and a consistent Christian. He should go bury his sorrow; the troubles of his big brother monopolize our tears.

Bob Fitzsimmons is writing syndicate letters for the daily papers. Having "elevated the stage," he is now trying his archimedean lever on the press. If it does not break under the pressure he will probably use it on the pulpit. As an evangelist he should be as successful as

Sam Jones or Abe Mulkey. His mouth is fully as large and his slang vocabulary as complete. If he could associate Corbett with him in evangelical work the two could run a long distance bluff on the "Old Boy" that would be a bute.

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Johnny Kendall, of the Decatur *Star*, gives the *Iconoclast* what he imagines is a red-hot roast, and sends a marked copy of his paper in the humble hope of securing the benefit of a little free advertising. I don't know Johnny; but judging him by his paper I opine that he's troubled with growing pains.

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Several high-toned American ladies are still trying to secure the release of Mrs. Florence E. Maybrick, imprisoned in England for poisoning her husband that she might throw herself into the arms of a paramour. It is barely possible that the dizzy "Florrie" did not kill her husband; but that she dishonored him was established beyond the peradventure of a doubt, and the activity of the ladies aforesaid is too suggestive of the old axiom that "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

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At a mass meeting held at Austin to raise funds for the relief of those Armenians who have gotten into trouble through the pernicious activity of fool missionaries, ex-Gov. Hogg suggested that we had best relieve our own poor before sending boodle abroad. It is needless to say that he was sat upon by the godly almost as severely as was old Ethan Allen, who, upon contributing two bits for foreign mission work, added five dollars "to get his donation to its proper destination."

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The tenement death-traps belonging to Trinity Church, New York, continue to make work for the undertakers. They were rented for groggeries and bagnios until public opinion compelled the sanctified mob of Mammon-servers to evict the disreputable but good paying tenants. The Trinity Church corporation has the reputation of being the most unconscionable Shylock in New York. While prating of love and charity, it would, if possible, appropriate mother's milk and peddle it in a dairy wagon in satisfaction of rent for a room such as no Southern family would give to a colored servant.

I have been reading Dr. Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill's truly remarkable "Sunday Morning Thoughts," and have about concluded that his think tank is full of wiggle-tails. He assures us that "Macaulay was describing the imperial power and strength of Rome when in its glory "in his poem entitled 'Horatius' "—which relates to a skirmish supposed to have happened before the city of Rome was as large as Waco or controlled territory equal in area to Connecticut. The doctor should have his "Sunday Morning Thoughts" carefully revised by a schoolboy before spilling them upon his 2,719 paid-up subscribers. "Bab" was not singing the "imperial power" of Rome, but "little Mr. Pope" was evidently viewing the abominous doctor with prophetic eye when he wrote of

"The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

THE PAGET-THOMAS CONTROVERSY.

PRESIDENT O. PAGET, of the Dallas Free Thinkers' Association, recently delivered an address to that society in which he intimated that a majority of America's greatest men were infidels. As might have been expected, all the little sectarians immediately assailed him—like pismires attacking a wounded tumblebug. I do not altogether agree with President Paget, and the fight is none o' my funeral; still I dislike to see such a man eaten up by the ants. J. D. Thomas—whoever he may be—takes his pen in hand to air his assininity in the *Dallas News*. He declares that Paget, "like all of his class, speaks entirely at random utterly ignoring historical facts." It appears impossible for a man of genius to open his mouth without giving every jackass St. Vitus' dance of the jaw-bone. The Free Thinkers do not, as a rule, "speak entirely at random"; it is the man who is fool enough to be a sectarian that usually appeals to falsehood; it is the narrow-brained, venomous-hearted little bigot who recklessly ignores historical fact in order to cast discredit upon those who dissent from his religious dogma. The Free Thinkers are too apt to class all non-sectarians as Atheists, to make no discrimination between Deism and utter denial; but in this particular they are on an even and exact parity with the Sectarians themselves. Jefferson and Madison, Washington and Franklin, Adams and Lincoln, Paine and a host of other prominent Americans, were not Atheists; but they were much nearer infidelity than to bigoted, hide-bound dogmatism. They appear to have had precious little use for sectarian preachers. They considered that it made little difference whether the Lord or Capt. Panther of the Roman legion was the immediate father of Mary's

child so long as the latter taught a pure morality. I can not imagine one of them inquiring whether his neighbor had been baptized, or insisting upon the plenary inspiration of the Bible. I think they would have respected a worshipper at Isis' fanes full as much as an hysterical old hen in the throws of the campmeeting "jerks." They seem to have entertained the most profound contempt for those little bigots who assumed that the only highway to Heaven was macadamized by their creed; but they certainly believed themselves the creatures of an Omniscient Power to whom it was proper to yield the most profound respect. They were Free Thinkers in that they never subordinated their judgment to the foolish ukase of an ignorant priesthood, but sought to know all that can be known of the mighty history of human life. They permitted no sanctified ignorami to set limits to their intellectuality. They accepted no pitiful creed faked up by murderous cranks like Calvin, or drunken Blue Beards like Henry the VIII, as the Ultima Thule of religious knowledge. They strove not alone for freedom of the hand, but for emancipation of the mind. The fetters of the priest were even more distasteful to them than the shackles of the prince. They declared for liberty of the hand, liberty of the heart and liberty of the head. They stood up before the world and pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to the defense of the doctrine that all men are created free and equal—whether they believe in the Immaculate Conception or not. If Paget means to convey the impression that they denied the existence of God he is in error; if Thomas would have us believe that the shackles of superstition have held in thrall one American intellect of the first order, he's an ass. The men we are discussing were free with a freedom of indomitable courage and Titanic intellect. They rose superior to sectarianism and mocked at the im-

udent pretensions of priestcraft and the servile ignorance of a barbarous superstition. They were in very truth American sovereigns. They stood up in their imperial manhood and questioned their Maker as proud sons might seek the wisdom of their father. They took no private road, "but looked through nature up to nature's God." Let Thomas stop his whining and go imitate 'em.

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THE GRECIAN GAMES.

A LESSON FOR THE LAH-DE-DAHS

THE revival of the Olympian games of Greece will suggest to the careful student of human history that a progressive people invariably takes a keen delight in contests of personal skill or prowess. Boxing and diskos-throwing, running and wrestling, have ever been the sports of world-compellers, never the divertisement of anæmic dudes. Men who are really masculine—men possessing strength and courage and do dare—are not those who play Presbyterian billiards with a bevy of old maids, lisp in their speech and waddle in their walk. Tell me the favorite pastime of a people and I'll tell you whether they are facing the darkness or the dawn—whether they are climbing the rugged mount of Knowledge, or descending into the noisome vale of Ignorance, where Slavery and Superstition sit enthroned. The Olympian Games were the nurse of Grecian glory. They fostered that love of athletic exercise, that spirit of manly self-reliance, that proud contempt for danger that made possible the Field of Marathon and the Pass of Thermopylae.

The origin of the games was attributed to Hercules—"the strong man"—probably the original of the Hebrew

Sampson; but the first formal festival, from which the Hellenes marked time, was celebrated 776 years before the birth of our Savior. These quadrennial games rapidly grew in favor until they became the chief national fete and were participated in by representatives from the Grecian settlements in Africa, Asia Minor and Italy. After more than eleven centuries of continuous popularity, the Olympic festival was prohibited by edict of the Christian Emperor Theodosius, and from that time Greece gradually degenerated until she became "the vassal of a slave," a land of cowardly beggars and importunate bawds. Doubtless many things contributed to the debasement of a people for so many centuries the models for all mankind.

" 'Twere long to tell and sad to trace
Each step from glory to disgrace; "

but there can be no doubt that the decree of Theodosius did more than the brand of the Roman legionary to promote that physical debasement and mental decay which led Byron to exclaim, as he looked upon the broken altars and ruined fanes of a mighty past—immortal marbles in whose shadows slunk the patient slave, unworthy descendant of Homer's heroes :

" Shrine of the mighty! Can it be
That this is all remains of thee? "

When Greece was at the zenith of her glory, when her people were the recognized models of physical perfection; when her orators and statesmen, her sculptors and generals, her poets and philosophers were making her name immortal; when her civilization was superior to anything attained by other nations before or since; when the " City of

the Violet Crown " was undisputed mistress in the world of mind, the sports of the Olympic arena were such as would have appalled that congeries of blatant jack-asses yclept the American Congress, and given the various Pastor's Associations of Texas a virulent attack of the piles. We, whose ancestors were gibbering cave-dwellers but a few short centuries ago; we, who have so recently discovered that people are not created for the especial pleasure and profit of scorbutic princes or clabber-brained kings; we, who turn for inspiration to Grecian art and oratory, happy if we can but comprehend the deep philosophies of that early age, or catch the subtle perfume of its poetry, know so much better what sports are calculated to make men manly than did those who "socked with old Socrates and rippled with old Euripides!" Verily we should employ our gall to transform the seas into ink with which to chronicle our own greatness.

The sports of the ancient Greeks were the sports of men strong of hand and heart; of men who didn't spill hysterical tears like a ruptured pickle-barrel, and protest that the civilization of the world were gone to Hell, if some brawny athlete got a black eye. There was no feather pillow funny-business for "points" in their boxing-matches, no ennui-breeding hippodroming in their wrestling-bouts. The people did not put up \$10 apiece to witness a "conversation." Yet these sports were approved by and participated in by men whom the wisest of moderns are proud to acknowledge as masters. Even Sam Jones would probably concede that Socrates knew enough to remove his "chaw of plug terbacker" before taking a "bowl"—albeit he regarded preachers with such suspicion that the super-sanctified concluded the only way to convert him was to kill him.

America and Great Britain give more attention to ath-

letics than do other nations, and they represent the highest reach of modern civilization; but even in these countries really masculine sports are left largely to professionals, the people enjoying them by proxy. We pay our money to be entertained by professional pugilists and expert ball-players. We have even become too indolent to manage our own horses at the races, but employ jockeys for that purpose while we consult the "bookies" or dawdle in the grandstand with sporty girls. The men who "hang up purses" to be striven for, and those who strive, have nothing in common with the patrons of or participants in the Olympian Games. When Xerxes the Great invaded Greece he asked what was the prize at these celebrated contests. He was informed that it was but a wreath of wild olive, upon which a Persian grandee exclaimed to his commander, "Good heaven, Mardonius! what manner of men are these you have brought us to fight against—men who do not contend for money, but for honor?"

Special privileges were accorded by the state to the winners in these historic games; but our highly civilized and eminently æsthetic Solons consider a skilled athlete a dangerous criminal. The Greeks regarded those who won the olive wreath as special favorites of the gods; Rev. Dr. Seasholes fears that their presence would pollute a town in which he has the street and number of 800 *nymphs du pave*! The sentiment against really virile sports—those that require not only manly strength and skill, but courage and contempt for pain—is already strong in this country and apparently increasing. Pugilism has degenerated into a soft-glove farce for the long green; horse-racing has become a little better than a cut-throat gambling device; college football is decried because it retains a little manly vigor, and even our so-called national game is regarded with aversion by some effeminate pseudo-moralists who be-

lieve it sufficient physical exercise to swallow the miracles and endure the fatigue of prosy sermons. We cannot even dance and escape damnation, nor pitch pennies at a crack without becoming objects of suspicion. About all the professionally godly elect to leave us is the privilege of riding our bikes to Wednesday evening prayers. The development of our calves by the latter simian-shaping exercise may be useful in case of a renaissance of common sense that will permit us to kick the bearded babes out of the country.

And as the sentiment against manly exercises rises our superiority as a people declines. Jack will work pretty much as he plays. Give him a cat, a croquet mallet and tell him to be careful of his complexion, and he'll become a cad with a predilection for decadent art and Parisian literature. Give him a pair of boxing gloves and a bull pup for companions and he'll force his way to the front.

America has too evidently reached the zenith of her physical and intellectual glory and entered upon that stage of milksopishness and sybaritism which eventually extinguished the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. The United States Senate, once justly regarded as the foremost deliberate body of the world, has become but little more than a congress of small-bore politicians whose inane gabble distresses the very geese. Our Supreme Court, once the acme of judicial wisdom, the very avatar of Justice, maunders and mumbles like a drunken casuist pleading in defense of his own folly. Our great orators and editors, statesmen and jurists are all of the past. Should a Webster or Clay, a Jefferson or Jackson develop among us, we'd "peep about his huge legs" like Roman bondmen contemplating the greatness of Julius Cæsar. America shines only by the light of other days—reflected from her lucre. The deterioration of our literature, religion and morals is strongly marked. We have not

one living author whose fame will long outlast his life. The turgid Talmage has succeeded the solid Beecher, and the mantle of old Peter Cartwright fallen upon the unworthy shoulders of a Georgie blatherskite. We must have in the pulpit a sentimental sentence-turner to lull us with rhetorical trifles, or a brazen blackguard to shock us with his unforgivable *gaucheries*, else will we remain at home to read novels, all whose heroines are harlots, then rinse our minds with the feculent dish-water dished up by the Sunday dailies. The morals of the nation sink ever lower and lower as the red tide in its veins is diluted with the whey of dudeism—as we drift farther and farther from the solid literature and rugged sports that rejoiced our ancestors. We admire as “sharp practice” successful villainy which our fathers would have denounced as d—d rascality, and welcome to our homes wealthy wantons whom our mothers would have driven from their doors with scalding water and an omnivorous dog. I can think of but one plan to check the moral, mental and physical decay, and that is to castrate the dudes, suppress all anæmic preachers who forget that “the glory of the young man is his strength,” and commission Dan Stuart to establish a permanent physical culture college in every county.

While America was enjoying a moral spasm over the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fluke and Fitz-Maher fiasco, Greece was reviving the old Olympian Games. It is an apt illustration of my theory that civilization travels in a circle—from savagery to sybaritism, then back to barbarism to get more iron in its blood. Greece has completed one great cycle and started on the second. The revival of learning is keeping step with the revival of athletics. Those who till the field of Marathon are again becoming manly. The bow of Ulysses may again be bent. Another Demosthenes may launch his verbal thunderbolts to resound through

two-and-twenty centuries. The Isles of Greece may echo the song of a second Sappho. The muses may once more haunt the Castilian Spring and the gods return to High Olympus. Greece is awakening from her lethargy, after all these centuries of intellectual savagery and political shame. The star of intelligence is sinking in the West only to illumine the East. While Macaulay's New Zealander is musing on the broken arch of London Bridge, an Athenian philosopher may read the record of our departed glory in our ruined monuments, and exclaim:

"Yes! self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot-sway."

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WOMAN IN JOURNALISM.

THIS subject is at present receiving a great deal of attention from writers of both sexes, the women insisting that they are doing much to elevate journalism, while not a few male critics flatly accuse them of bringing the craft into contempt. The time is not yet come to correctly estimate woman's worth or worthlessness in this new field of her endeavor. She is not thoroughly "broken in harness"; not educated to the elimination of sex in the practice of her profession. We have as yet few women who, in the terminology of the craft, are competent to "hold down" any department of a great daily; but we have a veritable swarm of female scribblers and scrawlers laying claim to the journalistic toga. The South can boast but one "lady journalist" in the strict construction of that term; and this *rara avis* in newspaperdom is a Texas product. I

allude, of course, to Julia Truitt Bishop, now of New Orleans.

The late Mrs. Nicholson, also of the Crescent City, was, I believe, a newspaper proprietor and thrifty business manager rather than a working editor; and your thoroughbred newspaper man does not consider "the gang down stairs" even distantly related to the brotherhood of the "brainery." They are pariahs, altogether without the pale—mere hucksters for the creative power. Mrs Bishop is competent to "stop a gap" in any department of a great newspaper, from the composing room to the sanctum of the chief. There's a force and finish to all her work that adds charm even to a sluggish market report and makes the most pitiful sassiety slop palatable. Her mind is peculiarly masculine. She has nothing in common with that crowd of petticoated scribblers who are "padding" so many of our Southern dailies with inane drivel. It is somewhat remarkable that in all that has been written of late about the "lady journalists" of the South her name has not been so much as mentioned. The Will Allen Dromgoolles and other noisy purveyors of literary hogwash are dragged in on every occasion; but the impression appears to be general—because she works so quietly and so well—that Madame Bishop is a man. Such women—women who do the work of men in the making of great newspapers and refrain from mounting to the housetop to exhibit themselves as abnormalities—are certainly a credit to the craft; but candor compels the admission that they are few and far between. As a rule women are either dilet-tanti in journalism or professional panders to an unhealthy literary appetite. Thus far the newspaper labor of the Southern ladies has been, for the most part, confined to chronicling the inconsequential doings of society, inflicting school-girl essays on an inoffensive public, organizing

press clubs and throwing bouquets at themselves. Publishers employ them to keep tab on Mrs. Hamfat Krupper and sound the alarm when Chappie Chrysanthemum changes his cravat; not because they can do this work better than their brothers, but because they will do it cheaper—and a self-respecting male journalist is apt to jump such a job. A number of sensational sheets, like the unsavory nuisance known as the New York *World*, have employed women to fall off ferry-boats, get locked up in lunatic asylums or girdle the globe alone and without a change of lingerie, then spill their ever useless and oftentimes offensive experiences upon the public. Women have actually been detailed by such panders to the prurient as Josef Spewlitzer to interview pugilists, flirt in the parks with professional mashers, visit hovels of prostitution—to subject themselves not only to certain insult, but to the dangers of criminal assault—to add spice to “great family journals.” The female pencil pushers of whom we hear the most are built on the model of Nellie Bly. Personally they may be pure as the lilies of the field for aught I know; but their neurasthenic slumgullion is no credit to their sex. It is even more meretricious than such putrescent papers as the *Police Gazette*, for it is usually cloaked with a specious morality that gives it *entree* to the home, while the *Gazette* stops at the 10-cent barber-shop and the nigger saloon. To call these sensation-mongers “journalists” were equivalent to designating a faith-cure fraud as a physician. According to Webster any regular writer for the press is a journalist; but the term is applied by the craft only to those who can transform a few sheets of blank paper into a mirror of the world. Col. McCullagh of the *Globe-Democrat* once defined journalism as “knowing where hell will break loose and having a reporter on the spot.” Magazine and sketch writers are not journal-

ists in the usual acceptance of the term. Unquestionably many bright and noble women are employed in minor capacities on legitimate newspapers. They are useful or they would not be retained. Some of them may develop into Greeleys or Bennetts, Danas or McCullaghs for aught I know; but while in this peculiar field of ephemeral literature a number of women have acquired unsavory notoriety, none have attained to eminence. Woman's experience in journalism has thus far proven even more unsatisfactory than her attempts upon other professions. All the great women lawyers and doctors, scientists and essayists, politicians and preachers may be counted on the fingers of the two hands. They are never path-finders in the great field of knowledge. In all the hoary centuries woman has originated no religious cult, made no great discovery, enunciated no fundamental law. As a poet, dramatist and novelist she has risen high; but far above and beyond the most exalted of her sex stand the thousand immortelles. Women are flocking into journalism and medicine in larger numbers than into the other professions. Why I know not, unless it be that these offer greatest opportunity for charlatanism. They are rapidly appropriating to themselves the dirty work of both professions—the unhealthy sensationalism of the one and abortion practice of the other. The ratio of female to male physicians is probably less than 1 to 100, yet competent authorities estimate that one-half the crimes against motherhood must be laid at the door of the “lady” doctors. The ratio of women to men in newspaper work is probably less than 1 to 12; yet a careful examination of the “great” dailies will demonstrate that at least half the intellectual slime that is befouling the land is fished out of the gutter by females.

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SEXUAL PURITY AND GUNPOWDER.

THE ICONOCLAST can scarce be accused of being an "organ" of Governor Chappie Anserine Culberson. It certainly doesn't smell like it. It would gladly forego its regular Wednesday evening prayer-meeting to attend his political funeral in full regalia; but it halts the procession to remark that he has of late been subjected to considerable unjust criticism for declining to pardon a man who had been sentenced to the pen by a jury of his peers for slaying the supposed seducer of his daughter. Quite naturally, public sympathy is with the aged father who attempted to wash out in blood the dark blot upon the honor of his family; but Governor Culberson should be commended for referring the matter to the board of pardons for careful consideration. If the girl was under the age at which a female becomes the legal guardian of her virtue; if she was of weak mind, or her debauchment was accomplished by means of force or drugs, her destroyer deserved to die, and the father should be given not only a pardon but a pension for ridding the world of a cowardly and lustful cur; but a governor sworn to uphold the law should make haste slowly to set the seal of his approval to a homicide. I presume, from the esteem in which the Haskell County prisoner is held, that his act was justifiable; but if so, it is an exception to the rule. Entirely too many people kill the wrong party to a case of crim con. The modern young lady of marriageable age is amply able to protect her virtue if she really values it. It were difficult indeed to find a female who has reached her eighteenth birthday who does not understand full well that illicit intercourse is a sin against herself and society. If any such there be, their parents or guardians should be severely

punished for dereliction in a most important duty. Every maid should, upon arriving at the age of puberty, be taught the relation of the sexes and the full meaning of the Seventh Commandment. She should be taught also that while all men should be chaste as Joseph, they are not so—that Dr. Cranfill and the editor of the *ICONOCLAST* are the only living illustrations of that exalted ideal. The immortal Washington could neither tell a lie nor resist the winsomeness of a pretty woman. Grover Cleveland, proclaimed by the golden harpers as “the grandest man of the century,” once succeeded in “telling the truth,” and we learned thereby that he had a well developed weakness for widows. Tom Ochiltree’s kind of men stood together, however, and were numerous enough to make him chief magistrate. I do not defend the male debauchee; but I do say that every girl should be early taught that it depends entirely upon herself whether she becomes a noble and virtuous woman or a miserable wanton—that the shotgun is powerless to preserve her purity, that maidenly modesty is her only Palladium. Parents are too often responsible for the degradation of their daughters. Mothers neglect to properly instruct them regarding the duties they owe to society and the dangers inseparable from male companionship. They learn the sacred mysteries of reproduction from “flip” girls who are “on the mash” and rather glory in being considered a trifle rapid, and are too often led upon the reefs before they realize that sexual purity is the noblest jewel of perfect womanhood—that when it is lost she is already dead and damned. They are permitted, when the demon of passion is first stirring in their blood, to “keep company” with gay young men beyond the maternal eye, to dance and flirt, and the logical sequence of such license is a coroner’s inquest on one of their boasted “conquests,” a military marriage or another addition to the demi-mon-

daines. If young girls left so unguarded do not go to perdition, no credit is due to their parents. Even if they pass the ordeal without debauchment of body, they are so debased in mind as to be forever unfitted for noble wifehood, for no man possessed of refinement equal to that of a scurvy ape, will marry a maid who has been pawed over by Tom, Dick and the Devil. She's "damaged goods" the very moment she submits to the kisses and caress of a man who does not make her the empress of his heart and home. All the perfume of the rose has disappeared—she has become entirely too promiscuous, too experienced. When a man learns that his wife delivered to him as a dowry a joblot of reechy kisses, collected of male acquaintances much as she might accumulate picture cards or cancelled postage stamps, he should be privileged to sear her slobber-trap with a redhot iron and turn her loose to wander like a she-Cain through the world. Her sin differs in degree but not in kind from that of the common courtesan, and to a man of real refinement the degree is not so broad that it must be measured with an astronomer's instrument. The French manage young people much better than do we Americans. They afford them no opportunity to become unduly intimate. They do not commit snips of girls 15 or 16 years of age to the tender mercies of accomplished libertines, then proceed to "vindicate the family honor" by making a killing. They defer the dark parlor spooning, the paddling of perspiring palms, the "sitting down waltz" and single chair funny business, until the law hath given them Hymenic liberties. True it is that virtue which must be ever guarded is not worth the sentinel; but the proverb applies to adults, not to young girls. The French maid goes to her husband with mind unpolluted by sexual sins, imagined if not committed with other men. A better plan than either the French, which takes it for granted

that an unmarried woman only awaits a good opportunity to go astray; or the American, which assumes that all men are wingless angels, would be for the state to hold parents responsible for the purity of their daughters until the latter have reached the legal age of consent, and erase the word "seduction" from the criminal code. A woman rightly reared and carefully guarded until she is of marriageable age will never be "led astray" unless she furnishes the string. The wildest rake that ever went unhung will attempt no criminal familiarity with any woman unless she extends to him encouragement. No married woman possessed of sufficient intellectuality to successfully evade the lunatic asylum was ever "seduced." When a wife goes wrong she should come in for at least one barrel of the shotgun if the wronged husband decides that a dirty drab is worth the price of an ounce of powder.

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THE AMERICAN SOVEREIGN.

AN EGOTISTICAL IGNORAMUS.

THE "able editor" and "prominent politician" are indulging a defenseless reading public with jejune speculations anent the salvation of the political feline next November. Predicting what the "American sovereign" will do with his vote half a year hence were much like standing in the vortex of chaos and betting on the phenomena—or forecasting the result of turning a lot of lunatics loose on a country pregnant with opportunities for self-slaughter.

We are wont to boast of our superior intelligence of the American sovereign, so-called, yet the fact must be patent to every man who hath eyes to see and a headpiece to un-

derstand the simplest social phenomena, that more than a moiety of the votes cast in this so-called enlightened land are but random shots into the darkness. It is safe to say that three out of five men who cast ballots at state and national elections, and thus, to a great extent, determine national polity and State policy, have no more idea of what they are doing than the automatons at a Punch and Judy show. Not one-half, not one-fourth of those good souls who are industriously huzzahing for Democracy or Republicanism, could, to save their supposed immortal souls, give a lucid explanation of the real difference existing between those "parties." Not one American sovereign in ten can explain wherein the so-called McKinley bill differs from the erstwhile Wilson bill. Yet he parades himself in foolish torchlight processions, fractures his lungs huzzahing for "Jeffersonian Democracy," or the "Grand Old Party"; drinks to the success of "principles" of which he knows no more than does the "yaller" dog following at his heels; quarrels with his neighbor about the tariff or silver coinage, vigorously curses the "free trade Democrats" or the "trade exclusion Republicans"; imagines that he is full to the neck with political prescience when he is but charged to the bursting point with prejudice and ridiculous egotism.

As a rule, the so-called American sovereign knows less of the science of political economy than of chemistry; can forecast with more intelligence the effect upon our solar system of the elimination of the planet Venus than the effect upon American trade and industry of the adoption of free trade or the unlimited coinage of silver.

And this politico-economic nescience, this partisan prejudice doing duty for political prescience, is not confined to the unlettered laborer, but permeates

all classes. We boast ourselves a liberal and progressive people, yet there is no land beneath the sun where pure reason has a harder battle with stupid ignorance. One-half the American people inherit political and theological prejudices—are born with a mental strabismus which it were as idle to attempt to cure as to metamorphose a wooden Indian into a marble Madonna. The other half is led about by the nose by blind and blundering leaders or mendacious mountebanks, falling into every foul ditch which busy Superstition or brazen Charlatanism can dig for their foolish feet.

The shibboleth of the first class is, "Baptist, Baptist I was born and Baptist I will die." If one of this class be born a Democrat or Republican he can be depended upon to vote the ticket "straight" all his days, if the devil be the nominee or the "principles" of the two parties are violently transposed every four years. He will swallow any bitter bolus that his party in state or national convention assembled prepares for him. He calls himself a free-man, yet he is the most abject and pitiful slave that ever bowed his neck to a yoke or cowered beneath the lash; he does not possess the moral courage, the intellectual independence of the mangiest "yaller dawg" that ever trotted at the heels of a negro chicken-thief. He is not an intellectual entity, but an unimportant portion of a machine—and proud of it. He boasts that he always voted his party ticket "straight"; that he has been a life-long Democrat or Republican—is as proud of his fealty as niggers of antebellum days were of the fact that they never ran away—never attempted to be other than obedient slaves, diligently performing the tasks set for them by others! I would rather be a flea-bitten dog and bay at the moon than such an "American sovereign."

"But we must have political parties," I will be told. I

do not see why. The very existence of various political parties is confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ that in the realm of statecraft the so-called American sovereign is but an intellectual infant in leading strings. Is not government what the press and politicians so delight to proclaim it, a vast stock company in which all are shareholders? Should it not be conducted, as they so often assert, "on strict business principles"? Now if all the stockholders of a company are wise business men will they not work together in harmony and thus promote the best interests of the concern? True, differences will arise, but they will be temporary and each division will be on different lines. Those who vote together on one proposition may vote against each other on the next. The stockholders will not split into permanent parties unless many of them be either ignorant of true business principles or dishonest—unless a portion of them are intent upon sacrificing the interests of the company to subserve their private ends. The honesty and intelligence of the personnel of the company can be correctly gauged by the extent, virulence and permanence of its factions.

The science of government is scarce more complex than the science of business. No man of average intelligence who makes an honest effort to understand it need fail, and the permanent division of the governmental stockholders into several warring factions argues inexcusable ignorance or widespread turpitude. To say that the average American voter is both dishonest and ignorant were indeed a terrible indictment and thousands would characterize it as libelous to a scandalous degree; but let us see whether such a statement would be so very wide of the mark:

It is a fact too patent to permit of debate that the public treasury is looted of tens of millions annually for the benefit of ex-federal soldiers who were never under fire,

received no injury in the war and who were better paid for their services, better clothed and fed than ever theretofore; yet both great parties, eager for the "soldier vote," smile approval on the shameless robbery. We have a little starveling sugar industry in the South that has been languishing along for half a century or so—one of those "infants" that never take the trouble to cut teeth so long as they can feed on public pap. This lean and hungry nonentity of an "industry" had its greedy fingers in every poor man's pantry in the American Union—was being protected at a shameless cost to the entire people; yet when it was proposed to put sugar on the free list, the whole South—"tariff reform" Democracy and all—protested bitterly and refused to be pacified even when another public teat was slipped into the mouth of the small-armed but big-bellied infant.

"The old flag and an appropriation" is the shibboleth of the American sovereign. He cares not how much public treasure be squandered if it is wasted in his bailiwick. No matter how rank a "tariff" or free-trader he be, he is ever willing that the industry in which he is interested should be protected with a tariff wall that towers into the very skies. He may pose as the avatar of Honesty, yet he looks, if not with favor, yet without protest, on shameless partisan trickery and deceit that enables his party to triumph at the polls. Of course, there are exceptions to the above indictment, but they are so rare as to be regarded as "cranks."

Every political party has an executive committee, whose duty is to achieve success by any possible means. An executive committee without a long purse and an able liar, without a man who understands how to place money where it will do the most good; without one capable of trading

and trafficking principles for success, making unholy compromises with the devil, springing effective campaign falsehoods at the proper moment, making black appear white, and white black, glossing over or brazenly lying down the shortcomings of his own party and misrepresenting the motives and plans of the opposition—would be regarded as a dam in a desert, about as useful as a wooden watch. Political campaigns have come to be regarded by the public at large as wars of conquest wherein the spoils belong to the victors—in which all is fair, however flagrantly false.

The American people may be honest commercially, but their political conscience is irremediably “rotten.”

Were the American sovereign one-half so intelligent as he thinks himself, so smart as a sycophantic press and the public birds of prey assure him is the case, he would realize that there is not to-day an “issue” worthy of the name squarely before the people. The tariff is the chief bone of contention, yet despite their noisy clamor, the two great parties are practically as one; they are both high tariff parties, only disagreeing about the architecture of the wall—or pretending to disagree, for if an “issue” does not exist one must be made, or politicians go out of business and the “able editor” drag his seldom brains for subjects. One party insists on a tariff for protection, the other a tariff for a revenue—a distinction without a difference so long as both parties regard the public treasury as their oyster. If a surplus accumulates under the administration of one party the other feels in duty bound to get rid of it; if one party creates a deficit, the other must mark its antithesis by piling up a surplus—for an “issue” is the very life of American politics! The Democracy is tempted to make “free and unlimited coinage of silver” an issue, but hesitates because the Eastern Shylocks would not furnish the sinews of such a war.

There is no political issue before the American people, and the war now being waged is one of men, not of measures; for plunder, not principles. The tug of war will be between Republicanism and Democracy, so-called—one great amorphous party divided into two factions, engaged in what we may call an internecine civil war for office. Yet seven-eighths of the so-called “intelligent American sovereigns” who are industriously wearing out their lungs, imagine there is as great a difference between these alleged “parties” as between white and black, between the Colorado coyote and a Numidian lion; that the salvation of the country depends upon the elevation of this or the other coterie of politicians to the public offices.

It is not to be wondered at that the great bulk of the American people are politically dishonest and ignorant. Where in God’s name can they learn? From what fount imbibe political morality. They must depend chiefly on the press and politicians for information, and how can that which is corrupt inculcate honesty? how can that which possesses no wisdom give valuable instruction? Do not our national lawmakers spend long weary weeks in striving for party advantage? Is it not one of the articles of the confession of faith of each party in Congress to oppose whatsoever the other party approves, be it good or bad? Are not the political speeches made throughout the country in every campaign, state or national, but special pleas for party? Are not a vast majority of the newspapers but party organs, whose business it is to beautify one coterie of politicians and blacken the others? Can any mortal man form a correct conception of President Cleveland’s administration by reading the Republican or Democratic newspapers, or both? by listening to a thousand political speeches by any or all brands of politicians? Has not the

Republican press persistently painted him as an intellectual infant playing at Julius Cæsar? Have not the Pops and free-silverites branded him as the tool of Wall Street while the cuckoos were exercising their sweet voices in his praise? Really, the more newspapers a man reads, the less apt is he to form a just opinion of public men and measures; the fewer political speeches he listens to the more likely is he to bring to the discharge of public duties an honest, upright mind.

We must have schools to teach theology and medicine—even book-keeping and penmanship, dancing and boxing; but the uncrowned kings of America are expected to pick up the science of government “on the run;” to learn from “able editors,” who reached the sanctum through the composing room instead of the library, what will subserve the best interests of 70,000,000 people, engaged in a thousand diverse industries and spread out from ocean to ocean, from Manitoba to the Mexican Gulf! The wonder is not that the American sovereign knows so little of the science of government, but that he knows anything about it at all; not that he so often follows the bell of a political mountebank with the pathetic trust of a blind jack-ass plodding in the wake of a hay-wagon, but that he is not led to commit economic follies that would plunge both government and people into irremediable ruin.

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PROFESSIONAL FAILURES.

I AM always getting into trouble. Either my star is evil or my liver is out of its orbit. Scarce had I succeeded in soothing Dr. Riddle, the pretty man of Waxahachie, and

jolly up Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill until his face shone like a new milk pan or a full moon beaming on a summer sea, ere a Sedalia, Mo., woman took her pen in hand to jab large rectangular orifices in my long-suffering soul. She is what editors are wont to refer to as "a widow lady," in contradistinction, I suppose, to a widow gentleman, and hath a son who is the apple of her eye. She explained to me by mail that the young man is a three-ply, all-wool and yard-wide genius who is destined to enact the rôle of Phæton and set the world on fire if he does not slip his trolley wire in the selection of a profession, and besought my advice. I am always ready to advise the ladies—that's why they all come to me with their troubles—so I responded promptly and at my own expense that were the boy mine—which, of course, is not the case—I would advise him to give up all thoughts of a profession and become a farmer; not such an agriculturist as Col. Wilyum Shaw, but one of those people who can manipulate the turgid udder of the muley cow, harvest esculent roasting ear and make the industrious potato bug wish he had been born a Populist. Hence these tears, this new addition to my increasing burden of agony. The young man was created for better things than pulling the bell-cord over a roan mule in the cotton patch and trailing blithely in the wake of a double-shovel plow—so his fond mother says. She thanks me for my advice in a tone of voice that leads me to doubt the genuineness of her gratitude; yet it was really the best I had in the shop. I mapped out for her genius-stricken olive-branch the one only "career" in which industry and frugality are reasonably certain to be rewarded with health, happiness and manly independence. Entirely too many youngsters are rushing into the professions instead of the corn field. Lawyers and preachers, doctors and dentists are being ground out by the thousands—and two-

thirds of those already at large in the land have nothing in their pockets but an elegant assortment of holes. The woods are full of barristers without briefs, preachers without pulpits and physicians without patients. True it is that "there's always room at the top;" but it's a long, hard climb, and the road is thick strewn with wrecks. Furthermore, the most exalted merit, united with tireless industry, does not always reap its proper reward. In professional, as in commercial life, tact outstrips talent. We have abler preachers than Talmage toiling along year after year, in obscure villages at paltry recompense. Men have reached the supreme bench who possessed less legal ability than some of their brethren who wear out their lives in the chicken-courts. Hoyt made bushels of money out of such insufferable nonsense as "A Hole in the Ground," while really meritorious dramas had to be withdrawn from the stage. A Yvette Guilbert revels in riches while a Mrs. Bowers goes broke. A DuMaurier becomes rich and celebrated while William Marion Reedy—the greatest writer of his generation—is "a youth to fortune and fame unknown." Not ten people in the city of Waco ever heard of him; yet Carlyle in his prime and Macaulay in his glory were not his peers. The "intellectual American public" will starve him to death—then build him a monument. A professional man, like a mantua-maker or milliner, must be "in vogue" or he'll have a deuced hard sledding, whatever may be his merits. If a physician can get a few ultra-fashionables to "call him in," his fortune is assured, though he couldn't distinguish between phrenics and physics, the pharmacopœia and Poor Richard's almanac. Without such an introduction he may be wise as Hippocrates and confined to a pauper practice. Lord Chief Justice Russell of England declares that the young lawyer "may consider himself fairly lucky if, after three

or four years at the bar, he is making enough to keep soul and body together." True enough; but the chief justice makes a sad mistake when he advises the youthful wearer of the forensic toga to subsist meantime by newspaper work—"by reporting or leader writing." Journalism has become even a harder master than the law, and a briefless young barrister gets no opportunity to replenish his larder by "leader writing." He may consider himself in great luck if the editor gives him an opportunity to chase fire engines, or do a little police court reporting at \$7 or \$8 a week. English journals may furnish a hold-up for impecunious young man of other professions for aught I know; but just imagine a smart young preacher, lawyer or doctor applying for an important position on a great American daily! He'd be lucky if he escaped being locked up as a lunatic. The young professional men in this country who are doing the Micawber act usually patch out their scant incomes with cheap clerkships, and when once settled in such positions are apt to forget their early ambition and cling to their bread and butter. But granting that the professional man is always rewarded according to his merit, the youngster plunges in the dark, for his capabilities cannot be known even to himself until he has been on the world's battlefield. Too many mistake ambition for ability—a longing for the bays for inherent power to win them. Parents and preceptors are too prone to think that if a boy be apt in his studies he is a nascent genius and advise him to "aim high"—forgetful of the fact that exceptionally precocious youngsters seldom amount to much. The early unfolding of talent is evidence that it is of low order. As a rule, girls are more apt than boys of the same age, and I am told that during a limited number of years negro children learn more readily than do those of Caucasian birth. Many of the world's great-

est men graduated near the foot of their class; more did not obtain diplomas at all. Agriculture has ever been considered a noble occupation. The farmer is still a free-man. Many an intellectual Titan came with regret from the farm to the forum and returned to the peace of the country with pleasure. The city is a maelstrom, the mad whirlpool of life. Its bitter struggles and petty triumphs; the mad ambition of each inept goose to get its head above those of other foolish geese; the swirl and rush and jostle in the pell mell race for preferment—what does it all amount to? Who will know what politician was chief magistrate of Texas in this year of grace when our granite capitol has crumbled 'neath its burden of age? What of learned jurist, distinguished physician, pompous millionaire a thousand years hence—one tick of the mighty clock of Time! Why should we not live while we do live, beneath heaven's blue vault, amid the fragrant fields, by the rippling brook and watch the cool mists creep around the purple hills and God's banners flung like cloth of gold across the sunset sky? Only in the country can man feel that he's really free—elsewhere the proudest are but slaves. Why don't I experiment on myself, as does the doctor who will take his own draught! Perhaps I'm the original of Will Carleton's "Jim," whose judgment was too slim for a farmer, so his father concluded to be "makin' a editor outen o' him." I hope to spend my declining days in the country—"the world forgetting and by the world forgot." I will not even follow the example of Horace and bestride my mule for an occasional pilgrimage to Rome. Maecenas can have his costly suppers all by himself—"give me the bowl of samp and milk by homespun beauty poured." When I once get my lares and penates established where I can listen to the hum of the honey bee amid the clover blooms and the mocking bird trilling to its mate; where I

can wander amid the spreading oaks and commune with "the spirits of the hills with all their dewy hair blown back like flame," I'll send just one message to the city, and it will read, "The public be damned."

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THE TEIXEIRA-MORRIS CASE.

H. STEEN MORRIS, a young man who parts his name on the side, was tried in this city a few days ago on the charge of raping Antonia Teixeira, the "ward of the Baptist church," while she was being "educated" at Baylor University for missionary work among the "heathen" Catholics of Brazil. All the influence of Baylor was brought to bear in favor of the man accused of invading its supposed sacred precincts to feed his unholy lust by the debauchment of a babe. As the Baptists are all-powerful in this county, and can easily make or break any man engaged in a purely local business, his acquittal seemed a foregone conclusion. No wonder the president of Baylor gleefully rubbed his hands and predicted that the alleged rape-fiend "would have easy rolling," for to oppose the wishes of the Baptist bosses were to court a social, political and business boycott by those who boast that their cult holds a copyright on freedom of conscience. Yes, Steen was to have "easy rolling"; and when the jury dismissed him with a certificate of good moral character. Dr. Burleson was going to sue the *ICONOCLAST* for damages—in the sum of 'steen million dollars I s'pose. That's what he said—but he didn't expect that his rallikaboo bluff would ever come to the ears of the *Icon*. For nearly a year now Dr. Burleson has been assuring doting parents with young

daughters to educate that he was just about to begin to commence to do something awfully dreadful to this great religious journal; but his horrid vengeance—like some other things—is “all in his head.” Just how much of the Apostle’s wealth Baylor University wants—how many golden guineas it will require to heal the hurt that honor feels—I do not know; but I’m convinced that when he’s jumped up by Baylor before a jury of his peers to demonstrate his right, as an American sovereign, to denounce a damnable crime against the innocence of childhood by super-sanctified hypocrites, tumble-bugs will give milk and frogs grow feathers. “Conscience doth make cowards of us all.” Baylor will carefully lock the closet in which it keeps its interesting collection of skeletons, and refrain from blowing in the Apostle to see if he is loaded. That’s what I said.

To make assurance of “easy rolling” doubly sure, those especially interested in securing the acquittal of the accused, went to the friends and temporary guardians of the ruined girl and requested them to use their influence to secure a withdrawal of the charge that force was employed to accomplish her disgrace. As her ruin was wrought before the new law, raising the age of consent from twelve to fifteen years, went into effect, it was really an attempt, by bringing undue influence to bear on the plaintiff, to get her case dismissed while convicting her of perjury. But her friends declined to further the fraud and Antonia stuck to her original story—that she had been dragged from Dr. Burleson’s kitchen by the defendant and forcibly debauched within the very shadow of Baylor. Rev. Zachariah C. Taylor and Dr. Rufus C. Burleson are two of the pious brethren who thus attempted to get Antonia to alter her testimony. The aged president admitted as much in court; but protested that he “didn’t want her to swear to

a falsehood." If he wanted her to swear only to the truth why did he go to such pains to alter her testimony? Certainly she knew better what accorded with the facts than he possibly could. I much fear that he is one of those "wily Jesuits" who, we are asked to believe, can lie in sixteen languages and still avoid the commission of a cardinal sin.

When the case was submitted to the jury it developed that the defendant did not have such "easy rolling" as the eminent divine had predicted. Seven of the jurors were not willing to turn him loose even to please the dominant political power, while the remaining five could not quite make up their minds that it was proper to put the brother of Dr. Burleson's pious son-in-law in the penitentiary. So the case goes over to the next term of court—while the Baylorians redouble their efforts to get the plaintiff out of the country. Rev. Zachariah C. Taylor, who brought Antonia to Texas as a companion to his wife, and afterwards wrote an article for a Waco daily—which the steering committee wisely withdrew—protesting that he knew at the time that she was a foul prostitute, is back in Brazil writing letters imploring her to return to her kith and kin in that faraway country. Why? He declared while here that her mother was a courtesan and all her relatives a very bad lot. Why should the poor girl return to such immoral surroundings—after enjoying for three years the elevating influence of Baylor University? Does he consider that her "education" is complete—that illegitimate childbirth constitutes Baylor's graduating exercises—and that she should enter at once upon the work of converting the Brazilian Catholics? Or does he want her to resume her duties as companion to his wife? I do not quite understand this good man Taylor. When he brought Antonia here he gave her a certificate of good character.

When her downfall casts a shadow over the great Baptist University, he declared that she had been bad from babyhood, and, that, knowing this, he first made her an inmate of his family, then consigned her to the companionship of scores of pure young girls, well knowing—if he knows anything—that one wanton can work more mischief among innocent maids than can a dozen men. Then he visited her at her present home to discuss the situation, but declined to be left alone with her, fearing that his morals might become contaminated. Like Joseph, he was ready to fly to avoid being ravished—after keeping her in his household for years with full knowledge that she was a courtesan! I much fear that Rev. Zachariah would be a first-class fraud if God hadn't intended him for a fool.

It has been nearly a year since H. Steen Morris was arrested for the ravishment of Antonia Teixeira. The **ICONOCLAST** gave it a little attention at the time; but as a dozen or two people have subscribed since then, it may not be amiss to briefly summarize the celebrated case, that new patrons of the paper may become familiar with this crowning infamy of the age and know what to expect should they choose to commit their children to the care of the great Baptist sanctuary of the South.

About four years ago Rev. Zachariah C. Taylor returned from Brazil, where he had been trying to convert the "heathen," alias the Catholics. While in Brazil, he resided in the same house with a widow whom he now declares was a bawd. Whether her immorality induced the reverend gentleman to make her house his habitat, I do not know. He may have considered that her adherence to the Baptist faith excused her sexual frailties, if it did not sanctify them, for he persuaded her to allow her little daughter to accompany him to Texas "to be educated for missionary work in Brazil." The Baptists here made a

great hullabaloo over her as a brand snatched from the burning—representing the cumulative result of the long and arduous labors of their missionary in a “heathen” land—and formally adopted her as the “ward” of that sanctified organization. She was a frail little thing, about eleven years old, but small for her age and possessed average intelligence. She was committed to the care of President Burleson of Baylor with the understanding that, after five years of careful schooling, she should return to Brazil and explain the heavenly water-route to her benighted Catholic brethren. Instead of being sent to the class-room, however, she was relegated to the Burleson kitchen, where she served in the capacity of under-servant. About three years later—or when she was fourteen years old—it was discovered that her clothes didn’t fit her. That was not considered very remarkable, for such things had happened before at Baylor. It would cost considerable money to send her home, and, of course, it would never do to let her be confined at the university—that were contrary to the Baylorian customs in such cases; so the Burlesons and Morrisises began casting about for other accommodations—a kind of private lying-in hospital where the babe could be born without attracting the attention of the general public and frightening away good paying patrons. By representing Antonia as “a girl deserving sympathy rather than condemnation,” “a child we are so sorry for”—a girl “faithful and honest”—a poor Catholic woman was induced to give the embryo missionary to the Popish heathen a home and minister to her in her misfortune. Despite all precautions, however, rumors of the affair got afloat and a nervy justice of the peace, without the fear of the Baylorians before his eyes, proceeded to investigate the matter. The story of the child was so plain and straightforward that it was accepted as true by the public. She stated, albeit

with great reluctance, that H. Steen Morris, a young man who appears to have had the run of the Baylor preserves, solicited her favors and, being refused, ravished her person; that she had made frequent complaints to the Burlesons; "but nothing was done about it;" that when her condition could no longer be concealed, Rev. S. L. Morris, son-in-law to Dr. Burleson and brother to her assailant, had tried to bulldoze her into a confession that she was enceinte by a "coon." The remarkable fact developed at the preliminary trial that although three years an inmate at Baylor—being educated with a special view to the conversion of Catholics—she knew almost nothing—not even the tenets of the Baptist faith, or that the ravishment of a maid was an offense against the laws of this Christian land!

It was then that Rev. Zachariah C. Taylor came to the front with his remarkable story anent the immorality of his Brazilian landlady and the companion he had selected for his wife with such care. It was then that the Burlesons discovered that Antonia was a born thief instead of an honest and faithful child who had met with a grievous misfortune. It was then that the reverend president of Baylor rushed into print with a screed branding as little better than a public bawd a child in short dresses, who to this day refers to him as "gran'pa!" It was then that the Catholic woman who had assumed the care of a girl ravished at Dr. Burleson's door, was besought to turn her adrift—to send her to the home for fallen women at Fort Worth! It was then that all the power of Baylor was exerted, not to ferret out the criminal and bring him to the bar, but to forever blacken the character of the little orphan and shield the alleged author of her shame.

And it was then—by the eternal gods!—that the Iconoclast aligned its guns.

Antonia's babe was born—three pounds—white. It lived just long enough to develop a striking resemblance to H. Steen Morris; but, of course, this may have been a remarkable coincidence. It died, and was buried at the cost of the poor people who had cared for its mother when deserted by her contemptible *alma mater*. The ICONOCLAST stated at the time that it was buried in a pauper's grave—and I'm told it is upon this inaccuracy that Dr. Burleson hangs his slender hope of catching me for a few mental anguish plasters. It would have been buried in the Potter's Field had the poor people depended upon Baylor University to defray its funeral expenses. Its mother might have died in the throes of maternity had they relied upon the Burlesons and the Morrisses to provide medical aid. The men about town—Catholics, Jews and Atheists—paid the doctor's bill, while the sainted Baylorians closed their purses and sighed for the wickedness of this world. The Catholic woman who played a mother's part to the poor victim of anti-Catholic missionary education, assures me that all the aid sent by the sanctified was six bits in cash and an old chemise—royal beneficence which was declined with scant courtesy.

Instead of seeking refuge in the "Reservation"—whither she would certainly have drifted had she been so "crazy after the boys" as Dr. Burleson asserts, or so abandoned as Rev. Taylor tried to testify when the steering committee choked him off—the childless little mother besought forgiveness for her enemies and patiently took up her cross. She is toiling to-day in an humble but honest occupation and enjoys the respect of all manly men and noble women. Not one word has ever been breathed against her good name except by the holy bigots and legal hirelings who are trying to help Baylor University out of the hole. She is "faithful and honest," as the Burlesons

bore witness when they wanted some one to take her off their hands and expected to keep the case out of court. That is the naked truth *in nuncce* anent Antonia Teixeira's debauchment—though told by the "Apostle of the Devil."

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THE TWO "GREAT" ISSUES.

THE blessed saviors of the country are again in the saddle. We have in this country three alleged great political parties, each composed—if we may believe the solemn as-servations of the others—exclusively of frauds and fools. Being a good American, I am inclined to accept the verdict of the majority. The tariff and the currency are the only "issues" that have yet materialized—as aids to office. A stranger to the world's history would suppose, from the amount of acrimonious disputation indulged in, that upon the disposition of these problems depends the future of the republic—that we are even now at the parting of the ways; one road leading straight to the Delectable Mountains, the other into the Slough of Despond. As P. Henry would say, we can only judge of the future by the past; and judging these issues by the past of all nations within the purview of human history, I am warranted in saying that it makes but little difference how we dispose of them if we only *do* dispose of them—then shut up. The feculent breath of Folly is wrecking the Ship of State upon the rocks. If the jawbone of a dead jackass depopulated Philistia, what may we not expect from millions of live mandibles of the same genus? Peace for a moment in God's name! How the Devil can anybody *think* when political geese are cackling at every corner, and the air is heavy-

laden with the everlasting he-haw of office-hunters. Let us consider for one moment "the sweet reasonableness" of these problems that are putting the whole country in a perspiration.

Protection vs. Free Trade—as Sir Miles Crowley would say, "What's it to us?" Should we build about this nation a tariff wall as high as Helicon, what then? Would not thy bull still gender and thy cow calve? Would not the earth continue to yield its increase and the mine to give up its store of metal? Could we not produce everything necessary to the comfort, aye the luxury of this people should all other countries on which shines the sun share the fate of the lost Atlantis—their towering hills and pleasant valleys become the haunts of Neptune and his naiads? Sure! Then how will a tariff wall, though it do buss the clouds, wreck the prosperity of the American people? Suppose we raze all custom-houses to the earth and permit the merchandise of every nation to seek an unrestricted market here! What then? Will our factories go silent and our fields lie fallow? Who can buy if he does not sell, and how can he sell if he does not produce? And if he gives goods that cost him little labor for those that would have cost him much, is he impoverished? Is not all trade, reduced to its last analysis, but an exchange of commodities? And is much exchange between two nations, to their mutual profit, the road to the poor house? Then why all this infernal hubbub about the tariff? Why not settle it one way or the other—and employ our sweet voices singing psalms?

But the currency—aye, there's the rub! That's the point at which the politician proceeds to uncork himself and spill statistics, and either cuss the "money kings" or heap foul scorn upon the "repudiators"—and no matter which horn of the purely political dilemma he takes, he in-

variably signs a certificate to his own ineptitude. Good old Adam Smith has told us that commerce can be depended upon to provide its own exchange media, and that governments needn't sweat out their undershirts doing for it what it can do much better for itself. True, Adam Smith was not running for office; still, he is supposed to have known almost as much about economics as do either the corpulent Cleveland or the lippy Gran'ma Lease. Government can make "money," but it cannot make an exchange medium. It can coin silver and gold, but cannot make them circulate. Commerce makes its own exchange media, and government is powerless to either expand or contract its mighty volume.

The mightiest economic difficulty with which this country has to contend is the free-coinage of gab. Commerce is kept in a continual fever, a constant state of uncertainty by foolish agitators who are ahungered and athirst for office. If we could but discover some Knight of La Mancha capable of over-throwing these windmills whose grist is goose-speech, commerce would enter into an era of confidence, capital would come out of hiding, and the ring of hammer and song of the workman be heard in the land. We have entirely too many multi-millionaires and too many mendicants; but foolish agitation that shuts up shops, reduces the purchasing power of the people and lowers wages by accentuating the already fierce competition for employment, while it may hurt Dives somewhat, doesn't help Lazarus. Let's ring off for a while, saw wood and say nothing, while "keeping up a Devil of thinking." Perhaps in that holy calm we'll discover what's wrong with our industrial system and devise a remedy. The sun rises in silence and the earth revolves on its axis with never a sound. Why should we go screeching and scrannel-piping, bawling and belly-aching because Thomas,

Richard or Henry is anxious to insert the public udder into himself?

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MORAL STATUS OF TEXAS.

PETER MAHER and Frank Slavin were scheduled for a soft-glove contest at Long Island City, May 29. At the time of going to press the preachers in that corner of the moral vineyard were having cataclysmic convulsions that sent great tidal waves of real tears scurrying through the Sound, and appealing to all the powers of Heaven and earth to stop the "brutal exhibition." Dr. Chas. Park, pastor of an ultra-fashionable flock of Pharisees, declared in one of his fulminations against the impending "fight," that Texas, "a wild and wooly state which makes no pretensions to high moral ideas," has squelched the squared circle. Holy smoke! What do Revs. Seasholes and Cranfill think of that shot? How does it strike Dr. Burleson and the editor of Hayden's Holy Fake? What will the Old Lady, alias the *Dal-Gal*, do about it? Can she consistently screech "Grand Old Texas," while a Yankee minister proclaims that the Lone Star State doesn't even pretend to be decent? What a cruel reflection on the fifty-odd years of her ministry! No "high moral ideas,"—not even the assumption of a virtue though we have it not—just simply infernally bad and proudly flaunting our wickedness in the face of the world! Gerate Gawd! Where's our gun? We give Dr. Chas. Park, of the flamboyant mouth and immaculate shirt-front, distinctly to understand that the altitudinousity of our moral ideas is so great that a man sitting astride their apex can easily tickle the feet of St.

Peter. The misguided doctor should come to Texas on a tour of discovery. He would find here a great many pious people who do not consider it their sacred duty to have a moral spasm because of feather-pillow pugilism—even preachers who do not fiercely assail it for the sole purpose of getting their inconsequential names in print, but serve the Saviour without the adventitious aid of a brass band. He would also find in Texas an abundance of cranks of his own kind—men who mistake a bad liver for a good heart, a chronic itch for meddling for the essence of morality. Dr. Park would discover that Texas, as well as Long Island, has its share of virulent virtuosity and offensive pharisaism. He would find here a “heroic young Christian governor,” who’s clinging to his job with the tenacity of watermelon colic to a corpulent “coon,” simply because he cannot make a living and pay his poker debts by the practice of his profession; not to mention the Hardy-Clark patriots, who are disemboweling themselves upon the altar of Democracy—making vicarious atonement for the sins of their political sect. Can Long Island offer anything more exalted? Dr. Park would discover here a presidential candidate whose religiosity registers 200 in the shade—whose morality is so pure that he would replace the “Godless” federal constitution with the Baptist creed and a keg of cold water. Texas, not the home of high moral ideas, forsooth? Go to! Why the Dallas Pastors’ Association has not only reversed the Plan of Salvation, but resolved itself into an advisory committee for the Almighty. I sincerely hope that the Long Island ministers succeeded in stopping the Maher-Slavin mill. I have no idea that those brawny brutes would injure each other, but such exhibitions are awful punishment for the preachers. The pugs usually get off “dead easy,” but the ministers sweat blood for months before and after a mill. They are en-

titled to legal exemption from such agony. Will the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals please give the matter its earnest attention?

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MAMMON'S HIGH MUCK-A-MUCK.

T. D'WITT TALMAGE, the turgescient attorney for Dives and most worshipful high-priest of Mammon,

“The least erect of all the angelic host
That fell from Heaven,”

has taken it upon himself to rebuke the common people for complaining of the enormous fortunes of the favored few. He considers concentration of wealth a blessing to the world, and grandiloquently points out that a number of America's multi-millionaires have given considerable sums to establish hospitals, found libraries, endow theological seminaries and other institutions of learning. True, Oh King! but were prosperity general this ostentatious munificence of Mammon would not be necessary. Charity presupposes pauperism. It is small comfort to the creator of wealth to be told that a penny in the pound of that he has been despoiled withal, will be used to endow a college which he cannot attend, or turn loose upon the land another crop of gibbering sky-pilots for him to support. But it is the business of the barrister to make out the best case possible for his client, and Talmage receives a fat salary for coddling the plutocrat—for pointing out new paths, unknown to Christ, by which the rich man may hope to reach the kingdom of Heaven. I am not of those

who believe that all men of wealth are buccaneers. A man possessing superior business acumen may accumulate a considerable fortune, and at the same time benefit his fellows—and every man-jack of us would corral a liberal share of the long-green if we could. We all regret that we did not secure an acre of land in the center of Chicago when swamp-lots were going for a song—and bull-frogs supplied to sing it. However we may object in theory to the “unearned increment,” we all admit that it’s a handy thing to have in the house. We realize that a law which permits the Astors to collect millions from the living because a dead ancestor squatted on the land is an infernal outrage; but the best of us are willing to profit by its laches. But seizing a legal opportunity for personal profit, and defending, as a Christian, a system whose tendency is to make plutocrats and paupers, are equines of a different complexion. The man who can accumulate—and keep—millions of this world’s wealth is not a Christian, whatever be his creed. He no more resembles Jesus than Talmage looks like Joseph. The Christian is he that provides well for his own household, then applies his surplus wealth to the amelioration of human misery. The charity of the plutocrats too much resembles sublimated selfishness, inordinate egotism masquerading as altruism. A man worth ten, twenty, or fifty millions can well afford to expend considerable sums in erecting monuments to his own memory. Besides, it is such a gracious sop to the socialistic Cerberus—who is at present howling with all his three heads. How could we—for instance—have the heart to swipe out Rockefeller’s Standard Oil Trust, when good old Honest John is doing so much for God and humanity with his ill-got gains? A Dick Turpin or Claude Duval, who showers his ha’pence among the poor, may laugh at the catchpoles. There are not many points of

resemblance between Christ and the editor of the *Iconoclast*, but they both admire most the man who, in the distribution of his bounty, lets not his right hand know what his left hand doeth. They both hold to the opinion that the man who cords up millions while babes are crying for bread will get the celestial bounce. I wouldn't hurt Dr. Talmage's feelings for a fortune; but my private opinion is to the effect that he's the d——dest old hypocrite and flannel-mouthed fraud this world has seen in ten centuries.

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A FRANK CONFESSION.

SOME ENGLISH IMPUDENCE.

It is said that Englishmen are deficient in humor, but a broad grin must have o'er spread even the British Parliament when Secretary Chamberlain made the following sage observation: "While Cecil Rhodes' actions (in the Transvaal affair) are universally condemned, but for Englishmen like him the British dominions would be much smaller. (Tremendous applause.)"

That is a very frank confession that "the meteor flag of England" has ever been—as it is to-day—the banner of the buccaneer, the oriflamme of fraud, the gonfalon of greed. The British government holds up its hands in horror at the crimes of a Hastings and condemns the excesses of a Clive, while congratulating itself that their utter disregard of the rights of weaker nations has added new territories to the crown! With a *naïvete* truly refreshing, England through her official mouthpiece, denounces colossal thieves and international thugs, while felicitating herself that their infamous robberies have contributed to her enrichment. I have heard a colored

preacher consign all thieves to perdition while his belly was padded with stolen poultry. I have heard of harlots offering up fervent prayers on the threshold of new debaucheries; but for Pecksniffianism of the superlative brand commend me to John Bull.

History is repeating itself. Lord Clive and Warren Hastings reduced India to a British province by means of fraud that would have shamed a Machiavelli and brutality that might well have appalled an Atilla. While their fiendish work was in progress they were the idols of England; but when the infamy was complete—when India lay prostrate beneath the vandal feet of “the white beast from over the black water,” giving up her treasure to gorge its greed—that blessed “Christian Country” was seized with an acute attack of moral hysteria and called the great prototypes of Rhodes and Jamieson to answer for their crimes. They were arraigned at the bar of the House of Peers—tried by their pals! They were systematically insulted. They were denounced by a canting press and hypocritical pulpit as demons of darkness. The confiscation of their fortunes was demanded, and, for a time, their heads sat not safely upon their shoulders. The opposition frothed and foamed for the blood of the “nabobs” like French Communists, drunk with gore, dancing the carmagnole about la Belle Guillotine, while a government which had profited by their perverted talents manifested a disposition to surrender them to the rabble. The interminable prosecution ruined Hastings; the satanic persecution drove Clive to suicide.

But instead of making restitution; instead of repairing, so far as lay in his power, the mighty wrongs at which he had connived and over which he wept so copiously, John Bull carefully riveted the chains on prostrate India and tightened the tax-screw until it seemed that his insatiable

greed must depopulate that unhappy country. He was willing to crucify the freebooters to prove his righteousness—while retaining the boodle!

Clive and Hastings were the men whom Chamberlain had in mind when he declared the acts of Rhodes to be infamous, but that to such infamy was due the territorial greatness of England. The correspondence between Cecil Rhodes and the avowed conspirators proves that he was the moving spirit of the Transvaal invasion. That he failed in his attempted imitation of Lord Clive was due to the difference between the sturdy Boers and the effeminate Bengalese. Had the Transvaal been peopled by "mild-eyed, melancholly lotos-eaters" such as inhabit India, Jamieson's adventurers would easily have sabered their way into Johannesburg, annexed the country to the British crown and been hailed as heroes; but they encountered the same sturdy breed of men who, in 1871, took France, that prostitute of the nations, by the back hair and kicked her bustle off. Had Rhodes succeeded in his attempted crime, high honors would have been heaped upon him. His henchmen would have been permitted to despoil the Boers and give England another crop of *nouveaux riches*, of impudent nabobs. "Dr. Jim" would have been raised to the peerage. But when Rhodes and Jamieson were no longer needed by the British government; when this brace of scalawags could be no longer useful to the boodlers of Lombard street, they would have been cast aside with that supreme selfishness which has ever characterized the professional pirates—made scape-goats for the sins of a nation of Holy Willies and Uriah Heeps. They would have become targets for all the venom of the opposition, while the government sniveled *a la* Chamberlain about their illegitimate but valuable services to the crown, or basely deserted them *a la* Pitt. Rhodes failed, and the hypocriti-

cal scorn of "Christian" England has fallen upon him earlier than it otherwise would; that is all. He gave the world a startling exhibition of British greed, but failed to salve the conscience of John Bull with boodle. No wonder that he sneaked out of England between two days, and that the British lion is now chewing up his cast-off clothes.

European nations excuse their encroachments upon the territories of Africans and Asiatics by the plea that they desire to Christianize those countries. They have made the Bible an excuse for the bayonet, pious zeal a cloak for ungodly greed. To prove the damned hypocrisy of their plea it is only necessary to point out that the Boers—who have been twice driven deeper into the wilderness by British aggression, and twice compelled to baptize their new home with the blood of their sainted enemies—are as earnest Christians as can be found within the confines of canting England; that the Abyssinians, who now stand upon the threshold of their native land, facing a hungry horde of be-Jesus freebooters, are devout disciples of the Christian Messiah. In all Europe there cannot be found two such pious monarchs as President Kruger and King Menelek. While the European "defenders of the faith" are christening warships, reviewing armed mercenaries and plotting the despoilment of weaker powers, Oom Paul reverently reads his Bible and commends the little Republic to the God of Battles. While Italy and her canting allies threaten his land with fire and sword, King Menelek preaches to Europe a Christian sermon that should suffuse her cheek with shame. Think of this swarthy son of the desert, this bronzed Puritan, leaning upon his loaded rifle and lecturing the titled pirates of England and Italy, who, between Te Deums, send their hired Danites forth to do the work of the Devil! His grand yet simple thoughts,

clothed in the language of an universal love, seen like the echo of the Sermon on the Mount. Were he the "savage," Italy and England would have us believe, he would exult over the slaughtered hireling horde and answer King Humbert in the language of the defiant Seminole:

"Blaze with your serried columns; I *will not* bend the knee;
The shackles ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is
free.

I've mailed it with the thunder when the tempest muttered
low,
'And where it falls ye well may dread the lightning of its
blow.'

More in sorrow than in anger, he stands between the royal hypocrites, the mailed marauders of pious Europe, and the lowly fanes of his people, and pleads for justice—pleads, not as the slavish plea, but as a Christian victor girt with the sword of Gideon. To an English missionary he writes:

"You are mistaken in believing that I do not care for your prayers. All prayers of believers are dear to me, even when they come from the children of Europe. Not all are aggressors in my kingdom; not all commit the iniquity of attacking those whom they hope to find weaker than themselves; not all have bent the knee before Baal, the god of destruction and the slaughterer of brothers. Many, I am sure, still truly adore the God of the cross, the God of justice and of peace. With them I feel in perfect communion of faith and I am happy that they pray for me, for my household and my people."

How does that strike King Humbert and the fat female of the house of Hanover, now spreading saving grace in Africa with Maxim guns? "Barbarian" though he be,

King Menelek appears to be familiar with the history of the European Pharisees, for in the course of his letter he says:

"There are more than 300,000 Jews in my kingdom, and, though they enjoy almost complete independence, they are obedient and industrious subjects. They never conspire, pay all tributes, and respect our *abuna* as much as do the Christians. If they are worse in Europe it is because the Christians, too, are worse. Our Lord Jesus forgave them on the cross. Why should we persecute them? You, at least, do not persecute them. May the other Christians of Europe imitate you."

I am beginning to think that Christian civilization, so-called, is confined to the Dark Continent. Almost every throne in Europe is stained with the blood of Israel; yet here is an Abyssinian monarch broad enough to admit that the Jews are excellent citizens, civilized enough to rebuke his Christian brethren for their bloody persecutions. It is not yet five years since Jews were fleeing terror-stricken from the brutal outrages of his "most Christian majesty," the Russian Czar, and seeking an asylum in "barbarous" Abyssinnia, where every man may worship the Creator according to the dictates of his own conscience.

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A KANSAS CURIOSITY.

GAYLORD, Kansas, is the most remarkable spot on earth. There everything goes by contraries. The cows lay eggs and the hens give milk. Applies are dug out of the earth and potatoes grow on trees. Dogs wear feathers and

geese grow hair. Men give birth to children and women are arrested for rape. The males wear petticoats while the females strut abroad in "pants." The sun rises in the west and sets at noon, while the Fourth of July comes in the middle of January. Travelers come from all parts of the world to gaze at the wonders of Gaylord. It knocks out the romances of Marco Polo and reduces Lemuel Gulliver to the level of a common, everyday liar. It's a living illustration of the axiom that truth is stranger than fiction. To clinch her claim to the title of headquarters for dime museum freaks and intellectual abnormalities, Gaylord recently elected a complete set of municipal officers of the feminine gender. Mayor, police judge, city clerk and members of the common council all pretend to be women—but I'd like to see 'em prove it. Their plunging into politics is strong circumstantial evidence that they are not built on the plan of Mother Eve. God made the he-things of Gaylord—hence, we must, perforce, let them pass for men; but their turning the city over to the management of a sewing-circle indicates a sad lack of confidence in themselves—even suggests the pressing need of those "lost manhood restorers" so extensively advertised in our "great family newspapers." I have no objection to Gaylord's female government—I don't have to live in that topsy-turvy town; still, it occurs to me that the new set of municipal officers would have had more respect for their husbands had the latter cut short their candidacy by laying them across a molasses barrel, blistering their rear elevation with a board and sending them about their household duties where they properly belong. Woman is the noblest of the good God's creation when in her place, and her place is not politics. When she begins to meddle in such matters she needs a master. When she develops an itch for office it may be taken for granted

either that she's a vinegar-faced old vixin whom no man is willing to wed, or, hiding out somewhere, is a pitiful little hen-pecked husband. Of course if the women of Gaylord are legal masters of the town they rule the family roosts. It were impossible to contemplate them framing and enforcing municipal laws, then returning home and adopting St. Paul's advice by becoming subject to their husbands. Gaylord should change its name to Henpeck or Petticoatville, and adopt as design for its municipal seal a bustle rampant and chemise flamboyant. Gay-lord? Nit! Its men are neither lords of creation nor masters of themselves. They are meek little things who were seduced under promise of marriage and the *amende honorable* made at the muzzle of a shotgun wielded by their more than Spartan mothers. Doubtless they are very handy to have in the house when a pair of stockings is to be darned or the baby needs a fresh diaper; but men who cannot trust themselves to manage the affairs of a Jim Crow town are devilish poor stock for breeding purposes.

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FRIED IN HIS OWN FAT.

MAJOR WILYUM MCKINLEY has deliberately "busted" his presidential boom. When his fingers were actually closing on the coveted persimmon he slipped on his own banana peel. He may be the presidential nominee of the Republican party, but he will never be chief magistrate of this mighty nation.

McKinley might have been elected world without end had he possessed the courage of a true American; but if

nominated now he will be beaten in spite of hades and high water. Every self-respecting white man will vote against him regardless of party—his following will consist only of buck niggers and pie-eaters, fanatics and fools. The scurviest Democrat to be found between the two oceans, with a segment of chaos for party creed, can relegate the new "Napoleon" to Salt River, enroute to the Isle of Elbe.

McKinley has not only hoist himself with his own petard, but has emasculated the Republican bull elephant—placed the entire party in the bouillon. Unfortunately for this presidential aspirant, he hath at last found a real live issue which he can neither straddle nor dodge. Like Marc Antony, he has been conjuring with a corpse—calling the attention of the unthinking rabble to the Democratic rents in his Protective Tariff tyrant. It is always safe to eulogize the dead, and McKinley was strictly in it as a funeral orator. While he bewailed his slaughtered Cæsar there was a tendency to overlook his cowardly position on the currency problem; but he has just given an exhibition of pusillanimity that cannot be forgotten or forgiven. He has proven himself a pitiful poltroon with no more backbone than a banana, less moral courage than a cottonfield "coon." He has demonstrated, not only that he would rather be president than right, but that he is willing to commit a foul outrage on millions of American patriots to gratify his prurient itch for office. When the Aggregation of Pusillanimous Asses pronounced him "a tool of the Pope," the country expected to see him treat the impudent charge with contempt. The heart of every true American warmed to him—he was loved for the enemies he had made. The fact that the subcellar assassins of American citizenship were his foes made his calling certain, his election sure. But while the

freemen of this land were preparing to fall in behind him in solid phalanx and trample the sawdust out of the un-American monster, he was composing a frantic bid for A. P. Ape support,—laboriously tracing the Protestant pedigree, not only of himself, but of those he had elevated to office—preparing to convince the Ape that he had given neither political aid nor comfort to Catholics. His pusillanimous plea was duly printed, and admiration changed into contempt. But it was not enough that he should thus publicly bow the knee to the Ape—he must lick the feet of the unclean animal. The supreme council of the political cut-throats held a powwow or scalp-dance in Washington a few days ago. It “investigated the charges against Major McKinley and found them groundless.” What charges, forsooth? That, as governor of Ohio, he had not discriminated against Catholics in making appointments! Major McKinley publicly denied that he had been guilty of this sin of omission, this damnable iniquity; but the supreme gyasticuti, being professional falsifiers themselves, were unwilling to accept his unsupported word, so they investigated the charges, found them groundless and assured the country that it could vote for the major without incurring the wrath of this native Mafie, these religio-political Danites. How consummately refreshing, how awfully kind! Had we presumed to support the Buckeye before the Ape removed the ban there’s really no telling what dreadful things it would have done!

A special committee was sent to interview Major McKinley, and it reported “that he fully and unequivocally indorsed the principles of this order.”

And the American people, a cardinal tenet of whose confession of faith is religious freedom, are expected to elevate this slave of the Ape to the presidency—to choose as their chief magistrate a man who thus announces that

he would sign a test act in defiance of the fundamental law of the land—a bilious bigot who would debar good citizens from the honors and emoluments of office because they have the audacity to dissent from his religious dogma!

God of our fathers! Why doesn't somebody turn the hose on this political tramp?

McKinley has thus given fair warning to all American Catholics that he is their enemy—that, if elected, he will put a sign on his office door, “NO IRISH NEED APPLY!” Nay more: It is a warning to all Americans, of whatsoever faith, that if they would preserve inviolate that religious freedom bequeathed them by their fathers, they must give it to McKinley's candidacy where the bottle got the cork. Once the work of disenfranchisement because of religious differences is begun, who can predict the end? If the Catholics are put under the ban a pretext can be easily found for the disenfranchisement of Jews and atheists as public enemies. When the American body politic is purified of all its Jeffersons and Pains, and Sher-mans and Sheridans, a war of extermination may be expected among the various Protestant sects. The big fish will eat up the little ones until the largest has the sea to itself—America will become a theocracy instead of a republic, a special interpretation of the New Testament will succeed the Constitution!

“Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.” Scotch McKinley. He's either a religious bigot or a political bawd. In either case he's not fit for the chief magistracy of a nation whose shibboleth has ever been, the equality of all men before the law.

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A LUNATIC AT LARGE.

THE following remarkable paragraph has been given editorial prominence and favorably commented upon by nearly all the "honest money" papers.

A conductor on a Georgia railroad presents the money question as follows: "I receive now \$100 a month in dollars worth 100 cents all over the world. Now, I have great confidence in the people who employ me to do the squarest and best thing possible, but I am not foolish enough to believe that, if the free silver men should win, my employers would give me 200 50-cent dollars. To do this they would not only have to be willing to make the raise, but able to double freight and passenger charges. This the people would not stand, and as railroad men who worked on a salary lose, so would all other salaried men suffer. I believe unlimited free silver would be a curse to all classes, but the greatest of all sufferers would be the laboring men."

The ICONOCLAST regards the merry war now raging between the white and yellow money metallists with the same composure that the old lady watched the scrimmage between her husband and the bear. It really makes little difference to the country which conquers. It is simply a choice between evils, neither of them irremediable or of cardinal importance; still I cannot resist the temptation to tie a few double-bow-knots in the ears of those editors who are exploiting the inanities of the Georgia idiot. The conductor's theory is that of the "honest dollar," dialecticians. His argument is but an echo of their organs; otherwise it were unworthy serious consideration. He first assumes that opening the mints to the free and unlimited coinage of silver would halve the purchasing

power of every American dollar. Why? Because such is the more or less valuable opinion of the jackass in charge of the Atlanta Journal. He has absorbed the idea from the morning dailies—those storm-centers of misinformation—and it now lies in his semi-consciousness like a pound of putty in the stomach of a dyspeptic. He offers no reason for the folly that's in him, but we may suppose that he deduces his "50-cent dollar" from the bullion price of silver. Such is the alleged logic of the average "gold-bug" editor. But he forgets—if even familiar with—a very important fact, cited by the world's greatest financiers and amply demonstrated by actual experience. He forgets that the purchasing power of money only depreciates when the supply is in excess of the demand—when there is more trade-tools than trade; and this regardless of whether the exchange media be made of gold or silver, paper or pewter. If all the precious metals in the world should disappear and this nation be reduced to the necessity of effecting its exchanges with an irredeemable paper currency of one-half the present volume, the purchasing power of the dollar would immediately double. Why? Because every dollar would have to do double the amount of money-work it now does. If the volume of our exchange media should be suddenly doubled the purchasing power of every penny would be immediately divided—we would have what is called the "50-cent dollar," and this regardless of whether the increase were of paper or gold. Why? Because money, like labor, presses for employment and its value is governed by its volume, by the supply relative to the demand. These are economic facts universally admitted. To state them were equivalent to saying that water is wet. Then what? Will the opening of our mints to the free and unlimited coinage of silver suddenly double the volume of our exchange media and give us the "50-cent dollar"?

We have approximately two billions of governmental money. Are the mints capable of doubling that amount by silver coinage in a decade? Can they, by toiling day and night, more than keep pace with the steady expansion of our commerce and the consequent demand for additional exchange media? Nit! Then as the doubling the volume of our currency, relative to the amount of money-work to be done, is a physical impossibility, the "50-cent dollar" is an iridescent dream. The Georgia freak overlooks the further fact that wages are not fixed by an employer's fiat. The number of railway men relative to the amount of railway work to be done remaining the same, the purchasing power of wages paid could neither appreciate nor depreciate whether that of the dollar be divided or doubled. If doubled, the goober state bagster would have to content himself with \$50 a month and would be as well off as he is to-day; if divided, his employer would be compelled to pay him \$200, for the nominal price of everything, including labor, would double; but he could command not one whit more of the comforts or luxuries of life. Freight and passenger rates would nominally decrease with contraction and expand with the inflation of the currency, while remaining relatively the same. This is simple information which most Americans have acquired in the school of experience—that university where even fools are supposed to be educated, but which has evidently made no impression on the average "honest money" editor.

A BRACE OF MISSOURI BEAUTS.

WHEN I feel an irrepressible desire to indulge in a literary debauch I procure a Sunday copy of some "great" metropolitan daily and quietly slink away from civilization. The New York *World* is my favorite jag promoter, but the St. Louis *Republic* is an excellent substitute. An hour's dalliance with the latter daily were equivalent to the absorption of a pint of Prohibition pizen. Two pages of it will produce a mild delirium, four will materialize a "jag," six insures a "load," while if the debauchee have sufficient tankage for the entire symposium of septic slop he can obtain an elegant attack of delirium tremens, all for a nickel, and with an inexhaustible supply of monkeys ready made. The accommodating "artists" of the Republic supply patrons with monsters more horrible than any high-priest of Bacchus could possibly cook up on his own account. The trouble is that delirium produced by St. Louis' great (?) daily clings to its victim with more tenacity than a blue-label debauch. The nausea is more pronounced than that occasioned by barrel-house booze, and yields not to the blandishments of bromo. It is not an ordinary case of katzenjammer, but resembles sea-sickness, or that wish-I-were-dead sensation produced by the first cigar. I am just recovering from a case of *mania a potu* produced by a careful perusal of Col. Knapp's wonderful paper. Of course I won't do so any more. When a man finds himself drifting into the Sunday newspaper habit it is time for him to call a halt. Perhaps I would even now be a raving maniac and trying to save the country by running for congress, had not the Republic, with kindly consideration for the welfare of its readers, sent out a couple of snake charmers with each copy of a re-

cent Sunday edition. It was a happy idea, and proves that if Col. Knapp is a newspaper fakir he is likewise a philanthropist. They were hidden away in an obscure corner, however, and before finding them I passed through the entire length and breadth of the Valley of Horrors. It was peopled with bike-fiends and society belles, two-headed devils and chimera dire. Among the hideous monstrosities, there was one ministering angel. She was labeled "An Oriental woman changing her costume." She is putting on her "pants." She has one dimpled leg securely housed and is poising gracefully on the other, which is bare to the elbow, and looking out at you from a modest hood, with great dreamy eyes that seem to say, "Well, what you going to do about it?" It is suggestive of Trilby donning her slippers and soldier overcoat in Carrel's *atelier* after posing for the "altogether," and you involuntarily expect the accommodating students to come to her aid "place each garment in its proper place and deftly button it." The "Oriental Woman" of the Republic wears no "galluses"; she don't have to. But we cannot linger ever with those lustrous eyes and that rapturous limb—the Oriental woman and her half-donned Persian pants fade from view while less pleasing faces and figures come rushing athwart the distorted vision. There are Beardsley posters and Republican politicians, dog-morgues and dudes; there are people who have been saved from death—quite unnecessarily we think—by patent dopes, and Missouri maidens in whose beauty we are asked to believe. One of these comes to us labeled "Virginia Pendleton," We are assured that "she is a charming brunette, still in her teens, though already very popular in the exclusive circle in which she moves"; that she is not only pretty, but highly accomplished, a fine pianist, expert bicyclist, etc., etc. I lift my sombrero to

the fair Virginia. I trust that her school-mates did not call her "Gin," and that her fond mama studiously avoids "Virgy." In common with several other Texas readers of the Republic, I am pleased to know that she is pretty; also that she can pound the latest operatic idiocies out of an upright piano, and guide a bike with her knees while using her hands to adjust her back hair. Were I young and handsome, like Major Dan McGary, I would mail her my photo in exchange for the one she has so kindly sent me as a reader of the Republic. It was a most gracious favor, an entirely unexpected pleasure. But if Virginia be really beautiful she should send a dog-button to the Republic's wood-butcher. He has put a face on her the exact size and shape of a goose-egg, given her ears that stand out like wings and a nose most decidedly "niggery." My advice to Virginia is to sue Col. Knapp for nine million dollars damages. Unless he is grievously overworking his circulation liar, he can pay it and never feel the loss. As Virginia rides a bike, we may reasonably infer that, like the Oriental Woman, she wears bloomers; but she was not putting them on at the time her picture was taken. In fact, there's not the slightest suggestion that she was clothed at the time at all; but of course, as the Republic would itself observe, that "goes without saying." The two column portrait displays neck and shoulders of vast expanse, but no impedimenta. I thought at first glance that it was a picture of Jim Corbett as he appears in his remarkable face-fight with Fitzsimmons. Miss Mabel Beiler of Sedalia also occupies a quarter-page in Col. Knapp's truly remarkable paper. The excuse for this is that she "has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Teasdale of West Morgan Street." The country may now be considered safe. Had Miss Neiler remained in Sedalia to boil soap instead of visiting St. Louis there might have been

a slump in cotton or even any other cyclone. I can understand Col. Knapp's enterprise in favoring us with Miss Beiler's portrait; but what in God's name has Miss Pendleton done to get her picture in print? Was it published to educate us up to an appreciation of the beautiful; or have her fond parents taken this method of shoving her on the matrimonial market? We learn from the portrait that Miss Beiler has acquired the clothes-wearing habit, and was diked out in her best bib and tucker when her "pictur was tooken." The artist got a much better scald on her portrait than in the case of Miss Pendleton. He gave her an oval face without goose-egging it, albeit the eyes resemble two burnt holes in a blanket, while the mouth suggests a capacity for an entire pumpkin pie. All things considered, however, Miss Beiler has little to complain of. She escaped better than might have been expected. The reporter did not belie the wood-butcher by assuring us that she is beautiful. He probably considered that he had tempted providence as far as it was safe when he labelled the St. Louis lady. I certainly mean no disrespect to either Miss Pendleton or Miss Beiler by the foregoing remarks. I presume that they are both estimable young ladies. They may even be beautiful, despite the Republic's wood-butcher. When society ladies rush their portraits into the public prints they challenge attention and court remark. If it is sometimes unfavorable it is their own fault. By making their portraits public property they place themselves on a parity with actresses, deliberately become legitimate marks for journalistic criticism. If a maid be prodigal enough of her charms when she unveils them to the moon, certainly it were the part of modesty to confine her portraits to a narrow circle of immediate friends. Young girls may easily be forgiven such gaucheries; but, unfortunately,

they are not the only offenders. This crime against the canons of good taste is often committed by married women well past life's meridian. Doting parents not infrequently hire such papers as the Republic to flaunt before a jeering public portraits of their daughters, and append thereto catalogues of their real or imaginary physical perfections and social accomplishments. Nor is it peculiarly the sin of the *nouveaux riches*, despite the fact that the public invariably relegates all such offenders to the cod-fish class; the Vere de Veres are occasionally guilty of this nauseating vulgarity. If a lady be in public life, or has done something that causes the people to feel a special interest in her, it may be well enough to publish her portrait; but when a woman whose existence is of no earthly consequence except to her family and a few friends, permits her charms to be exploited in the public prints, she should either poultice her abnormal impudence or send for an alienist.

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A POLITICAL OLLA-PODRIDA.

Take the unsavory stew of Macbeth's witches, season with ipecac, perfume with asafoetida, and you get an olla-podrida resembling Texas politics. We have Populists filled with pop and Prohibitionists full of prunes; we have two brands of Republicans, Mug-wumps of every degree, and all kinds and conditions of Democrats. But perhaps the most remarkable monstrosity in Texas' political freak museum is the "honest money" Democrats now blithely trailing in the wake of the Robertsonian free-silver flag. I am trying to perfect an apparatus that will enable me

to photograph this Proteus of politics. It declines to stand still long enough for the people to size it up. Compared with it the Irishman's flea was the avatar of repose. It is impossible to tell for two consecutive minutes where it is "at" or in what direction it is drifting. As a contortionist it takes not only the cook-shop but the cook and what cold pie chances to be about the claim. It is the only animal on earth that goes forwards, backwards and progresses to the right when it is moving to the left. It can turn inside out, swallow its own corporosity, sit down upon it and talk at the same time. Old rounders observing its wonderful antics decline to accept the evidence of their own eyes, but send for a snake charmer. It separated from the regular Texas Democracy because of an alleged difference of opinion anent the monetary problem. It decided that a free silverite couldn't possibly be a Democrat, and that only Democracy, pure and undefiled, would ever lift our car of progress out of the ditch. It denounced all those who declined to accept Cleveland as their Dalai-Lama and G. Clark as chief Talapoin, as Populists and Repudiators, hung its small-pox banner on the outer wall and protested that it would stand up valiantly for the sacred principle of the 100-cent dollar even though it had to sit down to do it. It declared it better that the Democracy should go down in the darkness of defeat shouting for the gold standard, than win beneath the folds of the argent gonfalon; that it would give neither aid nor comfort to any candidate who hesitated to lay his hand upon his heart and swear a mighty swore to accept every utterance of the next national convention as a divine oracle. It even declined to walk abroad on moonlight nights lest it be accused of worshipping the silver goddess. And now it has put forward a free-silverite as its gubernatorial candidate—made

the hair trunk of the Old Alcalde its political ark of the covenant. The venerable ex-governor, Oran M. Roberts, has entered the race as an independent candidate, subject to the action of no convention, his record his platform, his battle-cry the elimination of national issues from the state campaign. In all this he is the antithesis of what the "honest money" Democrats clamored for at Waco, insisted upon at Galveston, peremptorily demanded at Dallas; yet their leaders accepted the Old Alcalde as their candidate with an alacrity and unanimity that indicates a previous understanding. This is irrefragile proof that the Hardy Clark crowd do not care a cofferdam about the monetary problem, but are making a diversion in the interest of Populism. They have determined to rule or ruin the Texas Democracy, and all the hubbub over the money metals was but a cloak to cover the conspiracy. They have espoused the cause of the Old Alcalde, not because he represents their political views, but he can divert a larger number of voters from the Culberson-Reagan camp than can any of their own crowd—can make the calling of Kearby certain, his election sure. The ICONOCLAST has great respect for the venerable ex-governor. He is one of nature's noblemen. Despite his weight of years, he would make an excellent chief magistrate. Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale his infinite variety. The pusillanimous attacks upon him by the *Houston Post* should be answered with a dog-whip. Surely Texas chivalry is at a low ebb when this grand old man can be flouted by a hermaphroditical hobo, who was wont to fall at the feet of a petty boss and bawl like a spanked baby to avoid discharge for drunkenness!

But Roberts cannot be elected. The conspirators do not expect it. But he can and will put an eternal kibosh on Chappie Anserine Culberson—who captured the fond

affections of Rebecca Merlindy by making her a gigadier-brindle on the gubernatorial staff, and permitting her to disport her personal pulchritude in gaudy epaulettes and resounding "pants." And that's no fairy tale; neither is it a misfortune. Kearby is a Populist. He is imbued with many of the follies of that political Fata Morgana; but as governor he will have small opportunity to put them in practice, despite his declaration some years ago that there is nothing in the federal constitution prohibiting Texas setting up a mint for herself. Kearby is a man. He is alive. He has blood in his veins. The people know where he stands today and where he can be found tomorrow. He would be a vast improvement on the coldly calculating and insanely selfish semi-corpse now playing at chief executive. The "honest money" shriekers—by the grace of their grand old free silver candidate—are liable to do the state some service—a patriotic service for which they will not be paid. Verily 'tis true that nothing was created in vain. Even Waco's bob-tailed "Warwick" hath his uses. Let it go at that.

If the "regular" Democracy is up to snuff it will head Kearby off by making Roberts its nominee. It can well afford to forgive his bolt, for the old man has served his party long and faithfully, and his independent candidacy is but the result of an honest disgust with machine methods. True, this will not please the Culberson crowd—will not have the approval of the pie-eaters; but we should place the good of the State and the party above the sordid selfishness of a political clique. To renominate Culberson were to commit political hara-kiri. With the "honest money" contingent supporting Roberts, Kearby would string "our heroic young Christian governor" and unfortunate poker-player at the quarter-mile post. It

were well for all delegates to paste this in their convention plugs. The present coterie of pie-biters have nothing to gain by championing Culberson. It is no time to push milk and cider fellows to the front—political youngsters whose principles are elastic as gutta-percha. Only by the nomination of Roberts by the “regulars” can the party be mobilized to meet the constantly increasing power of Populism. If the bitterness is too intense to permit the party to accept as its candidate one who appears to be giving aid to the professional mischief-breeders; if we are determined to fight the goldbugs to a finish despite the worthiness of their candidate, then we must put forth as our champion one who commands the respect of the people. With Reagan as our standard-bearer, we might reasonably hope to keep Texas in the Democratic column, despite the Hardy-Clark-*Gal-Dal* diversion in favor of Populism; but with Jim Hogg shinnying in the van we would smash the impudent dog-in-the-manger conspiracy so deep into the ground that it would never hear Gabriel’s resurrection horn. We would simply take the political “stiffs” of these pestiferous pea-nutters, esconce them in the Old Alcalde’s hair-trunk for coffin and give ’em such a funeral as Buck Fanshawe’s friends never dreamed of. It will take a sure-enough man to make the forth-coming fight against the allied powers of Mugwumperry and Populism; and unless we can just “bust” the combine by accepting the Old Alcalde, we had best notify J. S. Hogg to crawl into his fighting clothes.

Man must believe something—must have some beacon-light to lead him on through Life’s dark valley, even though it be a lying will-o’-the-wisp; some faith, however fatuous to support his fainting heart, else were he but an animal, cursed with the knowledge that each succeeding

day brings him nearer annihilation—eternal separation from those his heart holds dear. When the clods rattle upon the coffin that holds the pathetic dust of his idolatry, his heart would break did not Hope whisper that the night of Death will fade into Eternal Day. The Deity hath not revealed to us the secrets we would know. Perhaps, encumbered as we are by earthly clay, we could not understand. But he is merciful. He makes it possible for us to believe, even while Reason thunders that we do not know.

* * *

IF OUR COUNTRY WERE CATHOLIC?

A BAPTIST divine, who protests that he “wants no newspaper notoriety,” takes his pen in hand to propound the following momentous conundrums to the “Apostle.”

“Don’t you think it would be very bad for our country should it become Catholic like Spain or Mexico? Don’t you know that Protestantism is synonymous with progress and Catholicism with retrogression, as evidenced by the fact that all Catholic nations are semi-barbarous? Don’t you know that the Catholics in our penitentiaries outnumber the convicts belonging to any Protestant denomination: that the Catholic priests are kept busy absolving men about to be hung? Why should an editor who claims to be Protestant, go to the defense of the arch-enemy of Protestantism, of a church all whose tendencies are evil? “By their fruits ye shall know them!”

I think it altogether likely that were the Catholics in the majority we would get considerable “Papacy” in our politics—just as we now get a great deal of Protestantism;; but I am frank to confess that I do *not* believe it would be so offensively aggressive—so inimical to the

fundamental principles upon which this government is founded. Judging the future by the past, I believe that every well-informed and patriotic American, of whatsoever creed, or no-creed, would rather see the Catholics than the Baptists in control of this country. The latter boast that they were the first to proclaim in the New World the blessed doctrine of religious liberty. It really matters little whether the Baptists of two centuries ago were latitudinarians or bigots; the question that concerns us is, How do they stand to-day? Still it may be well to bear in mind that the Baptists have never proclaimed or practiced religious liberty when they possessed the power to persecute. Their Roger Williams boast is simply bombast. He was a refugee—fleeing the persecution of other Protestants. He set up his lodge in the wilderness and issued his religious liberty pronunciamiento as an immigration card. Any strolling vagabond, owning a blunderbuss and a bull-dog, could have annulled the Williams edict. The Roman Catholics were all-powerful in Maryland when they formally offered an asylum to people of every religious faith. The Baptists renounced the Williams' doctrine as soon as able to engineer a successful boycott; the Catholics have for two centuries held fast to the faith that every man should be privileged to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

The Baptists of to-day would crush liberty of conscience and freedom of speech. Not a few of their journals openly teach that it is a sin to spend a cent with tradesmen, or even employ a servant who does not conform to their faith. They will boycott anything from a barefoot newsboy who sells the *ICONOCLAST*, to a merchant prince who declines

to sit up o' nights to damn Bob Ingersoll. They constitute the grandest aggregation of ignorance, bigotry and bile on which God's sun ever shone. This country is a Baptist stronghold, and candidates for office fear to announce in the *ICONOCLAST*, or even to be seen much in the company of its editor lest they be suspected of being "Brann men" and systematically boycotted. Think of a cult that boasts of having established religious liberty in this land, constituting the great recruiting ground of the A. P. Apes—a religio-political dark-lantern society of assassins, who would slay the citizenship of American patriots for believing in the theological infallibility of the Pope! I'll wager a scholarship at Baylor University—that sweet-scented *alma mater* of Antonia Tiexeira—that there are not in the entire Baptist ministry 100 men—not hydrocephalic—whose heads will fill a No. 7 hat.

It would be a misfortune should supreme political power pass into the hands of any particular religious cult. Were Protestantism united, instead of divided into dozens of warring factions, every freethinker would be hanged before night-fall. Catholic priests and Jewish rabbis would be banished as public enemies, and Bob Ingersoll be given an heroic dose of that purificatory medicine whose existence he denies. Every law upon the statute books of the various American states that interferes with religious freedom was placed there by Protestants, and they would give us more of the same if they possessed the power. The American Catholics have never yet jailed a Jew, Seventh Day Adventist or Atheist for refusing to observe the Christian Sabbath—have never made the law an institution of persecution, or suggested that it was the duty of the police to club people into Paradise. They do not go about with a garbled edition of the Bible in one hand and a boycott pronunciamento in the other. Their

priests and bishops are not forever belly-aching because there's "no God in the Constitution," but devote their energies to getting Him into the hearts of the people. The Protestants of every sect oppress and persecute just as far as they possess the power. They employ preachers to put up formal two-minute prayers for poker-playing governors and chippy-chasing legislators, give them \$5 per diem each for thus insulting the Deity with perfunctory invocations and lay a tax on Catholics and Jews, Agnostics and Atheists to pay for this d——d hypocrisy.

Every attempt to curtail the natural rights of the citizen by means of sumptuary laws—to drag him kicking, and perhaps cursing, to the Throne of Grace—receives far more encouragement from Protestants than Catholics. The latter preach Christian Temperance—the former spout political Prohibition. In view of these facts, I am unable to figure out that the Pope is more dangerous to this country than is the A. P. Ape president.

Nor have I yet learned that Catholicism is synonymous with retrogression while Protestantism is the avatar of progress. There are twice as many Catholics as Protestants in Europe, and that country appears to keep pace with the procession. France has seventy Catholics to one Protestant, yet Paris is the Mecca of all lovers of art and literature. One-third the population of studious Germany is Catholic, while in our land the "Papists" vastly outnumber all the Baptist, Episcopalian and Presbyterian organizations combined, and even outnumber the seventeen varieties of Methodists by nearly 21½ millions. Spain was more intensely Catholic when the dominant power of Europe than she is to-day; the Mother Church transformed Mexican Indians into a civilized nation, while Protestantism was killing off those of the United States with bayonets and booze. Italy, the home of the Roman

Catholic hierarchy, bids fair to regain much of that power and glory conferred upon her by the Pagans. The A. P. Apes would have us believe that priestcraft and kingcraft are correlatives—the upper and lower jaws of a behemoth between which Liberty is bruised. Let us see: France and Mexico, and all the nations of Central and South America are intensely Catholic, and have Republican governments. Switzerland, the nurse of Liberty, is half Catholic and has no king. Italy and Spain are Catholic, and the world but waits to see the crown yield to the sovereignty of the citizen. It was a Catholic archbishop who blessed the English barons when they went forth to wring Magna Charta from King John at Runnymede. Catholic Ireland will become a republic the moment she's freed from a Protestant monarch's fetters. Those who imagine that all Catholic countries are ruled from Rome might correspond with President Diaz of Mexico—or compare the relative political power of the dominant churches in England and France. Even in Italy the Pope could not retain his temporal power.

It is quite true that many criminals were reared in the Catholic faith; and it is likewise true that many more are converted to it after conviction. As Gen. Sherman—I think it was he—said, "It is a good church to die in." It pays particular attention to the poor and the criminal classes, thereby imitating the example of Christ, who came, not to work up a fat salary by coddling the wealthy Pharisees, but to call sinners to repentance. The fact that a man is to be hanged on the morrow and cannot be longer depended upon for Peter's pence, does not deter the priest. He visits him in the prison cell and strives as manfully to convert him as a good Baptist exhorter would to round up a Rockefeller. He goes with him to the gallows to soothe his last moments and commit

his soul to God, and in the solemn hush that follows the traditional "dull thud," he may hear a good Baptist brother gleefully exclaim, as he notes the fact down for Dr. Hayden's "Holy Fake——

"Another Papist criminal hanged, and gone to Hell!"

No wonder that so many convicts become Catholics! The unswerving devotion of the Mother Church to those in distress has no parallel in Protestantism. When a child is despoiled in a great Baptist University she's driven forth in disgrace and branded in the public prints by sanctified Burleson as a bawd; when a poor devil is ill of a contagious disease and a preacher is sent for he halts at the gate and pours consolation through a picket fence—a *la* "Loco," alias Rev. J. W. Hill; but there's never a count in the awful calendar of crime that will cause the Mother Church to forget her earthly mission, no pestilence so deadly that it will keep from the bedside of the sufferer the sainted "Brides of God."

I do not go to the "defense" of Catholicism—I'm not much of a churchman anyhow; I simply point out to those overzealous Protestants, who are so bitterly assailing it, that if they would attack Poverty, Ignorance and Crime with the same vigor it would be better for the world—that the best way to ascertain the relative of the two cults on public morals would be to compare the number of preachers with the number of priests in the penitentiary. Were Catholicism suddenly blotted out, Protestantism could scarce survive a century. The first has ever been the ark of the Christian covenant, the theological sun about which all schisms revolve. These schisms are born and die; they come and go, but the Catholic church goes on forever. Numerically it occupies first place in the world's religions, while all the warring factions of Protestantism combined could scarce claim a fifth. Truly if the world

is ever "captured for Christ" it must be by the Catholics. We have in America more than 100 brands of Protestantism and the differentiation increases year by year—despite the Master's warning that a house divided against itself cannot stand. Some of these divisions are large, some are small, but all are new; it yet remains for them to be tried in the crucible of Time—that Moloch which has devoured so many religious cults. Not only are they ever at war among themselves, but all are hammering with more or less ferocity at their common mother's heart and decrying their own birth by denouncing her as "the Whore of Babylon." Perhaps she is; how else can we account for the ungracious and brawling Protestant brood? Surely she must have sinned with monsters or have been forcibly despoiled by the Devil.

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CURRENT COMMENT.

THE *New Bohemian* is a snappy young magazine published at Cincinnati. It is eminently up-to-date. It is clean without prudery and able without pedantry. It is a trifle iconoclastic in character and strikes some heavy blows, albeit with a silver hammer. Still its readers have a legitimate kick coming. It is quite too utterly awful neologistic. It believes in the free and unlimited coinage of new words, and that at a time when we cannot keep half our present thought exchange media in circulation. It is making language entirely too fast for the lexicographers. It is working the dictionary-makers to death. If half the editor's linguistic babes survive, the Unabridged of the Twentieth century will have to be mounted on wheels and studied from the top of a step-ladder. But perhaps

he cannot help this verbarian fecundity and hold his job; for it hath been truly said that the vocabulary of Vagabondia is "the hell of rhetoric and the paradise of neologism." But why criticize? Only the Bible and the ICONOCLAST are perfect; 'tis enough that others grope towards these grand ideals. In the May number Geo. M. Baxter has an interesting paper on "Bohemia and its People"—interesting but aggravating. He attempts to define this undefinable *terra incognita* of the Philistines, this Vagabondia of art and letters; but his lines, indistinct at first, flow out into the mystic void until they seem to encircle the man in the moon—else why is the old fellow so often full, and nosing about o' nights into all kinds of suspicious places? Mr. Baxter seems to think that all men of brains are Bohemians; or at least, that all Bohemians are men of brains, red-blooded, reckless—jolly good fellows who "for one hour crowded with crimson life, are content to live a lustrum of regret." Of course I cannot confine Mr. Baxter to Webster's unabridged, still, faulty though it be, I like the lexicographer's accidental definition best: "A restless vagabond; often applied to an adventurer in art or literature, of irregular, unconventional habits, questionable tastes or free morals." The confirmed Bohemian, as the term is popularly understood, will ask you to take a drink, borrow a dollar of you to pay the bill, and pocket the change. He will risk his last cent at the gaming table and go supperless to bed on the imposing stone. He will work like a Trojan one day when you don't need him, then lie drunk three when you do. Many of his class find their way into the morgue, but few into the temple of fame. "Life is short but art is long," and the man who wastes his energies in reckless dissipation seldom wins and wears the bays. Good fellowship among the tireless toilers in art and literature is a matter of

course—they are kindred spirits, brothers bound with stonger ties than blood; but the Bohemian proper is usually a pitiful dependant upon the bounty of those lords in the aristocracy of intellect.

The Baptist churches of Texas have been investigating the foreign mission fake to which their attention was called by the **ICONOCLAST**; and the result is solemn whereases and red hot resolutions to the effect that the mission board and their high-salaried agents have entirely too soft a snap. The **ICONOCLAST**, like the other mills of God, grinds slowly, but it grinds exceeding small.

If my correspondents are to be relied upon, there is a curious animal at large in the neighborhood of Paris, Texas, and I can but wonder that some enterprising museum manager does not capture it and exhibit it as the missing link. One writer describes it as a cross between Balaam's ass and an Albino. He says it is apparently about 28 years old and walks on its hind legs; that it's hair is white as cotton, eyes pink and cannot see but at night. Its principal food is **ICONOCLAST** and Brann-mash, but it will eat almost anything if denied its favorite diet. Before making its appearance at Paris, it was seen in the vicinity of Davis, I. T. Its habits have not been closely studied as yet, but its principal amusement seems to be playing at running a newspaper. Whenever it can secure a handful of old type and a three-dollar amateur press it sets to work with all the gravity of an Indian squaw hunting for gray-backs, or a raccoon washing a porcelain egg in a patten-pail. It continues this fruitless industry until the humane society, fearing it will overwork its mentality, sends the sheriff to remove its plaything. It was probably a pet in some Territory print

shop, for it can construct words of large movable types, but has as yet given no evidence of continuity of thought. Sometimes it names its little papers, the last one being called the Tribune, the title being correctly spelled and placed in proper position. Some of the citizens who have observed it closely think that, if given the necessary facilities and confined in the same room with an educated parrot, it would be able to print a newspaper that would prove a financial success and be almost readable.

The editor of the San Francisco *Monitor* is evidently an Irishman. He calls the attention of unpaid subscribers to the fact that he has ceased sending them the paper.

The Southern Baptist Convention, on motion of Doctor Cranfill, formally decided that all church members must be bounced who make, sell or drink alcoholic beverages or rent property to people engaged in the liquor traffic. Several delegates denounced the resolution as of a political nature, but not one thought to ask the Doctor how long it had been since he had five gallons of red liquor sent to his residence.

A "Southerner" has been writing the New York papers regarding the relative intellectuality of the people north and south of Mason and Dixon's line. He is quite sure we are fully as "smart" as our Yankee brethren, and to substantiate this view, gives a long catalogue of the sons of the South who have distinguished themselves. Southern editors and orators are fond of indulging in the same kind of balderdash. We are forever throwing bouquets at ourselves, with a defiant side-glance at the Yankee which indicates that we suspect him of laughing in his sleeve. We mount to the housetop and bid the world

behold how superior we are. We marshal forth our orators and statemen, our inventors and literati and assure a wondering universe that we are the people. Why? Is it because the world will never discover our excellencies unaided? Like the lady in the play, we do protest too much. There is something argumentative in all this brag and bluster, indicating that we are not altogether sure of ourselves. There's really no occasion for all this fanfaronade. No-body doubts our ability to tell a hawk from a heron-saw—the world long ago conceded that we had sufficient wit to come in out of the wet. It were well for us to work more and boast less—to drop the King Cambyzes' vein and saw wood. There is no reason why we should be inferior or superior, mentally, morally or physically to our northern neighbors. They are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. The difference between the Puritan and the Cavalier was politico-religious, not of race or country. The institution of human slavery had a tendency to make the Southerner a trifle haughty, but in no wise added to his intellect. The stubborn Saxon blood has been tempered by Celtic fire in every American state. The climatic conditions in every portion of the Union are favorable to the breeding of mighty men. Since the abolition of slavery and the development of the railway system, thus breaking down the great political barriers and bringing the people of the various sections into close companionship, provincialism hath become principally a thing of the past, and now it is well nigh impossible to tell whether a man were born in Massachusetts or Mississippi. Some of the great men accredited to the North, like Lincoln, were of Southern birth; some of those accredited to the South, like Prentiss, first saw the light in the far New England states. In the civil war we find straight-laced Puritans like "Stonewall" Jackson fighting beneath the

stars and bars, and dashing cavaliers like Custer—"the white chief with the yellow hair"—bearing aloft the stars and stripes. The people of the North and South long ago met and mingled in the great middle states and rolled onward over the mighty West. The grandsons of the Puritans have come South by the tens of thousands, while Southerners are invading the Northern cities. The New Englander has been modified by the influx of foreigners, the Southerner has become nationalized—Puritan and Cavalier have been blended in one homogeneous people, the greatness of one the glory of all.

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The German "National"—anti-semitic—students at the University of Vienna have declared that they will accept no more challenges from the Jewish Students' corps, because of the social inferiority of the latter. That is simply an excuse for their own cowardice. Their bullying led the Jews to practice fencing until they were able to make monkeys of their antagonists. The anti-semitic blatherskites have learned by sad experience to be afraid of the men they affect to despise.

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High above the roar of the cyclone, the crash of timbers and the shrieks of the wounded may be heard the shrill voice of the "Old Lady," alias the *Gal-Dal*, as she frantically swings her sunbonnet and shouts, "Grand old Texas."

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A Wichita, Kas., tailor has had a widow arrested for throwing him a kiss. Served her right. A widow who will thus waste sweetness on the atmosphere instead of plunking it down where it will do the most good, should be locked up as a lunatic.

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Max Nordau declares that Alfred Austin, Queen Victoria's new jongleur, is a sure-enough poet and just the man for the job. That do settle it. To the illuminati Nordau is an infallible guide. When he points one way they go the other and keep a steppin'. What he approves they condemn without further parley and make no mistake. Austin a poet? Were he singing for a freight train he couldn't get a little red wagon.

The Prohibitionists of Fannin County, Texas, are becoming so jealous that a number of them may yet break into the penitentiary, where such cattle properly belong. It seems that one R. M. Lusk, chairman of the Prohibition executive committee, and a prominent church member; Ashley Evans, secretary of the aforesaid aggregation of Paul Prys and assistant paste manipulator of the Bonham Something-or-other; and Jno. C. Meade, county attorney, entered into a conspiracy to tempt men to violate the local option law in order that they might stick 'em for official fees. They—or some of them—employed a professional scoundrel, supplied him with money with which to purchase booze and sent him into the country precincts “to catch the boys,” paying him so much per diem and expenses and promising him a certain amount additional for each conviction secured. Here we have the interesting spectacle of prominent church members, professional Prohibs and county officials striving, not to prevent crime, but to entice their neighbors into it that they may “squeal” on them and make a profit! Nothing quite so contemptible has come under my observation since Dr. Parkhurst paid starving prostitutes to strip stark naked and dance the can-can with his male companions, while he held another soiled dove on his knees and filled her full of booze, then had the wretched woman arrested by the police for doing

exactly what he had persuaded them to do. It appears from the testimony that the instigator of crime sent out by the Prohibs was determined to "bring a corollary rather than want a spirit," for he did not hesitate to defraud by feigning sickness and even forged physicians' names to prescriptions in his eagerness to work up cases and earn contingent fees. It is some satisfaction to know that the conspiracy came to naught in so far as those it was aimed at are concerned—that it proved a boomerang and covered the trio of plotting smart Alecs with public scorn. It would not be a bad idea for the respectable people of Fannin county to catch the emissary of this Bonham trinity, procure a horse syringe and give him a few injections of Prohibition booze heated to the boiling point.

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Amelia Rives Chanler Tobascosaueskoi is living with her "prince" in a small rented cottage on the outskirts of London. As soon as the "shudder and groan" agony wears off his royal nibs will probably open a barber-shop.

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The Dallas News Waco correspondent wires his paper that "mounted officers are pursuing the party who fired the shots with bloodhounds." He should have added that the dogs are 45-caliber, muzzle-loaders.

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Lawyer McMinn of San Antonio, wants to disfranchise the Mexi-Texans, claiming that, as "aboriginal Indians," they are barred from the ballot-box. We call upon the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals to protect the Greasers. How will the poor devils live if they cannot peddle votes among the West Texas politicians?

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The Duchess of Marlborough, nee Miss Vanderbilt of New York, has collected quite a private menagerie at Blenheim Palace. Among her aggregation of living curios are several vultures and a number of piosonous snakes. We are told that she takes great interest in her gruesome pets and handles them with the skill and pride of a professional. I thought there was some thing radically wrong with that woman's taste when she purchased a pudding-headed descendant of England's most notorious pimp to be her marital companion, instead of spilling her millionaire sweetness on some well-bred American. A woman who can stomach the "Jook" should take naturally to slimy serpents and birds of the foulest feather. Whether the Duchess' perverted taste be inherited from her ancestors who peddled tripe, or was absorbed through long association with Gotham's swell society, I do not know; but I'm convinced that she made no mistake in her marriage. A woman who dotes on vultures and enjoys the society of serpents would naturally feel that the "Jook" was her heaven-sent affinity.

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Having no further use for the pie-counter, President Cleveland kicks a few boards off by placing 30,000 employees under the civil service law. Now if he will reduce the Presidential salary—to take effect next March—his halo will be complete.

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The M. E. General Conference has decided that the action of the Christian Endeavors, in praying for Pagan Bob Ingersoll, "was idiotic." In the opinion of the Conference it was energy wasted that should have been utilized in taking up a collection.

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In glancing over the daily papers I note that Rev. Sid Williams has "concluded another successful revival." Verily doth God "move in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." Sid Williams an instrument of saving grace! Now, by St. Paul, the age of miracles is not yet past! Sid is probably the most ignoarnt and offensive jackass that ever brayed over an open Bible. My information is to the effect that he is an ex-prize-fighter who gave up pugilism for the pulpit because he lacked the physical courage to make a success of his original profession. He was what is known in sporting parlance as a "quitter." He forsook the squared circle to become exclusively a face-fighter. When I last heard of him hitherto he was over somewhere—Tyler I believe—denouncing Bob Ingersoll's private life as shamefully immoral. When his authority for this remarkable statement was demanded he referred his interlocutor to Rev. Thomas Dixon. That divine promptly denounced Williams as a liar, and insisted that "Bob's" private life would compare favorably with that of the average preacher. But that didn't end Sid's "evangelical" career. Proving a man a vindictive perjurer in nowise affects his "usefulness" as a Baptist preacher. He can—here in Texas, at least—go right on repeating the same old thread-bare falsehood and fattening at the expense of fools. I rather admire a cheerful liar like Tom Ochiltree; but cannot understand how a stupid thief of reputation like Williams manages to keep out of the penitentiary.

THE DEITY IN DANGER.

THEY have been holding an "International Sunday School Convention" up at Hillsboro. I knew that town would get right in the middle of the road and head for the New Jerusalem as soon as it rid itself of the Prohibition jag-joints that were making besotted boozers of little boys and breeding spies and perjurers and professional mischief-makers as a dead dog does maggots. The Sunday School Convention was a holy festival held in honor of the town's redemption; hence it was perfectly proper that the Apostle's portrait should occupy the post of honor in the room, banked with blue violets and wreathed with white roses. The Apostle yearned to accept the pressing invitation to attend and participate in the sacred ceremonies, but felt a natural diffidence, knowing that he would be apotheosized by the orators as Hillsboro's patron saint—perhaps a new St. Patrick who had exorcised the Prohibition serpents. Unfortunately for the harmony of the occasion, a corn-doctor or some other kind of a "professor" from far-away Jacksonville, Ills., who knew not the Apostle, opposed the motion to enroll his name with that of Abou Ben Adem as a lover of his fellowmen. "Prof." H. M. Hammill declared that "Brann was throwing blasphemy in the face of Jehovah." Let us hope that the "Professor" is misinformed. I was once a baseball pitcher, but Jehovah doesn't get near enough to Waco to need a mask to shield him from my missiles. Even were I "chunking" blasphemy in the face of Jehovah, why should the peripatetic sucker lie awake to worry? If the Omnipotent finds that he requires a bodyguard to protect himself from the assaults-and-battery of the Apostle he'll probably summon a legion or two of angels instead of

drafting the "Professor." I much fear that the lippy little man has mistaken an occasional criticism of a horde of sanctified blatherskites like himself for an insult to the Almighty. Before usurping the office of the Arch-Angel Michæl he should get on the windward side of himself and make a cautious inspection of his underwear. Denounce a man for blaspheming the Deity! What an irremediable ass. Wasting worship on a God who is powerless to protect himself from the thrusts of a stub pencil! Is the party who "made the stars also"—the gentleman who holds the universe in the hollow of his hand? And does he really crawl under his throne and exhibit signals of distress every time the Apostle lets slip a sulphuric expletive—refuse to be comforted until the "Professor" comes to his rescue? "*O tempora, O mores, O hell!*" It is very fortunate that I am the last of the Apostles instead of the first of the Deities. I'd sure spit 'em with a thunderbolt whenever I caught 'em bringing my name into contempt by scaring the bites off me *a la chinoise*, by sounding the fog-horn and blowing the big bazoo. "Prof." Hammil stated that a copy of the *ICONOCLAST* had been offered him by a newsdealer, but that he had "recoiled from it." That is not at all remarkable; the paper is ever loaded for humbugs and hypocrites. It contains cold comfort for ignorant jackassi, who presume to discuss matters of which they first proudly confess their utter ignorance. I have been in Jacksonville, Ill. often, but had not hitherto heard of Hammil. The state lunatic asylum is located there, however, and I learn from the daily papers that a patient recently escaped. He assured the Hillsboro ladies that he "was in the front rank during the war." I fail to find his name on the roll of honor of any Illinois regiment. Perhaps he meant that he was in the "front rank" after the stampede at Bull Run. A man

who will boast of his war record in the presence of women is quite likely to lead a retreat. Still, Hammil of Illinois—who passes judgment on Texas editors, while boasting that he never read their papers—possesses more courage than discretion. He undertakes to fight a perfecting press with his mouth. Which suggests a proverb from Pope to the effect that,

“Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.”

* * *

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S COWARDICE.

I HAVE on divers occasions criticised Col. R. G. Ingersoll, the æolian harp of agnosticism, and this had led a Missouri gentleman (?) to suppose that I am making a desperate effort to drive the eloquent “Pagan” off the earth. He is evidently eager to assist in the laudable enterprise, for he writes that during the late unpleasantness “Col. Ingersoll was chased into a hog-pen and captured by a young Confederate private.” I really cannot see what that has to do with the case. Demosthenes is said to have cast away his shield and taken to the tall timber, and certain it is that Frederick the Great fled from his first battlefield. The war is over—the contest has been relegated from the field to the forum. Calling Col. Ingersoll a coward in war is no answer to his argument in peace. Napoleon was a trifle shy of religious faith, but his brute courage added nothing to the cause of agnosticism. Dr. Cranfill's well-known cowardice does not disprove the thesis of prohibition, nor the slinking curishness of Rev. S. L. Morris discredit the Immaculate Conception. But does my Missouri correspondent really know that Colonel Ingersoll played

the coward? I am inclined to examine such stories before accepting them—having suffered somewhat at the hands of professional long-distance liars myself. Can any of the preachers, sectarian editors and other moral perverts who are gleefully relating the hog-pen story at the great “Pagan’s” expense, prove that it contains one iota of truth?

The ICONOCLAST has no wealth to waste; but it will cheerfully pay \$500 to any man who will furnish proof positive that the hog-pen story is founded on fact. That’s a square toed business proposition; and the next man who repeats the yarn without calling for the cash will thereby acknowledge himself a child of Lucifer, the father of lies.

Some malicious knave faked up the falsehood, and God-intoxicated idiots, unable to answer Ingersoll’s arguments, seized upon it and sowed it broadcast without asking or caring whether it was fiction or fact. Ingersoll was Colonel of the Eleventh Illinois Calvary, than which no better or braver body of men ever rode over a battery. He was the idol of his command. In September of last year he addressed the survivors of the “Bloody ’Leventh” and they gave him an ovation such as Napoleon might have received from the Old Guard. Men who served as subordinate officers in Ingersoll’s command gave an account of his capture when the hog-pen story was first coined. They stated that Col. Ingersoll, with 600 men and two field pieces, was ordered to oppose Gen. Forrest, who was advancing in the direction of Lexington with his entire division of not less than 10,000 men; that a sharp engagement ensued and Col. Ingersoll, with a portion of his force, cut his way clear through the enemy’s lines, was then surrounded and captured, yielding his sword only at the earnest solicitation of his few surviving companions, who realized that otherwise he would be killed. This state-

ment has been repeatedly confirmed by members of Forrest's command, with whom their eloquent prisoner became immensely popular. The survivors of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry will cheerfully defray the funeral expenses of any man who will tell them that Colonel "Bob" was a coward. I suggest to my Missouri correspondent that when a man can find nothing better to do than peddle stale falsehoods cooked up by other fools, it is high time that he were dead and damned, and that he may never have another opportunity to be buried free of cost by gentlemen to the sound of martial music. The misguided zeal of foolish fanatics, and the persistent lying of unprincipled preachers are doing the cause of Christ more damage every day than could a hundred Ingersolls in a decade.

* * *

DIXIE'S DALIA-LAMA.

THE *Dallas Times-Herald* accuses the Southern people of base ingratitude because they presume to dissent from the financial views of a President who has given a few of them fat offices. The Southern people have not hypothecated their birthright that Hoke Smith, T. F. Bayard and a few more second-rate political blatherskites may enjoy a mess of official pottage. The South owes President Cleveland no debt of gratitude. It has twice helped elevate him to the chief executive office, and he has repaid its kindness by signing a tariff bill which compels it to pay tribute to the Eastern manufacturers, and approving a radical increase in pension expenditures which it must help to bear. Furthermore, he insists upon a financial policy which it neither approves nor considers in accord with an honest interpretation of the Chicago platform. I can

think of nothing which the South has to thank Cleveland for except his refusal to bear arms against the erstwhile Confederacy. There was a class of men at the North called "copperheads," who remained at home and cursed the followers of the Stars and Stripes, when they considered it safe to do so, yet lacked the courage to cross the Ohio and enlist under the stars and bars. They were not "Southern sympathizers," as sometimes asserted; they simply wanted an excuse for keeping their worthless carcasses beyond the range of shot and shell. They were regarded by the soldiers of both sides with contempt and flouted by the women as cowards. Cleveland was then a young man. He had no family—unless Widder Halpin and her illegitimate son be considered as such; yet he remained at home and played billiards for the beer while the Blue and the Gray struggled like Titans for the supremacy. At last the Federal government needed more men to defend the old flag. Washington was in danger, the life of the nation was imperilled—the legions of Lee and Johnston and Jackson were turning the very rivers to blood. President Lincoln appealed for more patriots willing to set their breasts against those conquering bayonets; but Cleveland continued to shoot billiards. At last he was drafted, but sent a substitute, then hunted up a drab to dally with. Like Nero, he fiddled while Rome was burning—and eventually had to pay for the rosin. He was evidently no friend to the Federal government. If he had any political convictions he was too cowardly to maintain them, for he treated the South exactly as he treated the North. When the tide of battle turned, and old men with ancient firelocks and small boys with squirrel guns were filling the vacant ranks, this mighty man to whom the South owes such a debt of gratitude that we dare not criticize his official acts, came not nigh us—con-

tinued to play pinocle and absorb booze. He was the same cold-blooded, lymphatic animal then that he is to-day. He cared not which side triumphed if his belly were kept well filled and he were not dragged from the foul bed of his drab to become food for powder.

* * *

A GREAT "REFORM" JOURNAL.

A PUBLISHER never overlooks the "ads" in his contemporaries. He saves them for dessert, tidbits for his intellectual appetite—knowing that they are like to prove Tantalus fruit. In the *New Bohemian* I discovered an advertisement of the *Southern Mercury* of Dallas, Texas, which caused me to wonder why God killed Annanias, yet suffers Miltonius Park to play at being alive. He deposeth that 200,000 Texas people read the *Mercury*; also that it "is the oldest, strongest and purest reform paper published." I do not question its "purity;" like a slug of artificial ice—or a eunuch—it hasn't sufficient virility to be wicked. I knew that it was "strong" before Miltonius began throwing hollyhocks at himself and bowing his thanks—I could smell it. Regarding its age, I can only say that it is old enough to have learned in the school of experience that honesty is the best policy—that no circulation liar is able to earn his salary. The finest of them have no other effect than to scare the fish. The louder and longer they blow the more suspicious do advertisers become. That is a valuable tip which, if taken in a friendly spirit, may lead the flamboyant Miltonius on to fortune, but hardly to fame. If 200,000 or even 10,000 Texans read the *Mercury*, they must hide out to do it. I have never yet caught one in the commission of this in-

tellectual crime. I have traveled over Texas many times and have yet to see a copy of the *Mercury* on a newstand or offered for sale on the trains. I presume that an occasional farmer from the forks of the creek, hypnotized by its premium offers, subscribes for the paper, hoping to get the worth of his money in other forms of plunder; that here and there a Populist allows himself to be persuaded that he ought to give up a dollar to help feed the editor of his party "organ," and that these intellectual infants take the typographical abortion and intellectual miscarriage out of the postoffice for the papering of pantry shelves and other purposes less polite. The Texas asylums being filled to overflowing, many harmless lunatics are allowed to run at large; but even with this advantage, if the Southern *Mercury* can prove 5,000 paid circulation I'll do something desperate—I'll subscribe! And that despite the fact that it is edited by ignorami and printed by "rates." Posing as the especial champion of labor, it discharged its Union printers and employed a job-lot of blacksmiths at starvation prices. But we should not judge the *Mercury* too harshly. A paper possessing but a small subscription patronage, barred from the newsstands by its unsalability, and which disposed of advertising space by the acre at auction, may not be able to command legitimate labor. But it should not lie. As the organ of the Texas Populists, the *Mercury* could easily make a fortune if it had an editor, instead of an ignorant animal in its sanctum who thinks with his abdomen, writes with his feet and employs his large porous ears for blotting-pads. Miltonius knows even less of political economy than does Gov. Culberson of draw-poker. Physically he's a squab and mentally he's a resounding vacuum. When he thinks he's thinking with his brains he's only troubled with a rumbling of the bowels. I like Miltonius, just as I do all

dumb animals—and whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth. But he has no business playing editor when he can't edit. I have seen only one really good thing in his paper, and that was clipped from the *ICONOCLAST* and credited to a St. Louis magazine. Miltonius should throw down the paste-brush, cast his stylus into the raging Trinity, stick a few goose-feathers in his hair and exhibit himself in a dime museum as the last of the dodos. Of course such employment would not be particularly æsthetic; still it were superior, from a social standpoint, to providing with modern conveniences the fence-corner clock of a few illiterate farmers.

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THE MAYBRICK MOVEMENT.

A CORRESPONDENT who declares that he "has believed in the innocence of Mrs. Maybrick," takes the *ICONOCLAST* sharply to task for suggesting that the American women now working for her release might be in better business. He assures me that this country-woman of mine now "languishes in an English prison, where she was placed through English prejudice." All of which reminds me of a pertinent suggestion by the St. Louis *Mirror*, to the effect that "It is significant that the people most firmly convinced of this woman's innocence are people who are not in a position to know anything about the case." The English people are far from perfect. John Bull and Brer Jonathan were never suspected of playing Damon and Pythias; still, Englishmen are great admirers of American women, especially when they chance to be so beautiful as Mrs. Maybrick. To urge that an English jury would sentence a handsome woman to be hanged because she was born on this side of the brine were the apotheosis of ab-

surdity. The commutation of the sentence to life imprisonment does not necessarily argue the existence of a reasonable doubt of her guilt, but does suggest the ingrained Anglo-Saxon prejudice against inflicting the death penalty upon a female. There was much in the evidence indicating a sufficient motive for the trial of which she was accused, but I scarce think it conclusive of her guilt. To again quote the *Mirror*, "She never would have been convicted but for the evidence that she slew her husband's honor, if she did not take his life." It must be borne in mind that those who are striving to work up in this country sympathy for Mrs. Maybrick, publish only such details of the trial as they consider advantageous, and sometimes gives them a coloring which obscures, if it does not pervert the truth. The fact that the American government has interested itself in the case is no evidence that Secretary Olnier considers or that his predecessors believed her innocent. Mrs. Maybrick being an American, it becomes the duty of this government to make careful inquiry into her case. According to the testimony of her friends, now working for her release, she married at 18 a worn-out English roue old enough to be her father—"a man who had lived a fast life, was the father of a family of illegitimate children and was already paying the penalty of reckless excesses by a marked decline in health and bodily vigor, and addicted to the habitual use of powerful stimulants." It is difficult to work up much sentiment for a young woman who deliberately mates with that kind of a man. That Mrs. Maybrick regarded her husband as an undesirable incumbrance is generally conceded. That she expedited his death may be considered doubtful; but that she is not a woman to appeal strongly to the chivalry of this nation has been amply demonstrated. The testimony of those striving to secure her release is very con-

flicting. In one breath they assure us that her conviction was the result of anti-American prejudice, and in the next that the judge only escaped to his carriage with difficulty; also that the sentence of death was received with marked disapproval by the English people. The facts in the case appear to be about as follows: Maybrick was a decrepit old nuisance with a young and pretty wife. Her reputation for chastity was about what might be expected of a young woman who had made such a marriage. One day the husband died and the relict's actions were so strange that she was arrested on a charge of having killed him. She was tried before a jury of 12 men, none of whom had the slightest reason for doing her wrong. They adjudged her guilty of murder in the first degree, and the act does not appear to trouble their conscience. The English Home Secretary, whom we may presume knows as much about the case as does my rather impudent correspondent, has refused to recommend that she be pardoned. All the efforts of the agitators have failed to awaken in this country general sympathy for Mrs. Maybrick. The popular instinct is against her. She is regarded as a woman not worthy an aggravated case of National worry. If it can be made reasonably certain that she neither slew her husband nor betrayed him—that one of our countrywomen is a victim of “English prejudice”—she will be released even though her prison doors have to be torn from their hinges by American soldiers. Until that is done the American people are content to let her remain where she will be compelled to be decent.

THOSE FASHIONABLE FORNICATORS.

REFERRING to some recent cases of Seventh Commandment smashing in the "Hupper suckles" of Waco sassiety, the *New Southwest* opines that they "ought to furnish excellent material for a racy and suggestive essay by Apostle Brann." The details of these sensational cases of crim. con. have been sent to the **ICONOCLAST** by various people, who evidently supposed it would get out an extra for the purpose of exploiting them. According to these reports, two well-known citizens were caught *flagrante delicto* with a couple of high society flyers, and in one case, at least, a shooting followed. What then? Would the world be made any purer, nobler by the **ICONOCLAST** spreading the revolting details of this high-bred bestiality before a million readers? Would it reform the desiring drabs who have dragged the honor of their husbands in the dust to gratify their prurient appetite for a change of pasture, or drive them still deeper into degradation? Would it make the shame of the wronged Benedicts easier to be borne. I wot not. The **ICONOCLAST** leaves scandal-mongering to those "great family dailies" that are too nice to call a spade a spade, but not too good to flaunt for gain gonorrhœal panaceas and syphilitic nostrums in the faces of young girls. Sometimes it is necessary to cut a social cancer to the red to effect a cure—to hold an individual up to public execration to emphasize a principle; but the editor who exploits a moral plague-spot for no better purpose than "to raise hell and sell papers," should have been born a carrion-crow. Waco's swell sassiety certainly needs a carbolic acid bath. It is an Augean stable which it will require more than one Hercules to cleanse. It is foul with a filthiness such as Shakespeare attributes

to flies. Its brain is fetid, its heart the habitat of the maggots of a more than Oriental immorality. At least such is the evil reputation it bears both at home and abroad. That the obloquy is not altogether undeserved is evidenced by the fact that its doors fly wide for the reception of women who have nothing in common with Cæsar's wife. Instead of being "above suspicion" their escapades are discussed in every barroom while common courtesans refer to them as their competitors. Such conditions exist, 'tis true, in other towns to a greater or less degree; but not to the same extent that they prevail in Waco, the great religious ganglion, the storm-center of professional sanctification. This fact is not without significance to the psychologist. Concupiscence and abnormal religiosity have long been regarded as correlatives. Nymphomania and "camp-meeting jerks" are neurotic diseases of kindred origin. As we were recently assured by a prominent preacher, religion and morality may have nothing in common. The former may be simply a species of hysteria in which the emotions are unduly excited and the moral concept perverted. Religious zeal, if well grounded in morality, produces a saint; if not so based, but existing as a kind of delirium, it produces praying prostitutes and canting libertines. All sermons that excite the emotions while ignoring the reason have a direct tendency to produce nerve diseases which weakens the will power while inflaming the passions. Waco is a maelstrom, not of religion, but of religiosity. Her eyes are ever in "a fine frenzy rolling." She is filled with faith, but can give no valid reason therefor. She is not God-intoxicated, but drunk with the odor of her own pseudo-sanctity and oblivious to the sweet reasonableness of things, deaf to whatsoever doesn't begin with an alleluiah and end with an awmen. She's going it blind, no blessed lamp of logic,

no moral balance—trying to lift herself to Jesus by pulling desperately by her own emotional umbilicus. Perhaps that's why so many benedicts are trailing about with six-shooters in the erratic wake of their wives. That may explain why the *Sunday Sun* had the largest circulation in Waco of any Southern city of equal population. Waco's ultra-fashionables all took it and read it and revelled in its rottenness. They kept it on the same shelf with their prayer-books and their bibles. It suggests the reason why there isn't a bookstore in this city of thirty-odd thousand inhabitants where you may purchase the classics, while all of them work off tons of libidinous literature. I once visited every bookstore in Waco in a vain search for a copy of Webster's Unabridged. I again made the round looking for the complete works of William Shakespeare, and found that in the entire city there was but one miserable little agate set on sale. Only one dealer had ever heard of Thomas Carlyle and none knew aught of James Anthony Froude; but prayer-books and poems of passion, bibles and yaller-backs, hymnology and *find-de-siecle* French novels reeking with rottenness were to be had in abundance. Bibliopoles are not in business for their health; they stock their shelves only with what they can sell. If it be true, as so often asserted, that a people's morals can be correctly measured by what they read, then indeed does this city of churches and pretentious theological seminaries need a powerful antiputrefactive.

CYCLONES AND SANCTIFICATION.

IS OUR DEITY OF NEGRO DESCENT?

THE terrible cyclone which recently tore its way through St. Louis prompted a resident of the stricken city to complain to the *ICONOCLAST*, that a God of infinite justice and mercy would not indiscriminately destroy saint and sinner by flood and fire, and crush nursing babes beneath a avalanche of stone and brick. Like Jonah, he feels that he does well to be angry, for he declares that if the Deity really exists, he is a demon, and adds that "the God idea was born in the stupid brain of negroes on the upper Nile, and from thence o'erspread the planet like a foul pestilence."

As a Deity usually resembles his worshippers, both in physical appearance and mental and moral attributes—is, in fact, but an idealization of themselves—it follows as an inevitable sequence, if my correspondent be correct, that the Creator was originally a "coon." Dr. Seasholes, an autotheistic little Dallas dominie, recently declared in effect that the Deity was an Indian, who sometimes got off the reservation and raised merry hades among the early inhabitants—wore feathers in his hair and wielded a tomahawk; and now we are assured, by inference at least, that he is an Ethiopian. First thing we know Gran'ma Lease, of the Kansas gynecocracy, will be protesting that he is a Populist. I fear that the St. Louisan has brought his theological ducks to a bad market—he should have taken them to Talmage, who receives a princely salary for defending the Christian concept of the Creator. In my humble opinion, however, the Deity had naught to do with the St. Louis catastrophe. He may order matters mundane, but scarce follows every whirlwind, as a schoolboy

does a top, governing its gyrations. He may note the fall of the sparrow, but certainly does nothing either to promote or prevent.

“Remember man, the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws.”

These are the laws of nature, immutable, inexorable. The physical world knows naught of mercy; the mills of God make no distinction. A temple is liable as a bawdy-house to be struck by the levin brand, a saint as a sinner to be drowned at sea; tornado nor earthquake turns aside from the crowded city to spend its force in the unpopulated plain. By nature's laws we live, by nature's laws we die. 'Tis they which hold the stars in their eternal courses and send the planets rolling forever around the sun.

“All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—Oh, madness! pride! impiety!”

The fact that fearful catastrophes occur neither disproves the existence of a Deity nor brands him a demon. All things are but relative. If, in pursuing a journey whose object is the establishment of an empire, the founding of a religion, the extinction of a plague or the dethronement of a tyrant; you place your foot upon a populous ant hill, what then? Will not the survivors, as they gather up their dead and survey the ruins of their city, denounce you as a monster destitute of mercy, wanting wisdom? May not some argue that the catastrophe was not caused by the sentient act of a superior being, but by the blind force of nature? Imagine the foolish theorizing among the awe-stricken hymenoptera that must follow such a contretemps, then reflect upon thine own insignificance as compared with the Cosmic plans of the Creator!

Were this world perfect, what need of heaven? It is by unceasing struggle that the race rises to higher planes of existence. Had man remained in Eden he would have been a chump always; but compelled to do battle for existence; to strive with the beasts of the field, with disease, with hunger, with the power of the elements, he grew in strength and wisdom—became in very truth a lord of creation. Because disasters occur, my correspondent, like a certain person mentioned by King David, “hath said in his heart, there is no God;” but I cannot see—in so far as cyclones and kindred calamities are concerned—that he has bettered himself. Whether the laws of nature, like Topsy, “jis’ growed,” or were framed by a Divine Legislator, their operations are the same. The difference between the atheist and the theist is that the latter is sustained in the hour of trial by faith that righteousness will not go unrewarded; that ultimately he will be reunited with the loved and lost in a land where there is neither suffering, sorrow nor sin. Dark and drear indeed must be life’s pilgrimage to those who see in heaven no star of hope. Even though such faith were a pious fraud, I am barbarian enough to be thankful for it. If death ends all, we experience no disappointment, grasp no Apples of Sodom when we pass to ever dreamless sleep. If we waken never we cannot miss the sweet companionship of wife or child or friend—the world rolls on and we are as though we had not been. It is not in death we need the Deity, but rather while the heart beats high and warm and the tendrils thereof—softer than silk but stronger than hooks of steel—are weaving themselves about other lives, that we needs must have some faith that love and life defy the scythe of Death; that, breasting the stormy waves of Styx, they rise triumphant on the farther shore. To some the God-idea is a necessity absolute. Without the belief in immortality

the dark shadow of impending doom would drive them mad. It is their sheet-anchor in storm and stress—the still, small voice that cries peace to their troubled souls. Only those of cold natures, of slow-pulsing blood, of weak affections can stand by the graves of their dead and deny the Deity. It is the stoicism of the stone, which feeling not, mocks the writhen bolt. In the hour of supreme agony, when all the heart holds near and dear is slipping into the sunless sea, the man of feeling calls, like Justinian's father, upon the name of God.

“And this is the utter end of all our love,
And shall we never meet and know each other
Again, as we have known each other here?”
“Then sobbing like a child the old man cried,
Ask me not!—Pity me and ask no more,
For lo, I seem as one whose house has fallen
About his feet in ruins, and who stands
Living, ghast, with ashes on his head,
Clouded with horror, half awaked from sleep.”

I cannot agree with my correspondent that the “God-idea was born in the stupid brain of negroes.” I have encountered this remarkable statement hitherto only in Volney's curious theory that all religions sprang from the astronomical nomenclature of the early Ethiopians, who, he assumes, were the progenitors of the modern negroes. That the Ethiopians, whose capital was Thebes of the hundred gates, were a dark-skinned race is true; but we are in possession of no satisfactory evidence that they were ethnologically different from the inhabitants of lower Egypt, whose metropolis was Memphis. Diodorous says the Thebans considered themselves the inventors of divine worship, while Lucian states—upon what authority is in

no wise clear—that “the Ethiopians invented the science of the stars.” Unquestionably the earliest worship of which we have knowledge was solar and sidereal; but this theogony preceded any scientific information regarding the heavenly bodies. In fact, it was the science of astronomy that dethroned Apollo, Osiris and that innumerable host of deities born of the sun. The inhabitants of the upper Nile were not the only people who pretended to the origin of worship to supernatural powers. A similar claim was set up on the banks of the Ganges, the Euphrates and the Jordan. The inhabitants of lower Egypt have a tradition that the founder of their race, Mizriam, an Aryan, brought with him from Asia a religion similar to that which the Jews subsequently set up in Palestine, and that it was practiced by their priests and other learned men of their people, while a grosser faith was taught the illiterate rabble. The fact that Moses was educated by the Egyptian priesthood is worth considering in connection with the duly authenticated fact of the existence there of an exoteric and esoteric faith.

The origin of the religious idea is lost in the impenetrable night of antiquity. No matter how far back we explore a faith, we find internal evidence that it had predecessors. Zoroaster is supposed to have founded the ancient Persian religion, which had so marked a resemblance to modern Christianity; yet he seems to have been a compiler and apostle rather than an originator. The Vedas of Hindustan are but a compilation of the curious ideas of ancient cults. The oldest gods of Greece were borrowed. When Abram left Haran to view the land promised him by the Lord, Asia was filled with religious faiths. There are ideas which most cults have in common, such as the Trinity, Virgin Mother, Man-God, Resurrection, future rewards and punishments, etc., and from this

fact has sprung the theory that they are but subdivisions of one original faith; but it must be borne in mind that these ideas are all old as Zoroaster, perhaps as the first civilization of Egypt, and might, during the unnumbered centuries that have elapsed, have become engrafted on many purely autochthonous religions, just as the doctrine of the immortality of the soul found its way into the old Hebrew faith during the diaspora. Religions react upon each other, just as do the political and commercial customs of various countries. Thus the religions of Egypt and Western Asia modified that of Greece; which in turn dominated that of Italy, while all nations seem to have collaborated in the formation of the Christian faith, which is really a religious ragout, in which we find strong traces of Parsee and Platonism, Fetich and Judaism, Greek polytheism and Phœnician idolatry.

It is probable that each people, as soon as it passed the purely savage pale, began to speculate upon its origin, and gradually developed a crude system of theology. They observed that the sun gave and nourished life, and it became the earliest object of their adoration. They gave to it a name expressive of its attributes—the light-bearer, the life-giver—and its apparent diurnal journey across the earth led them to believe it a sentient being, a God, who grew angry in summer and scorched them with heat, and withdrew in winter, leaving them to suffer with cold. Quite naturally, the moon became his consort, and the stars the children of this King and Queen of the sky, accredited with attributes significant of their seasons. Commerce, the vicissitudes of war and the respect which a weak and ignorant nation usually entertains for the customs and opinions of one more enlightened and powerful, resulted in the gradual engrafture upon most theologies of kindred ideas. At various times reformers like Moses and Zoro-

aster, Gautama and Jesus purified a faith of some of its most glaring absurdities, broadened and exalted man's conception of the Creator. We may safely assume that the religious idea is cœval with human intelligence—that so soon as man was capable of continuity of thought; so soon as he had framed intelligible speech; so soon as he began wondering what power moved the sun and moon in their orbits; so soon as he asked himself how came the first man and woman upon the earth, he began to pay homage to a supernatural power.

It occurs to me that this hypothesis—which subjects the religious idea to the law of evolution—better accords with the wisdom and dignity we attribute to the Deity than does the childish theory that he made a robber horde of semi-savages the custodians of all the knowledge which man was permitted to have of his Maker, knowing that they possessed no power to enlighten the teeming millions of far continents respecting his laws. It ground all religions upon a base truth, or at least upon a worldwide human instinct, instead of making someone of thousands—and who shall say which one?—the gate to Heaven and all others highways to Hell. It makes theology progressive, encourages us to pursue our inquiry as far back as possible into the wondrous secret of existence to seek for truth in every cult and creed instead of forever fixing our faith in the Serbonian bogs of barbarism, where so many ministers—following the bad example of Mahomet—would stay its march by shrieking “blasphemer” whenever an attempt is made to reconcile religion unto reason.

Regarding the evidence upon which we predicate belief in the existence of a sentient Architect of the Universe, much might be said—much has been said that was a foolish waste of words. Most religions profess a foundation of direct revelation by their Deity, and for proof

thereof cite us to wondrous prodigies—the dead restored, mountains removed, storms allayed and children begotten—quite unnecessarily I think—without the assistance of an earthly father. In other words, we are asked to believe that God proved his prescience and power by reversing those very laws which he had framed for cosmic rule—just as my St. Louis friend would have him do by suppressing earthquakes and turning aside tornadoes. Unfortunately for this theory, the alleged revelations do not exhibit a conception of history, geography or astronomy superior to that of the people whom the Deity honored with his confidence. The God of the Jews, for instance, believed the world was flat and the o’erhanging firmament a solid concave filled with auger holes through which the rain leaked, and that he could precipitate a deluge by the simple expedient of pulling open a trap-door. The other Deities of the ancients were equally ignorant and imprudent, cranky and cruel. Their principal occupations were making war by proxy and committing fornication in *propria persona*. They would have just suited President Cleveland. Fortunately, however, the sacred mummeries of miraculous births, angelic visitors and hasheesh visions do not constitute the real basis of any religion. These are but the futile attempts of finite man to express the inexpressible—the poor outward evidences of an inward grace. It is no proof of the existence of the Omnipotent to point to the wondrous universe; for, as the creator must be greater than the creature, it were more miraculous that the Supreme Artificer should be autogenous than that all the spheres that roll in unmeasured space should be self-created. The fact is, these ideas are a trifle too big for our heads. In ten thousand years man has been unable to settle the tariff question or decide what is the best material of which to make his circulating media; yet any fool

preacher can tell us off-hand how the universe came into existence. Every religious cult has miracles in plenty and martyrs galore—the first all falsehood, the latter mostly fools. Calvin burned Servetus because they could not agree whether Christ was the eternal son of God, or the son of the eternal God—and he was neither. He was simply one of the thousands of Jews of his generation who had wandered from the faith of their fathers, and he met the fate common to many great reformers. A new religion would have developed on the shores of the Mediterranean, and on much the same lines, had he never been born, for the entire country, from Palmyra to the Pillars of Hercules, had become a theological chaos, and out of chaos new worlds must come.

The strongest evidence we can adduce that the world is governed by a sentient being is the absolute necessity for his existence. Of what avail is the mighty universe without him? Why should matter resolve itself into being, become blazing suns and symmetrical planets and roll through space forever? If it did so in conformity to a plan, the originator of that purpose, it is as ridiculous as an acephalous rooster running about in a circle. If there be no reason in the universe, how comes it that there is sentience in the ridiculous little mites that cling to the shell of one relatively insignificant planet—like microbes to a mammoth cheese? If we were generated by the laws of blind force, we have achieved the impossible—the creature has become greater than its creator! If the universe is but a soulless machine a—*mechanique celeste*—of what use are we to it? We can see no reason for the existence of the earth except the nourishment of life, and that presupposes a purpose; yet life that ends in everlasting death is a mistake—and the materialists tells us that nature never errs. What boots it to be born, if a few years of

toil and travail, sorrow and suffering is to end it all? Why should women bring forth children in pain unspeakable only to glut the demon Death? Why should love burgeon and bloom only to be forever blasted? Why not adopt hedonism as the law of our lives instead of restraining the passions and sacrificing our ease, sometimes our fortunes and our lives for others' sake? "Result of social education"—generated how? "By the laws of nature." How came nature to have laws? Isn't it lucky, to say the least, that all matter consents to obey the law of gravitation—that the collision of two bodies generates heat instead of cold? Supposing that self-generated force operating on nothing created something—matter and mind: Is the greater of the two generations ephemeral and the lesser only eternal? "Pure reason" is the cry of the materialists—who then assume that the slightest speck of dust swimming in a sunbeam is eternal, while the mind that conceived the *Novum Organum* has perished utterly; that the intellects of Cæsar and Socrates has been destroyed, but the parings of Ham's toe-nails are still here!

The religious idea is often perverted; yet so far back as we can trace the history of the human race, it has constituted the heart of civilization, the efficient cause of the social compact, the dynamo of the world. I do not mean that foolish fanaticism or blood-thirsty bigotry has been a blessing; they bear the same relation to the moral that cyclones and earthquakes do to the physical world. I allude to that feeling of moral responsibility which marks the first step of a people from subter-savagery, that concept of duty to what we call the Deity, which leads men to erect altars and supplicate the unseen power. This conscience or soul of man precedes civilization, makes progress possible. As it develops the race advances; as it becomes perverted the race returns to barbarism, carrying with it

the adscititious curse of bigotry. God *has* revealed himself to man—not by laws graven on tables of stone, plates of silver or tablets of horn; not by feathered but non-oviparous angels seen in trance-vision by sanctified tramps who trotted about the country peddling hair-trigger curses and sacred hoodoes; but in human life itself. “You touch Heaven,” says Novalis, “when you lay your hand upon a human body.” It is a temple in which dwells a portion of that divine intelligence which is God.

It really matters little how or when or where the God-idea originated. It is here—was here before the Tower of Babel reared its crest into the clouds, before the sphinx gazed out upon the desert waste, before Jason sailed in quest of the Golden Fleece or Agamemnon led forth his intrepid Hellenes to their ten years’ war with Troy. The very name of that nation which first worshipped at the shrine of a supernal power has passed from earth; the altars and temples of countless ages have crumbled into dust and over their forgotten fanes great cities have reared their palaces of marble and porphyry, then perished utterly; but the God-idea still remains and grows with man’s intellectual growth and strengthens with his social strength. The fact that it constitutes the very warp and woof of human history, that it is the one only idea in all the earth that has proven indestructible, argues its necessity, its accordance with the laws of the universe, howsoever and by what means it had its birth; and what is consentient with nature even the grossest materialist must recognize as worthy his respect.

HOWELL'S NEW HORROR.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS has made the momentous discovery that the tipping system is what is ruining the country, sucking the life-blood of Uncle Sam and poisoning our entire social system. It is not the gold-bugs, silver-bugs or straddle-bugs; not the tariff, treasury deficit or war fright that is pulling the linch-pin out of our political cosmos and preparing us for a resounding crash—it is the meretricious practice of paying six cents for a shine when the market price is five, of flipping a *garçon* a dime for bringing us black tea when we have ordered green. Here at last is a real live issue, upon which even McKinley may be persuaded to declare himself without waiting to consult a partisan platform—may have an opinion which he can claim as his own property. Tips or no tips; that's the question. Whether 'twere better to have a waiter call us "Colonel" and promptly serve us with pie on two plates, or dawdle for half an hour behind the kitchen screen, then empty a greasy bowl of noodle soup down the back of your neck. It appears that an association of New York coachmen, after carefully considering the tipping system, concluded that it was a good thing and advised its members to push it along. Mr. Howells immediately filed a caveat, and now comes into court to show reason why Dives should deal with Lazarus on a purely business basis, instead of conceding him an occasional crumb. He deposeth that a tip is the very antithesis of mercy—that it curseth him that giveth and him that receiveth, inflating the vanity of the one and debauching the manhood of the other. He wants to weed it out as a poisonous European exotic which is casting its upashadow upon our "uncrowned democracy" and breeding

sturdy mendicants. The tip question, like the poor, we have always with us. Howells is not the first man to fear that Uncle Sam would die of enlargement of the heart. When a man recalcitrates against tip-giving I suspect him of apologizing for his own penuriousness. It is not the tip-givers who do the growling, but those whose meanness is made to serve as a sombre background for the sunny whole-souledness of their betters. Faith, Hope and Charity are the three cardinal virtues—"and the greatest of these is Charity." It does not hurt a well-to-do American to cross a servant's palm to secure a little extra service. Some people imagine that the Pullman company pays its porters to black their boots and brush their clothes, to take care of their tickets when they turn in and carry their grips to a cab when they leave the car. Because the porters expect pay for this supplemental service they are caricatured as parasites by the would-be funny papers, and denounced as presumptuous by travelers who carry their paltry souls within their purse. Tips are often given where no extra service is rendered—given from pure goodness of heart, the bestower suspecting that the servitor is poorly paid. It depends much upon the education of the recipient whether the largesse be calculated to lower his self-respect. A professional man would resent such gratuity as a gross insult, while a porter might regard it as a kindness. Those whose moral concept can be perverted by tips are seldom engaged in menial occupations. The native American will plow corn or punch cattle for \$15 a month rather than don a suit of livery at \$60. He has been educated to consider himself the peer of princes, and woe to the man who assumes the airs of superiority. He may work for wages, but is no man's minion. He deals with his employer as an equal, and wants never a copper beyond the letter of his contract.

Our flunkys, waiters, etc., upon whom tips are chiefly bestowed, are for the most part negroes and foreigners who have been bred to servile occupations, and who accept as an unalterable fact their social and economic inferiority. The tip sharply draws the social line, but does so without offense. It expands the heart of the giver and encourages the recipient to respectful and faithful service. The tipping system is not, as Mr. Howells supposes, a European transplantation; it develops naturally, inevitably in any country where one class of people wait upon the minister to the immediate wants of another. It is an evidence that the heart of man has not yet ossified—that our social system is still something more than a soulless commercial machine in which each gets all he can and keeps all he gets. But even in this so-called land of equality, servants, as the term is here understood, are not the only takers of tips. The minister who marries a couple and makes no charge for the service, yet accepts whatever honorarium the groom, in the first transports of hymenic delirium, may bestow—whether \$5 or \$500—differs in degree but not in kind from the coon who needlessly busies himself about a patron's plate in hopes of being "remembered." When the Vanderbilts bought the Duke of Marlborough, several distinguished dominies were invited to formally deliver the goods. Instead of presenting their bill for professional services—as a lawyer or doctor would have done—they waited to be tipped. Had the bride and groom been serving-maid and working-man they would have considered \$5 ample for tying the nuptial knot; but the one being a multi-millionaire and the other a duke, they expect nothing less than \$5,000 for a service which by implication at least, they had rendered as a social courtesy if not a sacred duty—for not even scorbutic dukes are exempted from the divine command to be fruitful and multi-

ply. In other words, they expected money which they did not earn, just as a waiter hopes for a largesse to which he is not entitled by law. If the latter be a "sturdy beggar," as Mr. Howells says, the ministers are his brothers in presumptuous mendicancy. The Duke sailed away, however, without crossing the palms of the preachers, and they became so indignant that they told their troubles to the reporters. Then they complained to Mrs. Vanderbilt that her titled son-in-law had not settled a bill which they failed to present, and disgusted with their "sturdy beggary," she flung them a few hundred dollars—about what they usually receive for performing fifty marriage ceremonies. But this was not what was expected, and they went away grumbling like a French *garçon* who has danced twice around an American millionaire, hoping for a dollar, only to be dismissed with a dime. Surely Mr. Howells should not criticize the New York coachmen for following the example so ostentatiously set by the ministers of that great ganglion of political morality—he might get hauled over the coals for heterodoxy. A doucer bestowed upon a chambermaid is a vulgar "tip"; but when the recipient is a minister it becomes an honorarium—a distinction without a difference. Should a gentleman whom Mr. Howells had courteously helped on with his overcoat, hand him a quarter, he would probably fling it in his face; but should a publisher send him a cheque for double the sum asked for an article upon The Evils of Tipping, he would feel highly flattered. Yet the publisher would be actuated by the identical motive which prompts some men to pay two-bits for a shave, and the largesse have the same effect upon the great literary Buzfuz that the additional dime has upon the man of lather—it would elevate rather than lower his self-respect, because a tangible acknowledgement of his efficiency. We are all willing to take tips when

they come to us in a way that does no violence to our social prejudices. Few employes, even the highest in the service of government, have been known to refuse tips that came in the guise of a retroactive salary raise.

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CATHOLIC VS. PROTESTANT "CRANKS."

AN unknown correspondent clips from the press a rather sensational account of the supposed appearance of the Holy Virgin to Louise Panniere at Tilly-sur Seulles, together with the pilgrimings to the spot, and sends it to the *ICONOCLAST* with the following comment and query:

About once a year the Catholics run off after some such crank, thereby bringing religion into contempt and creating Atheists by their religious mummery. Why don't you turn your iconoclastic batteries loose on this *fol-de-rol*? What is your opinion of people who countenance such idiocies?

The man who writes a letter reflecting upon the sanity or honesty of a numerous and patriotic body of American people, should have the moral courage to either sign his screed or burn it. An anonymous "roast" is a cowardly stab in the dark. Publishers do well to waste-basket such communications, as being the emanations of irresponsibles—of people who will say more in a minute than they will stand to in a month. However, as my correspondent has touched upon a subject of interest to many people, I will, in this instance, waive the rule applying to anonymity. Frankly, I think but little of miracles, ancient or modern, and regard supernatural appearances as but the idiosyn-

crasies of religious neuropathics. Mlle. Poliniere's vision of the Virgin was, in my opinion, but a day-dream, the fond imaginings of a maid with whom religion had become a monomania, her fervor an ecstasy bordering on delirium. Still, I realize that there may be more things in this world than I have dreamed of in my philosophy. In dealing with the supernatural, as with all things else, it is well to bear in mind the apothegm of Seneca, to the effect that "many persons would have attained to wisdom if they had not presumed that they already possessed it." If the age of the miraculous, of angelic visitations, ever began, we have no special reason for believing that it has come to an end. It is certainly no more remarkable that the Lord should reveal himself to St. Theresa, and the Virgin to the maid of Tilly-sur-Suelles, than that Jacob should wrestle with an angel and Jehovah speak to Moses from the burning bush. If there was ever a time in the world's history when something more than the written law becomes necessary to fix mankind's faltering faith, that time is even now. The man who scoffs at St. Theresa's vision, yet accepts unflinchingly the inerrancy of the Bible, strains at a diatom and swallows an entire drove of dromedaries. There are various reasons why the ICONOCLAST does not align its guns upon these so-called supernal visions. I am not aware that they are doing the world any serious damage, and the ICONOCLAST assails only those things which it believes to be really detrimental. Furthermore, to brand all such visionaries as "cranks," and those who countenance them as "idiots," were to vilipend the coryphees of the Reformation and deride the Protestant faith. If all who dream dreams and see visions; if all who profess to have seen the supernatural be written down as purveyors of ridiculous fol-de-rol, what is to become of our beloved Luther and his co-laborers? It was not the magic mirror

which St. Theresa saw; not the Archangel Gabriel in the Rue de Paradis, nor the Virgin Mother standing beneath an elm in the canton of Calvados that Luther witnessed; such visitants were entirely too tame for that good man who denounced the Zwinglians as "damned fools and blasphemers," insulted the learned Erasmus, called the doctors of Louvain "beasts, pigs and pagans," incited the people to assassinate the Pope, and otherwise displayed that vigor and virulence which drew after him all the chronic kickers of Christendom. Luther's supernatural visitor was invariably the Devil, and these two worthies usually made it hot for each other. The Prince of Darkness appears to have gotten the best of the controversies, however, for Luther himself assures us that Satan, by his arguments, compelled him to make an important alteration in divine services; also that, on another occasion, his inframundane visitor worsted him in a debate and so terrified him by his voice that he was in danger of death. Zwinglius, the father of Protestantism in Switzerland, relates that when about to be turned down in a religious disputation, a black phantom appeared and helped him out of the hole. Whether this was the same party that amended Luther's creed we are not informed. Nor has this unhappy faculty of seeing the Devil yet been lost by Protestant divines. Entering a Protestant church some years ago at Tipton, Ia., I was surprised to see the pastor engaged in an *ex parte* dispute with an invisible person. He shook his fist and declared that he "*would* pray, despite all the powers of hell." And pray he did. After advising the Lord regarding a number of things of which he was supposed to have no knowledge, and telling him exactly how to manage the universe, he informed us that the Devil had come up to the pulpit and warned him not to call upon the name of the Lord. The name of this

wonderful sight-seer was Crismus. At Ashton, Ill., a good old Protestant lady assured me that, upon going into her cellar one day, she was confronted by Satan; that she fell upon her knees in prayer and he disappeared. As she was noted for her sauer-kraut, I have always suspected that the Prince of Darkness was on a foraging expedition. It were easy to cite hundreds of such visions, related by Protestants, since the days of Luther. There is, however, a marked difference between Protestants and Catholics in this respect: While the former usually see the Devil, the latter content themselves with visions of the Lord or Virgin. Why this is so, I know not; but as a good Protestant, the fact gives me ineffable pain. Some of those terrible Jesuits are liable to suggest that angels and demons, like men and women, usually visit those most in sympathy with themselves. Another remarkable fact which may well give us pause, is that, while the religious ecstasies of the Catholics are usually conducive to peace on earth and good will to men, those of their Protestant brethren are almost invariable trouble-breeders. It does no particular harm for a maid to get an idea into her head that she has seen the Virgin Mother; but John of Leyden proclaiming himself King of Sion, marrying seventeen wives and authorizing most brutal murders, is quite another matter. David George asserted that he was the Son of God; Hermann urged the massacre of all magistrates; Hackett declared himself to be Christ; Johanna Southcote issued passports to Heaven, while scores of others indulged vagaries equally fantastic or dangerous. It must be remembered that these people were not only Protestants, but commanded considerable followings; that many of them demanded and received the worship of *latría*, which the most enthusiastic Catholics have ever withheld from their Popes and saints. True, Luther did not sanc-

tion the fierce fanaticism and egregious folly of the Anabaptists; but he was none the less responsible therefor. It was the natural sequence of his revolt against authority, of the doctrine—which is the basal principle of Protestantism—that each individual possesses an inalienable right to put such interpretation upon the Scriptures as he may please. Protestantism has, from its inception, been the unwilling wet-nurse of Infidelity.

Luther did more to propagate it than did the alleged moral laches of the worst of Popes, the sacred reliques that have been subjected to so much ridicule, the modern miracle, the doctrine of Papal infallibility and so-called “Sale of Indulgences.” The Catholic Church is based upon authority, whether real or assumed I shall not here pretend to say. It insists that it is the chosen salvatory and divinely ordained exegete of Christian dogma. We may decline to admit this claim; but we cannot deny that it was the sheet-anchor of Europe for a thousand years; the lone rock upon which Vandal and Visigoth beat in vain; the rallying-point for a society otherwise hopelessly wrecked. In politics, art, science, letters, there was chaos; but amid it the Roman Catholic Church stood immutable as a granite mountain. Suppose that it had faltered; had stopped to argue; had declared that it *believed* instead of that it knew; had implored instead of commanding: Every student of history knows what would have happened—the Christian religion would have perished utterly and Luther’s revolt been against the Imaum of Islam. This authority once overturned throughout a large portion of Europe, the wildest excesses followed. Ignorant and violent men became the founders of sects whose ridiculous doctrines and unseemly orgies disgusted thinking men with the very name of religion. Atheism and Protestantism developed side by side, the scholar following the gonfalon

of the first, the ignoramus trailing blindly in the wake of the last. A few learned men of well-balanced minds embraced Protestantism in its infancy; but almost without exception, they drifted into the camp of Doubt or returned to the Catholic Church. It is impossible to find, during the first century of the Reformation, one master mind which it caught and held. Even Melancthon, the beloved disciple of Luther, and by all odds the ablest of the early reformers, declared that he felt "like Daniel in the lion's den," and was "tempted to take flight." Nor is this all: While the Catholic Church has ever asserted its position and proclaimed its doctrines as those regarding whose truth there could be no doubt, the great Protestant divines have seldom been willing to accept the inevitable sequence of the dogmas they were employed to preach. Professing one thing, they have proclaimed another, or dodged the issue altogether. Beecher's lecture on Evolution is a case in point, being almost as materialistic as even Ingersoll could ask. But it is not alone in these decadent days that we find doubt among the Protestant divines. Luther himself declared that *he did not know whether he taught the truth or not*; and freely admitted that *he could not prevail upon himself to believe what he taught to others!* (The first of the foregoing statements we have on the authority of Luther himself; the latter on the testimony of his eulogist, John Matthei.) How is that for a *soi disant* reformer and founder of a new faith for one who separated from the Church of Rome because, as he assumes, it had connived at falsehood? It is somewhat remarkable that, while admitting his doubts, first to his *intimes*, then to the public, Luther should have declared: "It is certain that I received my dogmas from Heaven. *I will not allow you to judge of my doctrine, neither you nor the angels in Heaven.* Yet, as before stated, individual liberty of Biblical inter-

pretation was the basic principle of Protestantism! Is it any wonder, in view of these inconsistencies—not to say absurdities—of the prime mover of the Reformation, that Protestantism should be to-day a mere jumble of contradictions, which repels men of analytical minds and leaves them to choose between Catholicity, Deism and Infidelity. Doubtless there were Atheists in the world before the Reformation, before the inauguration of the Christian era; but there were few in Europe until Luther began to preach toleration while persecuting, to demand abject submission to dogmas which he himself doubted. The Catholic Church had to deal with many schismatics before the Reformation, but it was reserved for Protestantism to wage a war of extermination on avowed Atheists—Cronus devouring his own children! The learned Gruet was the first “infidel serpent” to be strangled by the infant Hercules. His offense was greater even than that of Servetus—he not only disagreed with Calvin, that avatar of “toleration,” but had the audacity to criticize him! Theodore Beza, contemporary of Luther and Calvin, and apostle of the Reformation in France, makes a declaration which proves that the Protestant leopard has not changed its spots during the past three centuries—that it was the same provocative of Infidelity at its birth that it is to-day: “On what point of religion (he plaintively asks) are the churches which have declared war against the Pope agreed? Examine all from beginning to end, and *you will hardly find one thing affirmed by the one which the other does not directly cry out against as impiety.*”

OUR AMERICAN CZARS.

INDUSTRIAL SLAVERY VS. POLITICAL DEGRADATION.

IT cost forty million dollars to indulge in the ridiculous mummery of crowning a man, who, for nearly two years had been universally recognized as Czar of all the Russias. That enormous amount of wealth was wasted in two weeks to gratify the pitiful vanity of a miserable mortal whom accident of birth had made sovereign of a poverty-stricken and semi-savage people. An attempt to feed the famished wretches who had gathered to witness the barbaric pageant, paid for with money wrung from their own thin purses by an iron hand, causing a stampede in which thousands were killed and other thousands crippled. Imagine a slaughtered ox cast among half a million hungry wolves, and you get an idea of what occurred beneath the glistening windows of Petrovsky Palace. It was a bread-riot, a fight for food participated in by hundreds of thousands of starving people of every age and sex, while wealth was being poured out like water by one who, ablaze with thousands of costly baubles, was solemnly proclaimed their divinely ordained guide, philosopher and friend—the father of a nation and defender of the faith! All the so-called Christian countries participated in this foolish farce, this essence of criminal idiocy, this crime against man and offense to God; yet if a man who gives half his honest earnings to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, lets slip an honest oath or dares to doubt that plunging a moral leper into a frog-pond with thaumaturgic incantations will purify his soul—will cause legions of white-robed angels to go chortling up and down the sapphire hills of Heaven to the music of golden harps, while the creator of the Cosmos makes holiday—these same Christian nations

rear up on their hind legs, wildly wave their ears and bray forth their hysterical horror! When news of the terrible catastrophe was carried to the Czar "he wept." Whether he used his million dollar crown as a tear-jug I do not know; but the dispatches state that as soon as he could stop the lachrymose leaks "he danced!" Happy transition from boisterous grief to ribald joy! A woman seven times wedded could scarce have done so well! The *fête* went gaily on within the gorgeous palace, while the gaunt spectre of famine and the grisly gorgon of Death kept watch and ward without. Thus do extremes meet in merry Russia, and variety adds spice to life in the court circles of the Czar. Fortune's favorites tripped o'er cloth of gold and gorged themselves with honey of Hymettus and apples of Hesperides while the gaunt peasants, who had fought like beasts of prey for a morsel to allay Hunger's mad'ning pangs were piled high upon the plain. Within, all light and life and joy; without, all woe and wail. In the palace the red wine gushed, precious beyond price; on the plain a warmer tide was as freely poured as libations to the demons of Darkness and Death. And above the maudlin laughter of the bacchants and the pulsing sensuous music that makes the blood to leap like flame, drowning the groans of the wounded and the wailings for the dead, rises the eternal cackle of the optimists that all is well—that those who dare to doubt are either anarchists or pessimists with atribilarious livers.

The gorgeous palace and the blood soaked plain—ah, that is Russia, where some will waste while others want; where one is born to wield a scepter and an hundred millions to be his beasts of burthen. How different in America where every man's a sovereign, and Liberty, Equality and Fraternity—triune transcendent!—sits en-

throned. Is it even so? Have we here no Palaces of Petrovsky and plains of Khodijnskoje? No costly Krem-lins and cheerless cots? Have we no Czars to waste in foolish *fêtes* and bacchic orgies the wealth wrung from field and forest and mine by toiling millions? none who drain into their groaning coffers the people's earnings, then display their providence and gratify their pride by flinging an occasional bone to those whose substance they have consumed. Have there been no bread riots here?—no grasping by strong men for charity doled out by idlers who earn not, yet whose white hands are bedecked with diamonds? And do not our Czars weep for very pity of the people's woes,—then dance—prating meanwhile of the true faith, as though they were crowned and sceptered? And do they not hold over the toiling millions the power of life and death—sending them to the Ice Hell of Siberia at their good pleasure, there to endure all the tortures of the damned? Five thousand torn and trampled before Petrovsky Palace! Why, 'tis not the first time a crown has been baptized in blood—not the first hecatomb slain by the demon Hunger that Pride might vaunt herself. Why should we stand aghast when the tragedy of a day is concentrated beneath the windows of a palace instead of spread throughout an empire? Barbarous indeed must Russia be to give her all to feed an empty-headed emperor and his parasites, then fight for food doled out by him as a keeper might feed a wolfish pack of dogs! Why do not her people assert their manhood and say to the Romanoffs: "Thus far hast thou gone in our despoilment, but here your hand is stayed; else will we make a hen's nest of thy crown and cage thee up, even as great Ivan did the conquered princes." Thus do we vaunt our "American sovereignty" and talk turgid—forgetful of the fact that 10,000 children die every year in the single city of

New York for want of food and medicine—that we have Czars of our own, against whom we have not yet revolted! The nearest we have come to it was the march of Coxey's army—and it kept off the grass. Herod slew perhaps a hundred babes, and his crime became one of the horrors of history. How easily people were shocked in those old days of ignorance! Were he alive to-day he might add a few thousand innocents a year to his private graveyard without attracting the attention of either the police, the pulpit or the daily press. Old Dives leaned back in his comfortable arm-chair, full of wine and walnuts, neglected to offer Lazarus a hand-out, and was sent to Hell; but that was before Talmage so revised the plan of salvation that plutocrats go to Heaven in Pullman cars. Fortunes of five, ten, fifty, an hundred millions,—wealth beyond the dreams of Roman Consuls or Lydian Kings, and a mighty multitude ever on starvation's brink—or over—in this blessed land of Equality—and Christ! What think you? Are we not as much the slaves of our Money Kings as the Russians to the Romanoffs? Can you, my brother artisan, exist without the gracious permission of those who hold the purse-strings? Cannot Sir Plutus say to thee, "Go starve in the highways and hedges," and enforce obedience by the simple expedient of stopping your weekly stipend—depriving you of the privilege of producing? Are not our cities crowded with people as helpless and hopeless as those who fought for food before the Palace of Petrovsky? Is not capital steadily concentrating, becoming more powerful and pitiless? True, we do not here in the South feel the blight of this plutocratic Czarship much as yet; but it is creeping on like a social leprosy—our eleemosynary population becoming proportionately larger as the number of our millionaires increases. Are we not becoming Europeanized—Russian-

ized—the work already far advanced in the older states, where millions cry, “You take my life when you take the means whereby I live!”

Anarchist? Nay, hold thy peace. The enemy of order is he that approves a system all whose tendencies are toward a Reign of Terror. I am not inciting the groaning multitude to “take up arms against a sea of troubles” —at most, not firearms. Blind indeed must be he who sees not that the American masses are being slowly enslaved. Industrial serfs they are already; political peons they are fast becoming. Money is power,—even in the realm of politics—and those possessing power will assuredly employ it. Have we not even now our political as well as our industrial “bosses”—to whom we are expected to yield a blind obedience? Is it not notorious that Dives may secure the passage of any law—by city council or United States senate—that his impudence demands? Has a single political platform been framed these five-and-twenty years, by any party having a fighting chance to win, that was not moulded and modified by his master hand to suit a selfish purpose? Is it not a fact that this government is to-day an Oligarchy rather than a Republic dominated by a coterie of plutocrats as surely as though they appointed both congress and the cabinet? What then? Have we cause to vilipend the miserable Russian people? Shall the pot animadvert upon the complexion of the kettle? Is it worse to be subjects *de jure* than *serfs de facto*? Would our boasted American sovereignty smell the worse by any other name? A remedy? Why bless you! I am no Simon Magus, called to renovate the world. If I do say that the Duke of Argyle hath the itch, must I perforce, erect for him a scratching-post? that a city was swept by a destructive storm, am I in duty bound to

tame the tornado and make it turn a mill? Every man to his trade—and I am a doctor of divinity, not a doctor of laws.

It appears to me, however, that most of our economic M. D.'s now trying to tone up our industrial system, have no conception of the gravity of the disease. They are at fault in their diagnosis—have mistaken a case of buck-ague for a bad cold. The tariff and the currency prescriptions were too much like giving a paralytic bread pills. Commerce can adapt itself to almost any tariff conditions and prosper if assured of their permanency. Commerce makes 95 per cent of its exchange media, and could easily and safely make it all if the politicians would but cease their meretricious intermeddling. What then? Shall we adopt the doctrine of *laissez faire* and let the world drift—fall back upon the physical law of the survival of the fittest, and class as unfit and deserving extermination all those who lack the necessary astucity to secure their own just earnings to their equally industrious but less vulpine neighbors? Shall we accept the *ipse dixit* of Talmage that overgrown fortunes are a blessing because, forsooth, their owners sometimes build hospitals where we may go when poisoned by the mephitic air of Trinity Church tenements; or endow theological colleges where grown men are educated to sing psalms, take up collections and beg the widow's mite that they may live in luxury? Shall we agree with Pope that "whatever is is right," no matter how it hurts; or listen to the Lydian notes of Andrew Carnegie as he warbles a riant roundelay in praise of poverty, or laments in pathetic spondee the woes of the man with spondulix? Shall we take refuge in religion, admit that the multiplication of millionaires and mendicants is a dispensation of that Providence which "ordereth all things

well," and cease recalcitrating? That were indeed a satisfactory solution of the problem—so far as the plutocrats and political Czars are concerned; but will the Samson of Labor, dimly conscious of his terrible strength, consent to accept it and continue to grind the Philistine corn of patience? There's the rub? It was only the hope of obtaining relief by this or the other catholicon that has kept him quiet so long. A man will suffer much when Hope whispers that 'tis not for long—that on the morrow he will find surcease; but when his Star of Bethlehem is proven a wandering comet, or even an *ignis fatuus* born of putrid brains, and leading him deeper into the bog—what then? For years the politico-economic doctors have been bamboozling him with the faith-cure folly. When the tariff was low and times hard they told him that by raising it they would make things right. It was raised, and Jordan's road became even more rocky. They told him that the high tariff iniquity was playing Old Man of the Sea to his industrial Sinbad—that when lowered the very mesquite bushes would grow baked apples and the song of contentment be heard in the land. It was lowered, and forthwith the country was filled with idle men, while banks and business houses popped like painted bladders. Now the tariff is to be shoved up once more. Labor is again preparing to enter an industrial Eden—McKinley is a new Moses who is to lead it into a land flowing with milk and honey, where the cry of "hard times" will be forever hushed. The same pitiful farce has been played with the currency—gold, silver and greenbacks have been in turn the star of all our hopes and the author of all our ills. How long will Labor submit to this miserable hocus-pocus on the part of politicians whose shibboleth is "pie"? And when aweary of saltatating from tweedledum to tweedledee and back again; when tired of turning one wretched

set of rascals out to turn one even more rapacious in; when hope deferred maketh the heart sick, what will happen? Will the people, impoverished and broken in spirit, sink into abject slavery, or rise in bloody rebellion against their bosses? Until one of these two things happens; until we either become completely Russianized, or rally to the standard of some immortal ass like Coxey, and, by sheer brute force wreck the very foundations of society, we will continue to speculate upon the cause of our industrial ills and seek a remedy.

We have the most fruitful land upon which the sunlight falls, the richest in natural resources. It could support six times its present population in comfort—aye, in luxury; yet thousands of those already here cannot wring from the soil life's bare necessities. So much is universally conceded, and we need go no further for demonstration that there's something radically wrong. What is it? Let the cumulative wisdom of the country answer. Talleyrand has told us that "Everybody is wiser than anybody,"—a fact confirmed by the woeful failure of singlehanded industrial "reformers"! When ill it is a step toward recovery to learn what ails us. When the industrial machine is out of gear we should ascertain beyond the peradventure of a doubt what put it so. Regarding the "issues" now occupying the busy politicians, there are a multitude of opinions. An ounce of observation is worth a smoke-house full of theory. We meet few idle men who can trace their loss of employment to high or low tariff, or changes in the currency; but everywhere we meet those who were "let out" by the introduction of labor-saving devices. The invention of typesetting machines flooded the land with idle printers, who were accustomed to earn from \$20 to \$30 a week at the case. Few of them were fit for any-

thing else. They invaded the job and country offices and the fierce competition for employment reduced wages. During the past decade a majority of trades have had a similar experience. Vast armies of high-priced workmen have been pauperized, have suffered a tremendous reduction in their purchasing power. The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, dependent upon the trade of these men, reduced the number of their employes, thus affecting in turn other tradesmen. This meant decreased consumption, and a decline in the prices of products of farm and mine and factory. Under such conditions manufacturers conspired to keep up prices by limiting production, and, while protecting themselves, precipitate the ruin of others; banks curtail their credits, and we have an era of hard times, entailing that lack of confidence which so easily becomes a panic. So complex is the industrial machine, so interdependent are all its parts, that the farmer in Kansas and the planter in Texas are affected more or less by a decrease in the purchasing power of the spinners of Lowell or the hodcarriers of New York. We are continually assured by the spokesmen for the plutocracy that all is well; that wages have risen somewhat in the past twenty years and the standard of living advanced. What boots it what the average wage-rate may be to the man who cannot obtain an opportunity to earn his board? Wages have not risen, the standard of living has not advanced in equal ratio with the workman's ability to create wealth. That will explain the glaring inequalities which exist in a country of so-called equality. Nor is this the worst phase of the matter: Before the introduction of costly labor-saving machines every mechanic was practically his own master; now he is another's man, dependent upon his good will for employment at any price. His independence, his sovereignty is gone, and he must stand, hat

in hand, before the industrial czar and humbly beg permission to produce. Capital is the child of labor, but the creature hath become lord of its creator. It were idle to decry labor-saving appliances. The sole object of toil is the production of wealth, and whatever enhances man's productive power is, by itself considered, a blessing. The trouble is that the felicity falls with unequal incidence; that, for the slight addition to the workman's wage, he must yield his freedom—is transformed from a social entity into a mere factor in the great industrial machine, utterly useless when out of place. A mighty force has been evolved by the genius of man, which he is not yet competent to properly control. When the car of progress was propelled by mule power 'twere easy to keep pace with the procession; but when steam and electricity were applied, the industrial masses became demoralized. In other words, the work-a-day world could not promptly adapt itself to the new conditions. Skilled mechanics awoke to find their trades obsolete, their chosen occupation gone, themselves as helpless as a watchmaker among savages or a plainsman in a great city. As man's power to produce life's necessities is enhanced, his surplus energy expends itself in the creation of luxuries—the standard of living advances; but this power has multiplied beneath the magic wand of genius faster than readjustment of forces were possible. Men cling desperately to their old occupations, and become pauperized. If we could pause awhile matters might adjust themselves; but the Car of Progress rolls ever faster and faster—a veritable Juggernaut to millions. The division and subdivision of labor goes ever on—industrial conditions change with the rapidity of the kaleidoscope. If, in Queen Elizabeth's time, it took nine tailors to make a man, it now requires a score of workmen to make a complete mechanic. A man must be a specialist,

else a vagabond—and to-morrow his specialty may have become a thing of the past. It is not lack of available land, not the “tariff atrocities” or “the crime of ’73” that is reducing our erstwhile independent working people to the level of serfs and entailing starvation in a land of plenty; it is the evil inherent in change, the price we are paying for our vaunted Progress; it is the subjection of the many to the grasping few by the inability of the former to produce independently. The aggregate of wealth increases, but is monopolized by those astute enough to anticipate these industrial climaxes and financially able to take advantage thereof. Yet we talk of equalizing advantages by a change in the tariff or currency, by the elevation of this or the other blatant ass to office? What are we going to do about it? Why, we are going to keep right on concocting idiotic political “issues”—plastering corns to cure cramp colic—until something breaks. That’s what we *will* do; what we *should* do is a very different matter. Go ask the small-bore attorney who’s running for Congress because he cannot obtain a paying practice; he can tell you exactly what to do to be saved—nay, will do the business for you if you but give him an opportunity to draw \$5,000 per annum and clerk hire for distributing pumpkin seeds and postoffices. Just touch the ballot box button and he will do the rest.

We know full well that no man ever honestly earned a million dollars. The individual is unable to create such an enormous amount of wealth. If he possesses that sum it is plain that in some way he has managed to put his fingers in his neighbor’s pockets. What then must we say of those who accumulate fortunes of fifty millions in one brief lifetime? What of those who inherit a talent from ancestors and, without producing so much as a shoe peg, transform it into ten? We realize that the wealth of this world should

belong to those who produce it, not to impudent idlers. We know that in a country whose wonderful resources have been scarce touched there should be an opportunity for every man able and willing to work. All freely concede that, with his present wealth-producing capacity, the laborer should be to a large degree absolved from "the primal eldest curse"—be able to win a competence and at the same time have abundant leisure for the improvement of his mind and cultivation of the social graces. Thus far we are all agreed; but further will not consent to go together. Here the broad pathway divides into a multitude of tortuous paths—all leading into the same inane limboes. When we ask a remedy for our ills industrial a thousand Cagliostros deafen us with their clamor; we pull in different directions—fetching up finally at the free soup-house. If we cannot as yet determine who is in the wrong, we may, by a little ratiocination, decide who is in the wrong, and that were no inconsiderable gain. Next in value to knowing how to do a thing is knowing how not to do it. Reason should advise us that a worse enemy to labor and society at large than even the most grasping plutocrat is the damphool empiric who would reconstruct our entire industrial system in a day. Experience has taught us that revolutions do not go backward—that the old-world days of communism and public ownership of land are forever dead; that attempts to revive customs once generally discarded can meet with no permanent success. Common-sense proclaims that government cannot enrich us; that it is our dependent, not our patron—that it can only advance the fortune of one at the expense of all. We know from observation that it matters little what political party is in power—that each has its complement of patriots and place-warmers, philosophers and fools. The problem before us is the combination of

the productive power of the new industrial system with the individual independence and just distribution of the old—to secure to each the full usufruct of his labor under conditions consistent with the most advantageous application of physical energy. It is not an easy problem—not one that can be solved off-hand by a congeries of noisy demagogues and ward-healers calling itself a national convention and prating idly of economic principles; yet in its solution lies our salvation. It is the riddle propounded to us by the sphinx of Time, which not to read is to be destroyed; yet no Œdipus makes answer. Until there is some adjustment on common-sense lines conditions will go from bad to worse, for the simple reason that it is cheaper to produce on a large than on a small scale. Our large manufactories are absorbing or destroying the lesser; the great mercantile establishments are crushing out the small tradesmen—agriculture is tending to the colossal. This is inevitable, is the very breath in the nostrils of Progress; but it renders Dives more powerful and Lazaraus the more dependent. Like Dædalus, we have soared so near the sun that the wax has melted on our wings. How to continue our flight and avoid a catastrophe is the problem of problems. Perchance next month I will offer, not a Heaven-inspired panacea, but simply a few suggestions—if I can persuade myself that mediocrity may make itself heard amid the megalophanous bawling of so many who know it all. We must remember, however, that the united efforts of Solon, Lycurgus and Sam Jones were incapable of dragging the millennium in by the ears. McKinley may give us an “age of gold,” but scarce a Saturnian epocha. The wisest economic coryphei are powerless to banish poverty and want from the world. Just so long as men are born unequal in body, mind and ambition; just so long as commerce and industry exist upon the earth, the

palace will proudly rear its fluted columns while Hunger shivers in the lowly cot. The capable and provident will succeed, while the incapable and wasteful go to the wall—and this despite all panaceas of the politicians. We must remember that any system which withholds from genius and industry their just reward and bestows it upon folly and sloth, or makes the people the wards of the State—transfers them from an industrial to a political czar—were infinitely worse than the one under which we live; that when we have given to all equal opportunities and assured the full usufruct of their endeavor we have discharged our full duty to society and ourselves. Put all American citizens on an industrial parity, then let them work out their own salvation. That's the idea.

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WILLY WALLY TO WED.

WM. WALDORF ASTOR is a consistent Anglo-maniac. Instead of remaining in this blawsted bloomin' country, upon which he looks with the disdain of a well groomed ass contemplating the Iliad, he hied him to "perfidious Albion" and took up his abode in its foggy metropolis, surrounded by m'luds, whom he so much admires. It could scarce be expected that a country so new and crass as America would harmonize with the triple plated culchaw and super-æstheticism of a man who traces his proud patrician lineage and abundant lucre back to Johann Jakob Astor, the wooden-shod purveyor of green coon-skins and odoriferous polecat pelts, Jamaica bug-juice and brummagem jewelry. With a cash capital of one jug of cheap rum and a shirt-tail full of glass beads, the thrifty Johann Jakop went among the Indians and founded a fortune which enabled

him to buy a large slice of Manhattan Island when it was selling at four cents per acre. By feeding himself but once a day, and then with a piece of fat pork anchored to a cotton cord, half-soling his own pants with sea-weed and going barefoot in summer to save his shoes, he was able to hang to his land until the industry and enterprise of others made it worth almost a dollar an acre, when he passed it on to his posterity simply because it wasn't portable. The unearned increment accumulated from generation to generation in a ratio of geometrical progression, until his spawn became as rich as grease and slung on more unadulterated agony than a Washington nigger with a brass watch. Willy Wally was the flower and fruitage of the Astor family. American vulgarisms grated upon his sensitive soul like a rat-tail file drawn across a sore tooth, and he arose and fled from us as a Della-Cruscan poetess might chase her shrinking soul from a country hog-killing or the pervasive odor of ebullient soft-soap. Would to heaven that all the half-baked American slobs who worship at the shrine of European flunkeyism, and who who say "eyther" and neyther," would follow in his footsteps. The brainless inanities will breed, and we should encourage them to drop their worthless calves in a foreign country. Willy Wally has just had the "distinguished honor" of entertaining 'Is Royal 'Ighness, the Prince of Wales. His Nibs has become so well known as a crooked gambler that he can no longer steer the toothsome sucker against his sure-thing games, and is devoting his talents to the profitable industry of pulling the legs of wealthy plebs in search of social distinction. He is always in need of cash, and even the title-loving English people have tired of paying debts resulting from his debaucheries. It is well understood in England that when he honors a parvenu with his royal presence that a fat "loan" is expected,

which is in reality his fee for the distinguished social favor. Willy Wally is worth \$150,000,000, hence can well afford to tip this social huckster who trades upon his title. Think of the felicity of seeing himself proclaimed in all the Anglo-maniacal papers of his native land as the host of Imperial Highness! I can only wonder that Wales waited so long before tapping the purse of the Astorian plutocrat; but he may have been fighting shy in order to secure a better price. The prince is heir apparent to nothing but an empty title and the privilege of being supported by the toil of better people. The sovereign of Great Britain is a veritable Toom-ta-bard, a mere figurehead, of about as little real importance in the governmental plan as a sack of sawdust. When the Prince succeeds his mother he will be as powerless so far as matters of great moment are concerned, as he is at present. He can hock the throne, give the crown jewels to harlots and divide his time between baccarat and bawdry without throwing one cog in the governmental machinery out of gear. He is simply a beery old bum who has spent his life cheating at the gaming board, debauching the fool wives of those who hang upon his favors and doping for the foulest of all diseases. If he pays a woman any attention her reputation is forever ruined. His leery smile would wither the good name of a vestal virgin. Mary Anderson, "Our Mary," understood this and cut him cold—snubbed him as she might an impudent coon in her native Kentucky. He is the avatar of immorality, the beau-ideal of dead beats, a social leper who should be compelled to herd by himself and continually cry, "Unclean! unclean!" He has the heart of a hyena and the instincts of an ape,—proving him a true scion of the House of Hanover. He has done absolutely nothing for his country but disgrace it. As if to add insult unto injury, to pile Pelion upon Ossa, he has

brought forth a brood of brainless brats to fatten on the public and perpetuate their father's foulness. No self-respecting English gentleman would permit him to enter his mule pasture or associate with his sows were he not "stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings." When he visits even a peer of the realm he insists upon naming the "ladies" who are to be invited to meet him, and turns the mansion of his host into a harem. That is the feculent cur who has honored the great grandson of the old Manhattan hide merchant with his imperial presence. They were well met, if the rumor be true that Willy Wally is to wed the widow of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, "after the prescribed term of mourning"—for the husband she drove to his death a year ago with her debaucheries! It will be remembered that it was the eldest son of the Prince of Wales who was caught in a compromising attitude with Lady Churchill at Windsor Castle. And Mr. Astor is proud to entertain in the house to which he will bring his soiled bride the sire of the syphilitic little simian who debauched her! Yet this man was once an American! Let us thank the dear Lord that he is such no longer,—that his infamy is altogether English. May he ever remain abroad to play Pandarus to this bogus Prince; to keep a cistern—as Othello would say—for foul toads to knot and gender in. Widow Churchill has indeed improved her time. Before her dishonored husband hath rotted in his grave; before "the prescribed term of mourning" has ended;

"Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,"

she was spooning and yum-yuming, actually engaged to be married to another man, impatiently awaiting the end of

her "mourning" period—a tear in one eye and a wink in the other! When wedded to the concubine of Clarence, Willy Wally can go with her to lay garlands on the grave of Lord Randolph, and there reflect that not even a descendant of old John Churchill and Sarah Jennings—who prostituted a sister to fill their purse—could abide the foulness of this bawd. Being something of a *dilettante* in literature, he might collaborate with Alfred Austin, the rhymster for royalty, in a eulogy of the titled dude whose enterprise made Lady Churchill a widow that the *facile princeps* of Anglo-maniacs might win a wife. He owes a debt of gratitude to the eldest son of the Prince of Wales for thus having paved his way to a nuptial Paradise. He should burn incense daily at the sarcophagus of the son, and recommend his lively kins-woman, Mrs. J. Coleman-Drayton, to the attention of the sire.

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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

I AM the subsequent Mohican, the last rose of summer—the one only man among all the conclamating millions who doesn't understand the currency question from A to Iz-zard. There were two of us—McKinley and I; but at last he has been enlightened, and I am left lone and lorn as a shemale suffrage shrieker in the decline of life. Me an' Bill were the two dromios of the great monetary drama—knowing neither where we were "at" nor what masters we served. We were as tin hollyhocks buegeoning on a single stem, two mock-birds swinging on a mesquite bough. In the vernal springtide, when greens are ripe and the rhubarb pie gets in its graft; in summer's halycon days, when silence sits brooding on the sea and the redbug builds

his nest in the picnic pants; in the golden autumn's glow, when the buckeye bucks and political chestnuts fill the air with vermicious fragrance, Me an' Bill were wont to wander hand-in-hand o'er purple hill and flowery dale, and hug to our throbbing breasts that ignorance which is bliss. Sometimes in very wantonness we would feel the public pulse, and strive to build therefor a cipher key, or list to the roar of "the many-headed monster" and seek to understand the drift of its remarks; but it was love's labor lost—we wit not whether the law of '73 was a virtue or a crime, a blessing or a curse. And the world pitied our ignorance, and talked to us all at once; but it was as the babbling of many waters. or a Kansas hen-convention assiduously saving the country. Even Josef Phewlitzer, who stands between angry nations, wildly waving the flap of his Sunday shirt as oriflamme of white-winged Peace, forsook for the nonce his favorite *rôle* of international ass, and laboriously explained to us the currency problem. Secretary Carlisle drew for me a diagram illustrating the vermicular trail of a slippery politician from the free-silver camp to a gold-bug cabinet, while President Cleveland, *pontifex maximus* of chronic mugwumps, issued for our edification a "golden bull" which made that of Charles IV look like a mangy calf. Senator Mills showed us how to box the monetary compass, while Waco's brindle Warwick gave us a realistic imitation of a political weather-vane; but we simply sawed wood—me an' Bill—and said never a word. When those from the back deestricks played before us on silver flutes and beckoned, saying, "Come go with us, and we will lead you to a land fairer than Canaan, where the red dog ranges blithe and free; where soft night airs distill sweet honey-dews, and canned manna droppeth like slugs of mercy in the peaceful dawn," we perched on the barbwire fence and held our

peace, for we wot not of their wisdom. When the poor downtrodded multi-millionaires came aweeping for very pity of their own woes, and showed us yellow gold and cried, "Come help us save the bleeding country; prithee, get ye in the push, for verily we are the people," a dumbness as of death fell upon us, and we wunk the other eye and waited, even as we were. When reporters gathered round us and demanded in the name of the people that we declare our faith, I could only cry with Peter Piper, "Indeed I haven't any," while Bill smiled with the ghastly hilarity of a guileless country youth who feels his yarn suspenders part as he swings a fat widow over a ballroom floor, and replied in accents sweet and low, "My compliments, fair sirs, but I have nothing to say." Then would we weep each on the other's brisket, and snuffle in the same high-tariff abandana, for the yoke of ignorance was upon us, and it made us tired. But one day as the monetary Weary Willie, the pathetic financial Orphan sat, like a second Siddartha beneath the Bohdi tree waiting for the Word, or Indian recluse wrapt in ecstatic contemplation of his own umbilicus, behold the heavens did open and a scroll came fluttering down upon which was writ in boxcar letters of pure gold, interspersed with many a soulful whereas and unctious be-it-resolved, the blessed revelation. And striaghtway Bill lifted up his voice and cried aloud, "I knew it all the time!" but he was a liar by the watch. And the bolt fell which killed Ananias and singed the patent health-corset off Saphira; but Bill had played the Artful Dodger too long to get caught by anything short of a continental earthquake. And the gift of tongues was given him that he might articulate through his title; and he went forth to meet the illuminati and place his neck beneath the yoke of "the easy boss," even that of Thomas, surnamed Me-Too-Platt. And they placed a smallpox flag

in his hand and sent him forth to frighten the country into fits and cry, "Yet a few days and the Democratic Nineveh shall be overthrown." And Grover winked at all the sacred mugwumps and 200-cent dollar "Democrats," and they arose as one man and followed this political tramp, this Pied Piper who so lately learned to play, this apostle of "Prosperity"—for Belmont, Morgan and Cleveland, whose specialty is national brace-games and whose motto reads, "When you catch a sucker bump his head."

I have said that I do not understand the "currency question." How can I? It has no existence. It is intangible as a pipe-dream, as unreal as the amorphous monsters of delirium. It is merely a theoretical "issue" born of an itch for office—so utterly empty that the most perfect vacuum known to physics would fall through it in obedience to the law of gravitation. It aptly illustrates the axiom of Barnum that the American people are legitimate game for the humbug, easy marks for the fraud. If all the lung-power wasted upon this idiosyncrasy could be concentrated in one cyclone, it would lift the earth out of its orbit. If it could have been utilized in the cultivation of cotton and the planting of hogs, there would be neither naked backs nor empty bellies on this great footstool of God's. The currency question, so called, is of no whit no more importance than the length of Prester John's foot, the number of feathers in the tail of the fabled rokh, or whether the Irish were the original discoverers of the American continent. Yet we grab the torch and go prancing around after some idealess idiot or impudent old pie grafter, like a flock of buzzards following a bad smell—saving the country! What do the angels, sitting astride the jasper walls of the New Jerusalem to see this ridiculous circus, think of it all? Can they wonder, think you,

that the Lord once repented him that he had made man and would have wiped the animal off the face of the earth but for the tearful intercession of the original anti-Prohibitionist? Does not their respect for the Devil increase as they reflect that, of all their number, he alone refused to fall down and worship our forefather—a creature made of a very poor variety of mud, and who got caught in a cataclysm without his umbrella? Nay, fear not; I'm not going to work off a heavy editorial on "the much-vexed currency question." I'm loaded with one, 'tis true, and it's becoming awfully hard to hold it; but why waste ammunition on the "monkeys" conjured up by monetary *mania a potu*. Let no one pull my trigger and precipitate a useless explosion—making confusion worse confounded. Why interrupt the eternal *dolce far niente* in which Texas editors live, to explain to an all-embracing lunatic asylum the simple laws of nature which govern even production and exchange? Why stand in the vortex of chaos and pipe in a still small voice of the beauty of order and the value of reason? Why point out to people who have eyes yet see not, and ears useful only for fanning flies off themselves, that a "dollar" is something that was never seen of man on land or sea; that our blessed "measure of value" is a myth, a veritable Mrs. Harris? What boots it to explain to people who know it all—and each differently—that the dollar is but a theoretical unit of value by which we express the commercial relation of one thing to all other things that make for the comfort or contentment of man; that if I do say the Democratic jackass or the Republican bull elephant is worth one hundred dollars—when neither is worth a d——n—I do not mean thereby that it is equivalent for so much political money, but that I can exchange the scurvy brute at my option for an equal value of other things—that it repre-

sents so many units of the cumulative wealth of the world. Suppose that blessed congeries of blatant emptiness yclept the American congress, should decide that it could cord up whole oodles of political capital by the utter abolition of governmental money: Does any doubt that it would do it? What then? Would two smart Yankees be unable to "swop" basswood hams for wooden nutmegs—and both get the best of the bargain? If commerce and industry can make all other implements of production and exchange without aid from the government, would they lie down in the middle of the road if required to provide this important trade tool also? Is not commerce already making 95 per cent of its exchange media, the government unable to keep its pitiful little bundle of gold, greenbacks and silver in circulation—just enough to afford pernicious politicians an excuse for "prizing up Hades and demanding a "hand-out?" Were it not better to trust the country's exchanges to the wisdom of commerce than to a coteri of bawling incompetents interested only in the getting and keeping of office? Have not the wisest of the world's economists, both before and since the days of Adam Smith, warned the busy law-builders that commerce is more capable than they to provide an exchange media? Wot th'll's the matter with this country? Is it afflicted with universal paranoia—complicated with the meddler's itch and the gab habit? Three great political parties, in a land of alleged intelligence, tearing their lingerie and sweating out their paper collars over a financial Fata Morgana—filling all earth and Heaven and Hell with sound and fury—signifying nothing! Why doesn't Uncle Sam send for a snake charmer?

The whole majestic universe is again out of gear. The earth revolves on its axis every half hour, the center of

gravity has been misplaced and "planets and suns run lawless through the sky." A Mexican dog is growing a crop of feathers, the political sphynx has spoken, and it has been almost a week since an apostle of A. P. Apeism was put in the penitentiary. The entire trouble was caused by young Cornelius Vanderbilt wanting "to get married, mamma." The matter was referred to "pa," and he returned the joint resolution with his objections. He thinks the family of the ugly duckling's fiancée is not quite "good" enough to mingle its blood with the celestial ichor of the Vanderbilts. This, interpreted by the social cipher code, simply means that the young lady's parents on her father's side hasn't sufficient rhino to properly support a son-in-law, especially one who traces his proud lineage back to an old pirate with the manners of Miltonius Park, and the mouth of a city sewer. "Good" and "gold" are synonyms in the social terminology of America's upper-tendom, whose ancestors left Europe to avoid the inconveniences of starvation or the discomforts of a hair halter. A "good" family is one that hath lands and gold; but a better is one whose members live in idle luxury upon the earnings—or stealings—of their ancestors. According to this dead easy code, the Vanderbilts are "the goodest what they is," and are, quite naturally, proud of their ber-lud. The father of the bride-to-be, or not to be, is comparatively a pauper. Furthermore, he accumulated it himself instead of inheriting it from some proud patrician soap-boiler or pack-peddler, which, in the eyes of all ultra-good families, is a bar-sinister on his escutcheon. But there is one redeeming feature—he didn't earn his money—he stole it. This should induce Vanderbilt *pere* to recognize Mr. Wilson as a social equal, a kindred spirit to his own great ancestor. Before the war it would have strained Wilson's credit to purchase a pair of overalls and a curry-

comb. By some hocus-pocus he got the Confederacy to send him to England as agent for the sale of cotton, and at the close of hostilities it was found that he had cleaned up several hundred thousand dollars—for Wilson. Another war or two would probably put him on a financial parity with the Vanderbilts—or in the penitentiary. The lady in the case is old enough to know better than to have any truck with the Vanderbilts. She should reflect, before it is everlastingly too late, that the woman who takes a husband to raise is accumulating a stock of unavailing regret. Pharaoh's daughter took Moses to nurse, not to marry. For the sake of all concerned, I hope that old Cornelius will win in this controversy. When a youngster conceives a passion for a woman who may have dandled him on her knee and changed his diapers in days ago, he is liable to outgrow it, and it were a kindness to spike his coat-tails fast to the horse-block long enough to let him reflect on his latter end. In the meantime the country must strive to be calm.

The London *Spectator* takes issue with the ICONOCLAST on the proposition that athletic exercises have a tendency to develop brainy, moral and manly men. The *Spectator* is the only really humorous paper on earth. Its elephantine moralizing and inexhaustable fund of misinformation appeals to the world's concept of the ridiculous even more strongly than does Malvolio. It is Mesdames Partington and Malaprop amalgamated. It takes itself more seriously than did the Rand raider or the erstwhile Micawber. It is the avatar of Minerva's owl. It is a typographical Artemus Ward with his *wax wurx*, a journalistic Joyce Heth. When its editor is engaged in ratiocinating the wheels roar and rumble, but blind chance governs the reading of the slip that rolls out of the slot. He says the

Greeks, who established the Olympian Games, were conquered by both Macedonians and Romans, who didn't know a stadium from a stallion—or words to that effect. Also that “the Jew, who abhorred and still abhors gymnastic training,” is still in evidence, while the athletic Greek has gone to grass. All of which proves nothing. The legions of Rome and the phalanxes of Philip were recruited from men who, from their youth, were drilled in martial exercises, especially trained for soldiers. The Greeks “went in” for all-around athletics, and, while becoming good soldiers, likewise acquired that perfect physique which is the despair of moderns, the learning and graces which let captive their conquerers. After Rome had subjugated Western Asia, many a brawny Ben Hur could be found in her all-conquering legions. The Jews are to-day as enthusiastic athletes as the English, and are rapidly regaining that physical strength which distinguished them in the days of the Maccabees. Training develops strength and spirit in men just as it does in horses. Europeans and Americans take a keen delight in athletic exercises; the Chinese and Bengalese do not. The first are steadily improving, morally, mentally and physically; the latter as rapidly retrograding. The *Spectator* should have been named the Spectacle. It sees nothing. It is in a somnambulistic trance, encompassed by a London fog.

And now all upper-tendom is agog because of Mrs. Freddie Gebhardt's gay escapade. It appears that while returning one night from a swell feed, attended by a brace of betrousered fools, she wandered into a public park and waded through a fountain waist-deep in water. I cannot see that the majestic world should miss a revolution because Madame Gebhardt chose to wet her underwear. Perchance, during this warm weather, she prefers moist

pantalettes. Or she may have felt the need of a bath after mingling with the swell society set. Not being in the lady's confidence, I cannot positively state why she plunged into the water; but the act suggests the existence of exceptions to most rules—that there are times when it were well to wash soiled linen almost anywhere except at home. It is possible that Madame Gebhardt was hot, and could not wait for her maid to manipulate the hose. As she called upon her male companions to follow her into the cool antaphrodisiac—"if they loved her"—we may charitably imagine her a new Penelope avoiding her suitors' importunities; or, at least, a Mrs. Page or Ford having fun at their expense. The dipping of desiring Falstaff in the Thames by "The Merry Wives of Windsor" may have suggested the park expedient. Of course she may have been enjoying a howling jag; in which case she was scarce responsible for her nocturnal ramble with chappies who were willing to prove their affection by spoiling their "pants." Of course they "loved her"; they appear to have been in a condition to love almost anything, wet or dry—even a woman who wedded with the erstwhile paramour of the beefy Langtry prostitute, the Vere de Vere of the "Tenderloin," the pride of the "Reservation." Suppose that the possessor of "the Lily's" leavings was really loaded: What then? Is it uncommon for high-fly society dames to get drunk as billybedamned and do worse things than cool their fever by wading about in fountains? According to the new social dispensation Mrs. Gebhardt was privileged to forget her p's and q's—to exceed her tankage; it was the duty of the hostess to send her home in a closed carriage with a lusty male companion to hold her head. We are assured that the park pelican "comes of good family." Of course she does. Gebhardt is a racetrack habitue, and would scarce put himself in a

harness with a plug. He's the very man to pick out a rapid goer and a magnificent stayer—a veritable cracker-jack, a stepper for your life. But as members of the "very best" families seem to regard offenses against the social code as their chief glory—have been frequently guilty of escapades that would call for police intervention in the redlight district—I cannot see why Madame Gebhardt should be singled out for special remark. If Freddie doesn't care, why should the world kick? True, a Texan might have relieved his mind by gunning the gay gillies, then taken his bedrabbled wife to some secluded nook and hit her in the head with a hatchet; but the denizens of the gladsome Southwest have the ICONOCLAST for their moral guide, social philosopher and religious friend.

Now praised be all the gods! My fortune's made. Like Monte Cristo, I can shin up a rock and cry, "The world is mine!" I'll soon have money to burn—can purchase Pandarus Burleson's School for Scandal for my Byronic moods—and tenses. It has been officially decided that I'm "the meanest man in all the world." Rev. Trismegistus Hays, journeyed from Georgetown, the home of the Prohib., to Ladonia, the land of the malodorous Eumenides, to leak this important information from a "judge-not-lest-ye-be-judged" pulpit. I certainly feel grateful to him for thus ingratiating me into the good opinion of all the Holy Willies and ministerial mountebanks now wriggling and writhing in the body social like so many maggots. Their morality may be foul, but there's no flies on their money—and they will all be eager to sit at the feet of the grand-master of meanness. If Hays can but convince the world that I am *facile princeps* of unctious hypocrites, canting pharisees and sacred frauds, the ICONOCLAST will flourish like lice in a nigger school or a jimson

weed in filth. All those who peddle celestial gold bricks to inept goslings, and fill their paunches at the expense of ignorant people; who blaspheme the Deity by attributing to him the damning infamies of a barbaric age; who work the foreign mission fake while children are dying of hunger at their doors; who bunko bearded babes by the impudent pretense that the Creator has taken them into his confidence; who take the money of serving-maids for telling them what they don't know about the Almighty—all these, I say, will hasten to cough up a dollar for the ICONOCLAST. And what a mob of sanctified thieves, brainless bigots, venomous back-biters, braying jackassi and chronic meddlers I'll have to preach to once a month on their beloved science of meanness! And officiating as chief Talapoin to the new Dalia ama of the fashionable cult of cussedness, will be my John the Baptist from Georgetown, now crying in the wilderness, "Behold, a greater comes after, whose shoes I am not worthy to loose! But who in Hades is this fellow Hays anyhow?"

The Texas Democracy is starring in the rôle of the Siamese Twins, with the party name for ligature, and it were difficult to decide whether Eng or Chang smells the loudest or looks the worst. It has ostensibly bifurcated on the currency problem, but the real rock of division is the public flesh-pots. It is the Outs vs. the Ins, the currency issue being a transparent fake, a ridiculous fraud. The alleged "sound money Democrats" are simply sore-heads whose motto is rule or ruin. Half their leaders will vote for Bill McKinley, while not one in five of the rank and file could give an intelligent definition of the word "dollar" to avoid being damned. They have adopted the free-silver slogan as a matter of policy instead of principle, just as they would shout for anything else in

the heavens or the earth, or the waters under the earth that might chance to be popular with the people. All they want is an "issue" that will enable them to hold onto office—something that will distract public attention from their miserable maladministration. Their standard-bearer is a shoestring gambler and would-be sport who encouraged the Florida Athletic Club to bring the Corbett-Fitzsimmons mill to Texas, promising that he would do nothing to prevent the bout, but would attend in person. Not only did he break his promise and put the State to the expense of an extra legislative session to suppress an enterprise that would not have come here but for his encouragement, but seized the opportunity to purchase Jim Hogg's political friendship with money wrung from the taxpayers, on the pretense of paying him for public service which he never performed, then had the ineffable impudence to pose before gods and men as our "heroic young Christian governor." It is a choice between tweedledum and tweedledee—between canting pharisaism on the one hand and sneaking hypocrisy on the other. You're damned if you do and damned if you don't. I can see but one way out of the bad mess, and that is to elect Dr. Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill governor, make A-jacks Clark chief justice of something-or-other, and give the public printing to the Apostle.

Alas, poor Corbett! The day of his destiny's over, his pompadour trails in the dust. After his fluke with Fitzsimmons he kept on working his face until curtly told that he "must go make a rep."—must lick somebody—before his flamboyant defis could be seriously considered. In attempting to comply with these hard conditions he fell through his pugilistic pajamas. He passed over Peter Jackson, Maher and Choyninsky in his search for a soft

snap, only to strike a snag. Corbett is terrible only by telephone. He never did anything worthy of note except defeat John L. Sullivan after that great slugger had become utterly demoralized,—and when he was probably drunk. That were glory enough for a man of Corbett's kidney, and he should have permitted the happy accident to crown his career and retired from the ring. He hadn't the remotest ghost of an idea of facing Fitzsimmons. When a dead safe opportunity offered, he gave away the championship belt and "retired from the ring." Finding the trick entirely too transparent to gull the public, he again donned the mits and got it "all over the mug." And now this erstwhile Cæsar, who did bestride the pugilistic world like a Colossus, will be tackled by every village blacksmith and aspiring amateur. His name is Icabod—his glory hath departed. And gentlemen throughout the world will rejoice. They had become disgusted with his airs, aweary of his impudence. John L. Sullivan was, in his prime, the prince of pugilists. He made no false pretenses to gentility, was content to remain in his own social class. He was ever ready to give battle to all comers, and that without unnecessary newspaper fanfare. He never made a match for the sake of advertising a hamfat show, then sneaked out of it. He could always find a place for a finish fight. He was "on the level." John is full of faults as a fice of fleas; but from every point of view, he is the best man that has followed pugilism as a profession. He occupies a larger niche to-day in the heart of the sporting world than do all his so-called successors. He is too old for efficient fighting, and demoralized by drink; but none of the "young uns" care to tackle him where there's no opportunity to get away. In a ten-acre field, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, or any one of half-a-dozen other professional sprinters, could worry him

to death; but throwing them to him in a ten foot room were like feeding a hungry lion with mule-eared rabbits.

A. S. Poindexter, of somewhere in Texas, has issued a card to the universe declaring that Father Pat Brannan declined his challenge for a joint-debate. Mr. Poindexter should not snuffle on the shirt-front of the public while it is in politics. It is having trouble of its own.

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AN APOLOGY FOR PATRIOTISM.

SAM J. HUNTER, of the thriving village of Fort Worth, is a judge of the Court of Appeals by gubernatorial appointment, and anxious to succeed himself at the pending election. In the humble hope of corralling the vote of the unreconstructed, he comes out in a card apologizing to the people of Texas and the rest of the universe for having served in the Federal army. He says, in effect, that he was but a boy and knew no better. The judge should dry his tears and brace up. The best of us will slip our trolley-wire sometimes. I am unable to ascertain that he did the Confederacy any serious damage. His warlike efforts appear to have been confined to fiddling on a snare-drum in a Kentucky militia company. Let the Pantherville patriot possess his soul in peace. It is barely possible that Vicksburg would have fallen and the Confederacy have been stricken by the lethal bolt at Gettysburg had he played "dixie" instead of Yankee Doodle." We will not lay the death of the new nation at the door of the dauntless drummer whose thrilling rub-a-dub was the glory of the Home Guard. Perchance the war would not have lasted so long had we been saddled with the support of the in-

ipient judge—especially if his appetite for “pie” developed early. Like the young hopeful of Prof. Squeers of Dotheboy’s Hall, he may have really served us by fattening at the expense of the foe. And who knows to what extent his music soothed the savage Yankee? But for his Lydian lullabies, Uncle Sam might have followed the example of other nations in dealing with insurrectionists, and hanged our leaders at the close of the war, instead of conferring upon them the choicest political plums. Perchance of his soothing rendition of “The Girl I Left Behind Me” was born those historic words of Grant—the grandest that ever fell from victorious warrior’s lips—“Let us have peace.” It may afford the judge some satisfaction to be informed that better men than he fought against the Confederacy, and have never asked forgiveness. If he hopes to capture the Texas vote by apologizing for having contributed in a small way to the preservation of this Union, “one and indivisible,” he is liable to chew the fag-end of a fond regret. There are in Texas tens of thousands of northern people, who will rise up and smite him hip and thigh as a Benedict Arnold who has turned against his old companions in arms for the sake of profit. The Southern people have accepted the situation, and freely concede that the political heritage bequeathed us by our fathers is worth more than all the Ethiopians in the universe—that not even the gratuitous falsehoods of Mrs. H. Bellona Stowe, the vicious intermeddling of New England’s Holy Willies, and the crazy escapade of Ossawattomie Brown, justified their attempted dismemberment of the great American Republic. During the days of storm and stress, when judgment was subordinated unto passion, and Ate ranging hot from Hell placed her burning sandals on every brow, a man of Southern birth might be expected to confess with shame to hav-

ing borne arms beneath the flag of his fathers; but we can see now that our worst enemies were really those politicians who magnified our grievances and incited us to secession. To deny this were to deny the loyalty of the South to the old flag—to indorse a recent assertion by a Spanish editor that we will again rise against the government whenever it is threatened by a foreign foe, instead of pledging our lives, our fortunes and our honor to its defense. More than any other section, the South stands to-day for the indivisible Union, the integrity of the Republic, and the man who apologizes for having helped hold every gleaming star in Old Glory's field of blue is not fit to live beneath its folds. To every controversy there must be a right and a wrong. When Judge Hunter says that the war was waged solely in behalf of the negro he falsifies history. Lincoln declared that he would preserve the Union, with negro slavery if he *could*, but preserve the Union he *would*.

“They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand;
They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium.”

Our present zeal for the glory of the Republic is a manly concession that we should not have unsheathed the sword; yet in the face of this and while our bravest and best are occupying positions of honor and trust in a government they once defied, a little tacky-tailed appointee of a tin-horn gambler apologizes for having played a snare drum in a Federal militia company. Gerate Gawd! While we have been trying to explain how we happened to be in the wrong, here is a man, claiming to have a judicial head, making excuses for having been in the right!

Judge Hunter's presupposes that the South regrets the

Lost Cause. We mourn our dead, but thank God that Old Glory's sacred shadow falls upon their graves. A few brainless blatherskites are still chewing the rag; but they were not dangerous in war, nor are they useful in peace. As a rule they hated the Yankee so hard that all Hades couldn't drag'em within reach of his rifle. Those who exchanged compliments with their trans-Ohio cousins at Shiloh and the Wilderness are firmly persuaded that peace is a good thing and are doing their level best to push it along. It is the men who were "po' white trash" before the war, and are now posing as better-day people as an excuse for being saloon bums, who regret out loud that Uncle Sam's star-bespangled cut-a-way was not permanently split up the back. It is these gabsters who keep the North irritated by continually perpetrating the foolish falsehood that we were outnumbered five to one in the Civil War. It is these unhung idiots, whose auxetic utterances are accepted by trans-Ohio editors as an expression of Southern sentiment, who divert vast sums of capital seeking investment, and tens of thousands of industrious home-builders, from sunny Texas to the bleak Northwest.

There is not one drop of puritan blood in my veins; but when I hear these swaggering swash-bucklers defaming a brave and generous foe, who sheathed the sword only to tender us the strong grasp of a brother's hand with all the warmth of a brother's heart, I wonder why in the name of the living God the Yankees don't lick us again. The resistance made by the South was worthy the palmyest days of Rome; but before indulging in the King Cambyeses' vein it were well to remember that the Confederacy was crushed at Gettysburg in 1863, and that it was not until after that date that the disparity in numbers became so marked. Gettysburg made Appomattox inevitable; the

Confederate forces rapidly dwindled, while the North kept rushing fresh regiments South to overawe us with a display of power and convince us that further resistance were useless. Those who, for a third of a century, have been feeding their sectional vanity on flamboyant falsehoods, may call this an unkindness. It is simply cold hard fact with which every well-informed man is familiar, and contains nothing to our discredit. Statesmen who studied the situation from a distance at the outbreak of the war, expected us to win. Financiers thought the same, else we could have floated never a bond. Gladstone, then in the heyday of his intellectual glory,—and whose sympathies were avowedly with the Union—after carefully surveying the field, declared it a physical impossibility for the North to subjugate the South. He remembered that, almost a century before, England had tried in vain to crush the numerically weak and almost ludicrously poor American colonies. He knew that an army of invasion is ever at a disadvantage. He knew that it must inevitably be composed largely of mercenaries, and grapple with the lords of the land, standing desperate, defiant before their altars and their fanes. He knew it must prize the enemy out of mountain passes, reduce Gibaltars, open rivers, construct railways, while every foot of its advance is marked by blood and fire. He carefully considered the population, position, wealth and resources of the two sections, declared Federal success impossible, and the war, therefore, a crime. We fully agreed with the Grand Old Man in every particular but one; he knew the North would fight to a finish, for his countrymen had had a little experience with the Yankees at Bunker Hill; we took our information from stump orators instead of consulting history. It were difficult to say whether Mr. Gladstone or we were most surprised. It was Greek vs. Greek, and that God of Battles

who sometimes "mocks the councils of the wise and the valor of the brave," bestowed the eagles of victory as he thought best. Let us sit down upon candidates who are ashamed of having fought under either flag, and invite the Yank to come to "Grand Old Texas," turn Democrat and teach us the gentle art of planting hogs.

"Fold up the banners, smelt the guns;
Love rules—her gentler purpose runs.
The mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons."



REVOLT OF HEN-PECKED HUSBANDS.

THIS is pre-eminently the year of political phantasmagoriæ. The most unheard of things are happening. Water and oil are mixing, the dove and vulture are occupying the same nest. Everything is kaleidoscopic, telescopic and topsy-turvy. Old political bedfellows have secured divorces and gone into the highways to seek for paramours. The labarums of the old political Israëls bear new devices, a strange *consigne* is on every lip, and not even Napoleon McKinley knows where he is "at"—stands wrapped in the solitude of his own monetary originality. But the most curious and unaccountable freak of all is the split in the Prohibition party on the female suffrage plank. It resembles P. T. Barnum's proposition to divide a partnership elephant. It were equivalent to killing half a hog. Female suffrage and Prohibition are correlatives. They are twin hollyhocks burgeoning on the same stalk, the Siamese Twins of American politics,

suppurating sores produced by the same disease. One presupposes the other. The women who want to exchange the sad-iron for the scepter, the sweet retirement of the home for vulgar association with the blatant rabble, and the men who insist upon managing the private affairs of their fellows, have heads cast in the same 22-caliber mold. Each would revise the laws of nature, reverse the edicts of the Infinite. The first are crowing hens, the latter egg-laying roosters. Both are intellectually androgynous, mentally malformed, neither male nor female, but an unsatisfactory mixture, known as hermaphroditic. Hence I cannot understand why they should not agree. It contravenes the law that likes takes to like, renders the proverb that birds of a feather flock together, into mere folly. Men whom Almighty God made of mud and allowed to get loose before they had time to harden; who whine in their speech and waddle in their walk; whose brains consist of four ounces of fly-blown feculence, the convolutions being the tortuous writhing of so many maggots; whose eyes are so built that they can peer through a keyhole with both at once, take quite naturally to Prohibition. Conscious of their own weakness, their want of backbone, they would lean upon the law—would fence themselves off from temptation by the surrender of their liberties. The wives of such weaklings are compelled to “wear the pants.” There must be a head to every household, and where the husband is acephalous it devolves upon the wife to fill the hiatus. They must take charge of the tender he-things, see that their faces are properly washed and prevent them falling into the fire. Quite naturally, they judge all men by the pitiful specimens tied to their apron strings. Knowing that their husbands have neither sufficient stamina to resist temptation, nor brains enough for the proper administration of public affairs, they turn

to Prohibition and female suffrage for social and political salvation. Thus the two fallacies become allied, the long-haired men and the short-haired women making common cause against the will of God and their country's welfare. At the last national powwow of the Prohibs a few of the poor little henpecked husbands revolted. "Even the worm will turn sometimes." They determined to be the humble slaves of their better halves no longer,—declared in effect, that they were the lords of creation, the J. Cæsars, Esq., of the family circle. They "sassed" the she-male suffragists and told them to go deodorize diapers instead of parading in torch-light processions. Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill of Texas appears to have been the Cataline of the occasion, the rodent duly ordained to bell the cat. He tackled the job with an enthusiasm which suggests that he is not particularly popular with the ladies, and could hope for little assistance from the suffragists in forwarding his presidential aspirations. This is another of the curious developments of our day. True, the doctor is no Apollo. In physique he resembles a fat spider and has the facial expression of a simian discovering a barrel of hard cider; but the phrenologists assure us that his bump of love is abnormally developed, and love is the law of woman's life. The he-Prohibs have made a mistake in escaping from their keepers. The woman's righters constituted the dynamics and guiding power of the party. Without them it is nothing, or at best an amorphous aggregation of Turco-Armenian eunuchs talking of war with Titans. The male Prohibs possess neither the wit nor the courage to do anything but cackle. They are merely political orphans—intellectual Babes in the Wood. If the "Rum Demon" finds 'em he'll eat 'em. The she-male suffrage amazons will probably give 'em time to repent their egregious folly, then lead 'em home by the ear.

UNCLE SAM IN THE SOUP.

THE British and Canadian journals continue to suggest to Uncle Sam from time to time that he may not get off with his Anglo-Venezuelan bluff—that Britain's royal beast may become really angry, chew him up and spit him out. The *Week*, a Tory paper printed at Toronto by a party who thanks God every day for having sent a beery old female to spawn card-sharps, pimps and sodomites for him to support, is just now trying to scare Uncle Sam out of his unbleached undershirt by threatening to land the Indian army at San Francisco. It sees, in its mind's eye, an English fleet lying off the Azore Islands and plunking ten-ton dynamite bombs into New York and Boston, with never a Decatur or John Paul Jones to molest it or make it afraid; a British army successfully avoiding General Jacksons in the vicinity of New Orleans and Washingtons at Yorktown; the Canucks pouring down over New England and encountering no Ethan Allens, while the Anglo-Indian army sweeps the Pacific slope like a besom of destruction, whatever that may be. Don't, mister; it's too awfully dreadful. Suppose you should frighten Brer Jonathan into fatal hysteria with your long catalogue of horrors? Tell us, I prithee, how to calm the savage soul of the all-conquering British lion—or at least give us permission to get off the earth. That awful Anglo-Indian army will give pause to the pugnacious West—so says the *Week*. The territory Bengalese and other brown rabbits of India, will swoop down upon our western coast like wolves on the fold in case we become too sassy to the "Mother Country"; and when they get through with us San Francisco will resemble a grease spot on a pair of linen pants, and there won't be enough

Mormons left in Salt Lake City to make the monogamistic system a success. The only gleam of sunshine we can find in our political sky is an estimate made by a Transvaal editor. England has long been threatening the South African Republic with its Indian army, but Oom Paul does not lie awake to worry. He simply molds a few more bullets, fills his powder-horn and awaits the obsequies. The Transvaal editor points out that "the Boers have already managed to defeat five times their number of British soldiers," and that "the English themselves relate that they have been victorious against an Indian force ten times as large as their own." On this basis he figures out that it would require fully 1,000,000 to overcome 15,000 Dutch riflemen. According to this calculation it will require an Indian army of about seventeen hundred billion to clean up the dead-shots and roughriders your Uncle Samuel can muster west of the Rocky Mountains. Is even John Bull, with his wonderful tonnage, capable of transporting the Orientals from the Indus to where rolls the Oregon so fast as even a well organized western vigilance committee can eat 'em up? It might be well for the flamboyant editor of the *Week* to go sit on a Canadian snowbank while he reflects upon the sad fate of Burgoyne, Peckenham, Cornwallis and other enterprising but misguided Englishmen who have come over here to have a little fun with their Yankee cousins. There will be no war between England and America during the lifetime of this generation. The former may bluster and brag; but John Bull has twice had his belly filled with American blue whistlers, and, while gluttonous of gold, he has little liking for lead. The fact that we are unprepared for war will not tempt the old buccaneer to active hostilities. He has not forgotten the fact that we were unprepared on former occasions, but got there just the

same. If he had to ask Uncle Sam's permission to get out of the country when we numbered but 3,000,000 and were poor as poverty, what chance would he have in a controversy with 75,000,000 people, with that many billions of wealth to spend on the war? The English editor should be calm. It may sooth him somewhat to reflect that a Dutch admiral once carried a broom at his masthead to signify that he had swept the sea of British bottoms. If John Bull wants to lick anybody, let him go tackle the Boers. He isn't in Uncle Sam's class. The world's champion cannot afford to make a match with a pug who has just been licked out of his boots by a bantam, and who has to call on both Egypt and Italy to help him "do" a handful of lousy Arabs.

The press is razzling the relict of the late John A. Cockerill for re-marrying before her hubby had been dead a month. Peace! Peace! Doth not St. Paul say that 'tis "better to marry than to burn?" True, she might have followed the example of Mrs. Gebhardt and waded about in the water; but a woman cannot be expected to think of everything while harvesting her first crop of widow's weeds.

* * *

OUR PLASTER-OF-PARIS NAPOLEON.

THE agony at St. Louis is over. The mountain hath labored and brought forth—by means of much monetary ecboline—a very mangy mouse. And this political homunculus we are besought to accept as our chief magistrate, the representative American citizen, the embodiment of our boasted sovereignty. Who knows? In thirty years we have passed, by regular gradation, from the wisdom

of Lincoln to the stupidity of Cleveland, and it may be the will of God that we should drain the cup of humiliation to the very dregs. The platform enunciated stands for little, the nominee for less. A political nonentity astride a vacuum, and propelled toward the flesh-pots by the foul harpies of Greed and Gall, aptly summarizes the situation. After all the fanfaronade about and "unequivocal gold plank," a sop was thrown the argentiferous Cerberus by pledging the party to work for free silver coinage through international agreement. After all the conclamation anent protection, the convention condemned the Democracy for repealing instead of extending reciprocity—which is the very essence of free trade! The platform casts "sheep's eyes" at the female suffragists without committing the party; it slobbers over the Prohibs without espousing their cause; it weeps scalding tears for the woes of Cuba without demanding that Liberty's sacred circle be drawn from Columbia's sword. Never before was a platform built that said more or meant less. Talleyrand must have been viewing with prophetic eye that congeries of pie-hungry politicians when he declared that language was made to conceal thought. The bed-raggled old dame known as the Republican party, is starr-ing in the rôle of "Everybody's Friend"; but what she intends for a sunny smile is the wolfish grin of Fagin. Even in the selection of chaplains the McKinley managers proved that they were playing policy. They began with a learned Jewish rabbi, and ran the gamut down to a nigger divine, omitting only a Catholic priest—lest they offend the Buckeye's peculiar pets, the A. P. Apes, alias the Aggregations of Pusillanimous Asses. The convention was, in some respects, most remarkable. It was a perfect machine, a *mechanique infernal*, wound up by a skilled artisan to accomplish a special purpose—as destitute of

will-power as a Waterbury watch. It was a terrifying illustration of the almost illimitable power of bossism and boodle. It was made to nominate a man whom a majority of the delegates heartily despise. Every detail was carefully planned, every effect fore-ordained. Times were even appointed for the applause,—the delegates were like “dumb-driven cattle” until they received a tip to turn loose their lungs. Distinguished men appeared and disappeared; Republicanism was apotheotized by eloquent orators and Democracy vigorously damned; but “Silence sat brooding on the sea”—the automata were waiting for “Master Peter” to pull the string. When it pleased him to pull it, a coterie of French *claqueurs*, paid for their lung power, could not have made more noise. It has been openly asserted by men whose character entitled them to credence, that vast sums of money, contributed by eastern boodlers and “tariff barons” were used to corrupt the primaries and pack the convention with McKinley people; and the servility with which the bosses obeyed is “confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ” that it was simply a case of “you pays your money and you takes your choice.” Ante-bellum coons, toiling in the cotton and the cane, were never so subservient to “Old Massa” as a majority of the St. Louis delegates to the managers for McKinley. Even old warhorses of the party—who realize how loudly money talks in American politics—regarded the pitiful farce with feelings of sorrow and shame. There is nothing in McKinley’s ensemble or record to provoke the enthusiasm which we are asked to believe was shown at St. Louis. He is not a magnetic man like Blaine, not lovable like Lincoln, not positive like Johnson, not eloquent like Garfield, not crowned with the laurel like Grant. He is simply Bill McKinley, the pre-eminently commonplace. His name is not a name to conjure with.

While by no means the stupid one-idea ass his opponents would have us believe, his most enthusiastic partizans dare not challenge the keen American concept of the ridiculous by claiming for him a master mind. His mentality is mediocre, tempered with the vulpine instinct. He is "foxy" rather than profound. His intellectual peers are million, his mental superiors abound in all parties and every state. He has done somewhat to proclaim him a practical politician, but absolutely nothing to stamp him as a statesman. If he be indeed the author of the tariff law which bears his name, he is entitled only to the doubtful honor of framing a measure which the cumulative wisdom of the country overwhelmingly repudiated at the first opportunity. His sole stock-in-trade consists in a fancied physical resemblance to Napoleon the First. We are expected to elect him on his looks—he is traveling exclusively "on his shape." McKinley is a bankrupt who, unable to successfully manage a two-bit business, aspires to guide the mighty ship of State through perilous waters, our vast and complex industries through a trying epoch. It is said that friendship was the cause of his financial failure. I would like to think so—to believe that there is one bright spot in a nature so tenebrous; but am compelled to doubt that disinterested friendship ever cost McKinley a cent. A man who hoards his political capital so closely is not apt to be over free with "gold coin that maketh the heart glad." Even were he wrecked while striving to avert the ruin of a foolish friend, that fact would be, per se, a powerful argument against making him president. The man of keen foresight, of well-balanced mind, scarce runs the risk of pauperizing wife and child—does not recklessly imperil his commercial honor, then break charity's bitter bread. Sentiment oft gilds a private life with glory; but the chief magistrate of a com-

mercial nation must be an inflexible business man. A generous man, one liable to put his fortune to the hazard to serve a friend without hope of personal profit, is ever brave and disingenuous—a man who “would rather be right than President”; a man with opinions of his own which he will maintain at any cost ’gainst all the world. He is never a truckler nor a timmer. He’s far more like to be a radical of the radicals, impetuous, rash, a despiser of “policy,” a hater of hypocrisy. This is not a portrait of McKinley. There is, in the opinion of the people, one issue paramount upon which the zeal or woe of the nation doth depend; yet upon this, McKinley—who “resembles” the man whose intrepidity made him Europe’s master—declined to express an opinion. This would-be leader’s advice was sought by people all at sea, yet he replied that he “had nothing to say”! He cared not to mold public opinion aright, to serve his country by helping shape the financial policy of his party—he was “jis awaitin’ fer the wagon.” He would take his cue from the convention—if it nominated him;—would meekly abide a decision which he did nothing to direct, whether it approved the single standard or the sub-treasury plan. Contrast McKinley’s political cowardice with the manliness of Grover Cleveland. The latter has faults in abundance, but they are those of a prince, not of a peon. Instead of awaiting the saltation of the political feline; instead of having “nothing to say” until he could receive orders from caucus or convention, he flung aloft his oriflamme and appealed to his party to rally round it. He attempted to mold the masses to his opinion instead of meekly accepting the opinion of the masses. When the free-silver wave went rolling from West to East after the close of his first term, and all eyes were turned to him as the logical candidate of his party he neither sealed his lips in cowardly silence, nor hastened to

grab a tub and get afloat, but sat him stubbornly down before it like another King Canute—issued his orders to the tumultuous ocean! The country condemned Cleveland's judgment; but, admiring his courage, his almost insulting refusal to budge one inch to please *hoi polloi*, made him President. He dared to have an opinion of his own and express it, regardless of personal consequences. McKinley stood ready to straddle any ridiculous Pegasus that promised to carry him into the presidency, and that regardless of its effect upon the common people. God knows I am no Cleveland partisan. If I owned a jackass possessing so little intellectuality I wouldn't trust him to pull a dray. His administration has been a colossal mistake—a national crime; but every manly American must admire even a low-browed bulldog for having the courage of his convictions. An honest fool were infinitely preferable to Mr. Facing-both-ways. Cleveland's a game cock who doesn't fear the steel; McKinley's a pitiful dunghill rooster who lacks the courage to even crow. The latter may have the face of Napoleon, but he is cursed with the liver of Judas Iscariot and the heart of Uriah Heep. Unfortunately, his compromising position on the currency is not the only evidence he has given of moral cowardice, of slinking currishness. The A. P. Apes demanded that he go on record for or against the object of their order—that he cease hiding in the chaparral of silence and come into the open. But again he “had nothing to say.” The Apes had something to say, however, and they said it. When they began to vigorously use their knives on his political carcass, the Buckeye “Napoleon” found his voice—unwrapt “the solitude of his own originality.” He fully understood the object of the Apes—the practical disfranchisement of millions of Americans for the simple crime of being Catholics; yet he rushed into print with a

tearful denial that he was the enemy of that infamous un-American order; that, as Governor of Ohio, he had been guilty of the unforgiveable sin of elevating patriotic "Papists" to office. To convince the Apes that he was not their enemy, he published the Protestant pedigree both of himself and his appointees. A committee of Apes was detailed to interview him, and it reported to the high and mighty conclave of unclean simians that he was "in full accord with the objects of the order." The report, by itself considered, amounts to nothing. No man with sufficient intellect to distinguish between a calf and a coyote would believe an A. P. Ape on oath. With them perjury is a passion and plain lying a labor of love. Mendacity is the Alpha and Omega of their confession of faith, dishonor their ritual, defamation their catechism and sneaking cowardice their ark of the covenant. They are the Cretans of St. Paul, the Calibans of Shakespeare, the Yahoos of Dean Swift. They are to the body politic what pinworms are to a pickaninny or fleas to a fice. But while the words of the Apes are almost invariably falsehoods, their acts are verities. After the interview with McKinley the anti-Catholic war was declared at an end—he was listed as "worthy the confidence" of the catacombers. That is indubitable evidence that McKinley came to an understanding with the sworn enemies of a fundamental principle of this Republic. Being a hardshell Baptist preacher instead of a Catholic priest I am unable to say how members of the mother church will view this self-evident conspiracy to deprive them of their constitutional privileges—to forever debar them from the honors and emoluments of office; but I do know that McKinley's record thus far has been marked with commercial incompetence and rank with political cowardice. I do know that he has groveled in the most noisome depths of the political cloacæ in hopes of

furthering his fortunes, and stands to-day the embodiment of all those things which brave men hate and honest men despise. He is well worthy the conclusion of Pope's portrait of Lord Bacon: "While neither bright nor wise, he is certainly 'the meanest of mankind.'" A people are largely judged by their Chief Magistrate. He is regarded as their ideal of moral excellence, of perfect manhood; hence to elevate McKinley to the presidency were to proclaim ourselves to all the world as a nation of sneaks with the perverted moral concept of Machiavelli. It were to admit that cash corruptly used is our ruling power; that any man who will become the abject slave of professional blunderers may reach the presidency—may plant his servile carcass in that high seat which Washington adorned, Lincoln sanctified and Cleveland disgraced. 'Twere better to elect Coxey or even a coon. There are multitudinous wheels in Coxey's head, but he flaunts his folly like a free-man. A nigger smells bad only during dog-days; but McKinley is malodorous from the first day of January to the last of December.

* * *

SALMAGUNDI.

THE bicycle girl is a good thing,—in her way—but we are getting entirely too much of her. One may be given the jim-jams by Samian wine, smothered with roses, asphyxiated with Arabian perfumes, wrecked by Mormonism or killed with kindness. The bicycle girl is the matin song or vesper bell of the daily press, while the illustrated weeklies and monthlies employ only artists whose specialties are wheels and hoisery—young men who hear symphonies in yellow garters and resounding bloomers, whose blood keeps time to the whirl of wheels instead

of pulsing in drowsy harmony with that "flowing, flowing, flowing of the world," of which is born all beauty, art and song. The heavy magazines have moralized about the girl and her bike, while doctors of divinity sought to find the effects of "scorching" upon her faith, and doctors of medicine—with the rest of the world—carefully examined her physique. At the *cafe* you get bikes and bloomers served with "small hot birds;" at the club, bloomers and bikes with "large cold bots." If we venture on the street our piety is hopelessly sprained by Mahometan visions of houris, circling round and round us, with here and there a "golden ankle's" gleam, or even a pair of wellfed calves disporting themselves in blithesome abandon beneath abbreviated skirts, that cling about the knees as though saying to the vagrom eye of man, "Thus far," etc; then, repenting their own cruelty, reveal every beauteous line and sensuous curve for one brief instant, and fade from sight on the horizon's verge, leaving our heads full of wheels that roll over and ruthlessly crush our moral concept. In days of old the Devil baited his hook with an old sun-bonnet when man refused gold and glory; now he hangs a shirt-waist and bicycle skirt on his cruel barb and fills his basket. Ex-Governor Hogg of Texas, and the ICONOCLAST undertook to save the young ladies of this nation from the multitudinous ills and ultimate sorrows of the cycle; but shared the fate of most reformers—got run over by the Car of Progress. Woman has decided that she looks well on a bike and "that do settle it." Of course it will make her flat-chested as a board—will abolish the Vale of Love and disintegrate the rosy Mountains of Desire; but what of that? She can pad her diaphragm. To be sure the constant churning knocks all the dimples out of her knees and makes them to resemble the joints in the piston-rod

of a pony engine; but go to! Who'll ever know it—until it's everlastingly too late. The bike develops the calves—and puts 'em on exhibition. That's why the female bike-fiend has come to stay. That's why the daily press revels in her gorgeosity and the illustrati follow her with a kodak. Go it Little Breeches—"Hell t' split over the prairies!" There are worse things than straddling a bike, which moves like a thing of life—but isn't. Let 'er roll! Never mind hoary legend of hairless simians and obtuse doctors; they are but base inventions of the enemy. For have not all bikes safety saddles—making undue friction impossible?

The McKinley heelers at St. Louis trampled upon Wright Cuney, of Texas, because he had the audacity to oppose their little tin god. That were an easy matter in a stocked convention, but Cuney remains, the Republican boss *defacto* of the Lone Star State. He wields a powerful influence over the black vote throughout the Nation. And Cuney is not addicted to giving imitations of other-cheek angels. Before the leaves begin to fall the audacious Buckeye is apt to feel in his political bowels something suggestive of a rusty corn-knife operated by electricity. Sic him, Cuney!—every little helps.

There are said to be some people in Kansas so cold-blooded that their children are born with frost on 'em, and whose only recreation is chewing gum, attending prayer-meeting and watching their gran'mas run the government.

The gods be praised! "Our Heroic Young Christian Governor," alias "Sport Culberson," alias "Poker Charlie," alias the "Slippery Kid," has come to an open rupture with the Texas Thunderer, otherwise the Galveston-

Dallas *News*. "When rogues fall out, honest men do get their dues." The Double-Ender, alias the *Old ady*, has long been camping on the trail of Gov. Culberson, a hickory broom in either hand. His vermiform path across the political field should have suggested to her that the worm will sometimes turn; but she went blithely to her doom. She bruised his head, he hath retorted upon her heel, and his fang "out-venoms all the worms of Nile." Culberson simply turns over the files of the *News* and proves, by her own testimony, that the *Old Lady* is a malevolent hypocrite, a journalistic harlot. As he wrings from her own columns the evidence which forever damns her, one can scarce restrain a tear of pity for the miserable old dame. Among other things he convicts her of booming a man for governor to whom she referred fourteen years ago as a narrow-brained mossback, whose "acidulated senility" was the curse of the state—a man whom she repeatedly accused of mal-administration, while broadly hinting that he had been guilty of downright dishonesty. And mark you, there has been no change in the management of the *News* during this time—the same men who, in 1882, raved about Roberts' "senility," flung foul scorn at those who presumed to doubt the impairment of his mental power in 1896. The same men who, in 1882, denounced his administration as worse than a mistake, tried to reinstate him as governor in 1896. Set a rascal to catch a rogue—and Culberson has done his work well. He convicts the *News* of being even now engaged in what it has repeatedly proven a foul conspiracy against the best interests of the common people. He puts the lash to the *Old Lady* with the vigor of one of Mrs. Stowe's mythical slave-drivers dressing down a naked picaninny, and every swoop of the bud brings the blood. The *Old Lady* whimpers and whines, twists and tergiversates, but

the best of her excuses are more illogical than the feminine "because." Culberson must withhold his hand. Cruel and unusual punishment is clearly unconstitutional. He should forgive the *Old Lady's* transgressions, even as he expects the Texas people to absolve his own political sins. The Old Lady has two ends, and talks through them both at the same time; hence it were idle to expect all her utterances to be edifying. Half the time her south end knoweth not what her north end doeth. Governor Culberson should remember that he is "Christian" as well as "heroic," and on record as opposed to finished fights. Let him sheathe his deadly snickersnee and go deodorize himself—while the *Old Lady*, rank with the fumes of her own feculence, preaches the blessed doctrine of political purity. "Grand Old Texas!" Rather, "Ante and pass the buck."

An Arkansas man went crazy while trying to solve the the currency problem. He should have imitated McKinley and permitted others to do his ratiocinating for him.

N. K. Fairbanks, who admits having squandered \$40,000 in a vain attempt to make an actress of Mrs. Leslie Carter, is being sued by her dramatic instructor for \$65,000 more. But the wealth is not altogether wasted. Mrs. Carter will cheerfully certify that she uses only the Fairbanks brand of soap. That is one reward. There are others.

Lord Ronald Gower of England, and Vicompte de la Rochefoucauld of France, have precipitated an international controversy of far more interest to the chappies than the Venezuelan complication or the uprising in Crete. The first swears by his halidome that the tall silk tile

must go, the latter by all the pyrrhonic fanes of la Belle France that it shall remain. My prayers are with John Bull, but my sesterces are bet on Johnny Crapaud. The "plug" hat will tarry yet for many moons simply because it outrages reason, and the world of fashion is a congeries of fools. The "plug" is an artistic abnormality, and was first made by a hatter whose madness was due to dipsomania. It is a sin against the law of cephalic proportion, a blotch on the landscape, and comfortless as a keg. I don't blame the cowboys for utilizing it as a target, transforming it into a seive for sand. The man who can contemplate the plug-ugliness of the tall shiny tile without wanting to rid the world thereof has no conception of the eternal fitness of things. No feminine fashion since Mother Eve's apron of fig-leaves and glove-fitting suit of freckles was so utterly idiotic. If Lord Gower suppresses the "plug" he will deserve the world's gratitude. Man has become so ultra-civilized that he has left never a flowing line of beauty in his habiliments. Instead of a symphony he resembles a forked radish that had gone to seed. No painter will paint, no artist sculp a hero in the dress of our day. They go back to the ancients for costumes that will not make the pigments to shriek and the marble to moan. The stand-up collar, the starched shirt-front, the dress coat, the "pants"—and the plug. Shade of Alcibiades! Take 'em away—and bring me a fat woman in bloomers astraddle of a bike.

The Texas Democrats gave the June primaries the marble heart simply because said primaries were engineered in the interest of a shoe-string gambler posing as an "heroic young Christian governor." It was a clear case of too much Culberson.

The *Gal-Dal News*, in a two-stick editorial on the Owens proposition to lead Texas Prohibitionists into the Culberston camp, undertakes to display its learning by over-indulgence in sesquipedality. It refers to the "melanocomous Carden and the Sanguinivorous Bookhout," "falammivomous cotqueans," "altisonous shouts," rings in "concussation" and a few other jaw-breakers to make the boys at the forks of the creek wonder how one small head can hold so much. "Melanocomous" means black-haired,—a word of equal length and universally understood, while "concussation" has been obsolete for a century; hence the *Gal-Dal* is guilty both of tuxesis and archaism—offenses against the canons of good taste which no writer of polish ever commits. "Sanguinivorous" means subsisting on blood; hence we are led to infer that Colonel Bookhout is either a vampire or lives exclusively on blood pudding. "Altisonous" is simply grandiloquent, bombastic; hence an "altisonous shout" were well worthy consideration by the curious. Webster tells us that a cotquean is "a man who busies himself with affairs which properly belong to women;" hence I infer that my double-barreled contemporary would have men eschew politics and leave the government of the country exclusively to the ladies. The definition of flammivomous is "vomiting flames," as a volcano;" hence a "flammivomous cotquean" is simply a hen-hussy whose breath has caught fire—a very curious animal indeed, and we might suspect that its development was due to the absorption of Galveston or Dallas booze, did not our contemporary apply the term to Texas Prohibitionists. Verily, the *Gal-Dal* is a great public educator. It knows almost as much about the English language as a glyptodonic fossil does of McKinley's private views on the currency problem.

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Col. A. H. Belo is tearing picket fence by the paul in his frantic effort to break into the Republican party.

. . .

A portion of last month's issue of the **ICONOCLAST** got badly mixed, some copies having too few, others too many pages. The fact is the Apostle had been officiating as chief mourner at the political funeral of Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill, and was so prostrated with grief that he couldn't tell whether he was getting out a 32 or 64 page paper. Poor Cranfill! For years past he has toiled and sweat and stank to secure the empty honor of a presidential nomination by the petty aggregation of the Prohibs, only to slip his trolley-pole. Like the frog in the fable, while trying to puff himself big as an ox, he blew out his umbilicus. It will be a comfort to the 1500 paid-up subscribers of the Baptist Standard to learn that the end of his political life was easy.

. . .

Rev. M. D. Early, Texas Superintendent of Baptist Missions is out in a circular stating that, despite the hard times, collections were never better. He expresses hope that, by continual begging on the part of the pastors, enough will be raised to pay salaries for the quarter just ended, and thereby "honor God." Bro Early can count upon the disinterested aid of the **ICONOCLAST**. The Apostle will appeal to the children of his congregation to break open their toy savings banks that Rev. M. D. Early and his associates may not slip up on their salaries. It is true that some of the Baptist brethren are inclined to fly the tract, insisting that \$2500 per annum is too much to pay the state superintendent for sitting in his office and looking pretty—that the various officials of the Baptist Missionary Society have too soft a snap. They are

inclined to suspect that not one dollar in forty collected for the foreign mission fund ever goes abroad, and that the whole affair is a very transparent fake, enabling a lot of sanctified thieves and canting dead-beats to fatten at the expense of paranoiac people; but there be ever recalcitrators to kick against the pricks and put cockle-burrs in the back-hair of the godly. Rev. M. D. Early and the other most worshipful state superintendents, grand secretaries, tract publishers, etc., have got to live somehow, and have been too gently bred to provide themselves with life's necessities by bugging potatoes or plowing the cotton patch. What if but little of the money collected ever goes abroad to bring heathen to Christ? Is it not better the Rev. Mr. Early and his godly compeers should be gorged with pie than that transatlantic niggers be supplied with prayer-books? Sure! Then let the old women weave rag-carpets to earn a few pence, and the little children forego the unctious peanut and soothing hokey-pokey that Bro. Early—dear good man!—may sit beneath an electric fan these sultry summer days and praise God for permitting him to pocket \$7 per diem for doing absolutely nothing of any use in this vast universe. Cash up, my brethren. We must at least earn enough to pay Early's salary—for "the honor of God!" O Religion, how much d—d dirty dead-beatism is perpetrated in thy name!

. . .

A would-be witty gold-bug editor suggests J. S. Hogg for president. Why not? He weighs more and knows more than the present occupant of the White House. He can shoot ducks equally well and has a larger tankage for "watermillion." He would always be for the people instead of for the plutocrats. Furthermore, as his favor-

ite beverage is beer instead of bug-juice, he would not be dangerously "indisposed" quite so often. The nation might go farther and fare worse.

The ICONOCLAST has frequently called attention to the indisputable fact that our boasted American free-school system is, to a great extent, an expensive fraud, a part of the political spoil system, which often places in positions of the gravest responsibility men who are bankrupts morally and intellectually incompetent to train a mule. Now comes the superintendent of schools at Cleveland, O., who deposeth in the Atlantic for June, that most superintendents are such only in name, being only the puppets of political bosses who apportion the plunder; that "appointments are made, promotions secured, removals effected, on the basis of a political auction." All of which must be very comforting to the people, who contribute from their scant earnings tens of millions annually to support the horde of political parasites. True, there are school-boards composed of educated gentlemen who are ever actuated by the highest sense of honor, superintendents who are able executives and teachers who honor their profession; but they are the exceptions that prove the rule. The public school system, generally speaking, seems to be irremediably rotten.

In 1832 Henry Clay addressed the United States senate on "The American Protective System," which was at that time a bitterly contested political issue. Although he spoke but an hour, he twice apologized for occupying so much time. In that hour he said all that could be said in favor of the protective system. In our day it is no uncommon thing for a senator to occupy two or three days rethreshing the old Straw from which the Mill-boy

of the Slashes extracted the grain. In Clay's time the United States senate ran to ideas; in ours it runs to wind.

Col. Connolly, of the Memphis Sunday *Herald*, has been taking a hard fall out of the so-called Scotch-Irish. He seems to think that the title was cooked up by renegade Irish in America who have no claim to Scotch ancestry—people whose progenitors were for a time colonists in Caledonia, but returned to Erin to usurp the land of their unfortunate brethren and propagate sore eyes and the itch. He declares that an Irishman is a man born in Ireland, a Scotchman a man born in Scotland, but does not insist that a kitten born in an oven becomes a loaf of bread. The man who claims to be a Scotch-Irishman because his ancestors were Orangemen, is only an ass; but all the Scotch-Irish in this country do not trace their lineage to Belfast or Londonderry. The Scotch and Irish have become distinct types, and marriages occur even between Covenanters and Catholics. Ethnologically, children born to such unions are Irish-Scotch, or, as we say for euphony, Scotch-Irish, while politically they are accredited to the country of their nativity. All men who owe allegiance to our flag, wheresoever born, are Americans; yet to signify the country or countries from which they or their ancestors came, we say that they are German, Anglo or Irish-Americans. If Col. Connolly really believes that “the Scotch-Irishman is a myth,” let him come to Waco, where we'll regale him with oat cakes and potheen and crown the cup with the shamrock and the thistle.

THE FREE-SILVER “FUNERAL.”

A few weeks ago the gold-bug editors and orators were proclaiming to all the earth that the “free silver fallacy”

was dead and damned, so far as the Democracy was concerned. The monetary ideas of G. Cleveland would control the convention, and the "soap-tails" and "repudiators" take their medicine like little men and pass up their plates for pie. That's what they said. The "Old Lady," alias the *Gal-Dal News*, like Saul, was among the prophets. Cleveland was her god and he was fighting for the faithful. Like another Samson, he would slaughter the pale metal philistines with the jaw-bone of a jack-ass. A monetary millennium was about to be inaugurated, a veritable Saturnian epocha, an age of gold. According to this new Cassandra, the hubbub in the free silver camp was but the holding of a wage over the argentiferous corpse, decently laid out,

With forty candles about its head
An' a barrel o' praties round its feet.

She couldn't even respect the dead, permit the political stiff to be decently interred, but swooped down upon the disconsolates with a gold-bug mop at her back, drank up the potheen, belabored the funeral party with black-thorns and cussed out the corpse. Followed by Waco's political A-Jacks, Achilles Hardy and the plutocratic myrmidons, she entered the chamber of death where Dudley and Kid Culberson, Boies and Bland bewailed them that one so young and fair should have been crushed to a pulp by the political trolley-car. The *Old Lady* spat snuff juice on the corpse, smashed the windows and insulted the weepers. She danced in delirious ecstasy with such *verve* that each saltation displayed her patent liver pad which she had obtained by selling advertising space to quack doctors at a dollar an inch. Then she seized Dudley by the ears and demanded to know whether he

would stand on the Chicago platform. Before he could open his mouth to answer she denounced all the silverites as political sassenachs who were in league with the Pops, threw the corpse into the well, piled a dozen heavy editorials on it to hold it down, and, gathering her mother hubbard to her knees, danced blithely away, singing at the top of her cracked voice,

“Dimmycrat, Dimmycrat I was born,
An’ Dimmycrat I will die;
If the Dimmy Pops bolt the party platform
I’ll swat ’em in the eye.”

According to this ancient Sibyl, to pretend to be a Democrat and not promise in advance to accept whatsoever monetary moon-calf the convention might bring forth, were the unforgiveable sin. Things at that time appeared to be coming the gold-bugs’ way. But the free silver Hercules was only playing ’possum. It just wunk the other eye and waited for the state convention. Then it became the liveliest corpse that ever rode in a coffin. The Democratic masses let the political blatherskites talk and patiently bided their time. When it came they simply took the Cleveland 200-cent dollar men by the nape of the neck and the slack of the jeans and slammed them against the shrinking face of nature until they resembled a bucket of angle-worms trodden on by a bull-elephant. They demonstrated, for the benefit of the pro-British Bayard, that it would require a much “stronger man” than the Stuffed Prophet to successfully play the boss. And what did the *Old Lady* do about it,—this blessed blunderbuss that has been blazing away with both barrels-loaded with mud—at the silverites on the bare suspicion that they would bolt the Chicago convention if it declared for the

200-cent dollar? Did she demonstrate her right to the Democratic trademark by professing a willingness to bow to the will of the majority? Not exactly. She at once began to encourage the gold-buggers to bolt the convention if they could not rule it, and to prophesy that unless this were done the Cleveland crowd would go over almost *en masse* to the Republican camp. She began to put ashes on her head and cry aloud that the Democratic party, having turned aside from the teachings of Jefferson and Jackson, was no longer deserving of either fealty or respect. Rodents! Jefferson and Jackson both advocated the "coinage of both gold and silver without discrimination against either metal." But suppose they had decried silver and insisted upon the single gold standard: What then? Did the rank and file of the party cease to be Democrats when they became bi-metallists? The fathers of Democracy were protectionists: Did the *Dal-Gal* cease to be Democrat when it became a free-trader? Was the Texas Thunderer a Democrat five years ago, when it endorsed the "Little Joint's" proposition to accept the Populists' monetary theory as an article in the Democratic confession of faith—to issue \$3,000,000,000 in treasury notes, in addition to the free coinage of both gold and silver? And if so, is it a Democrat now, when it proposes to prohibit silver coinage and cancel the treasury notes? It seems to me that in her frantic endeavors to hold with the hare and run with the hounds, the *Old Lady* has split her mother hubbard up the back from narrative to neckband—disclosing to a horror-stricken public her want of underwear.

A SANCTIFIED SHARP.

REV. Sam Small, of the land of goobers and wire grass, magnetic damosels and mountain dew, is one of those theological wind-jammers who strive to imitate the vulturous idiocies of Sam Jones,—and who are to their ideal what a pin-worm is to a python. The Small Sam has been evangelizing at Brownwood, Texas,—assuring the terror-stricken sinner that all liars and ingrates, chronic-dead-beats and confidence operators will be plunged to Perdition's torrid depths, where the worm dieth not but frizzles and fries forever. Sam divides his time pretty equally between doing the religious circus act and slinging foul scorn at saloon-keepers. While calling upon the Brownwood people to come to the Lord and heave a few heave-offerings into the hat for the benefit of the hungry Levite, he blew into a gentleman to see if he was loaded. There was an explosion and the evangelist's reputation was relegated to the hospital for repairs. Some time ago Sam was running an alleged newspaper up in Oklahoma. There was a collapse, and ever since his creditors have been making an humble but persistent effort to collect. One of these bills was presented to him at Brownwood, and he denounced the would-be collector from the pulpit. That's what caused the concussion. The collector came back with certified statements by prominent Oklahoma people to the effect that Sam is in the habit of making solemn promises to pay bills at a certain time, then sneaking out of town; of inveigling suckers into the endorsement of drafts drawn by him on banks in which he hasn't a dollar. According to the evidence adduced, Sam is about the dirtiest of all malodorous dead-beats. Unfortunately, this is not the first time he has been suspected of having

an itching palm. During the past dozen years he has resided in many places, and seems to have left in each a coterie of mourning creditors. Chronic-dead-beatism, obtaining money by false pretenses, and embezzlement, are a few of the offenses laid at his door by responsible people. He has been flatly accused of misappropriating the funds of churches and educational institutes, of bilking banks and beating working printers, besides doing a large amount of outright lying. I cannot understand why he does not prosecute these people—unless he fears that if he asks for justice that he will get it in the shape of a ten years' term. But Sam should not be judged too harshly; he is much more fool than knave. He has tried almost everything, and has been successful at nothing. Self preservation is nature's first law, and inability to earn an honest livelihood may account for his moral laches. If a man be too lazy to work, what alternative has he but to steal? I have had some little experience with Sam, and can say, in the fear of the Lord, that he's the most pitiful excuse for a white man I ever met. Pretending to be a journalist, he could not secure a position as copy-holder on any reputable paper. He hasn't sufficient sense to report a badger-pulling or properly mark a proof-sheet. He might possibly make himself useful by picking up dropped type in the composing-room or feeding the folder. As a preacher he would disgrace a nigger pulpit. He has no more conception of what the Bible really is than a hog has of Hebrew. As a Prohibition spouter he simply rehearses the unsavory story of his own brutish debasement; before the barkeepers put a crimp in his credit, sheds crocodile tears, abuses his betters, retails antedeluvian jokes, to tickle the rabble, rechews oft-exploded fallacies and re-vamped old falsehoods. He delivers free lectures, then passes around the hat like a street-juggler or tight-rope

dancer, begs for nickels or dimes with all the pathos of a Bowery bum perishing for a beer. He is an ingrate as well as an ignoramus, an impudent-mouthed boor as well as a mountebank, who is ever ready to insult editors—at long range—of whom he has begged hundreds of dollars worth of advertising in order to enable him to obtain audiences to whose charity he may appeal. If sure-enough men were selling for a million dollars each in the open market, Sam Smalls would not bring a dime done up in packages of a dozen.

* * *

AN ISLAND CITY ANGEL.

VERILY, verily, there are tricks in all trades—even in that of a cotton factor. Col. W. L. Moody, of Galveston, Texas, like, Brutus, Cassius, and the rest of the assassins of Cæsar, “is an honorable man”; but like them. is suspected of a conspiracy. The ICONOCLAST is not addicted to the exploitation of the peccadilloes of private citizens; but a tri-millionaire, banker. prominent cotton-factor, etc., becomes, through his multitudinous dealings with the people, a quasi-public character. As a rule ’tis well to forbear references to supposed illicit transactions until they become a matter of record in the courts; but there is occasionally a man so powerful that grand juries are overshadowed by his greatness and courts become his creatures—hence the need of the ICONOCLAST. Complaints are reaching me that Col. Moody tripped the horny-handed during the last cotton season for an immense amount of money, and that by methods which would have put a poor man in the penitentiary. The story—which is in nowise new upon the Strand, albeit I fail to

find any mention thereof in the “unfettered” and eminently “fearless” Galveston press, that “sentinel upon the watch-tower” and “tribune of the people”—is to the effect that when cotton touched $8\frac{1}{2}$, Col. Moody held a large amount on consignment, but advised his patrons to hold for a better price; that the staple slumped to $6\frac{1}{2}$ and at this price he pretended to sell, accounted to the consignors, expressed his profound regret that he had mistaken the market, and charged them extra storage and interest on advances of money made. The claim now set up is that Moody really sold the cotton at $8\frac{1}{2}$ cents concealed the transaction, paying hush-money where necessary—waited for a sharp decline in the market to make a settlement, and pocketed the overplus. This is a very ugly story; and I sincerely hope that Col. Moody will be able to satisfactorily explain the matter. It seems incredible that a man of millions would stoop to such damnable scullduggery to despoil the poor of their hard-earned dollars—that he should sit in his sumptuous office, surrounded by more wealth than he can ever hope to use, and plot against the bread and bacon of men who trail the plow. Imagine a man grasping twenty-five per cent. of the money earned by women and little children beneath a blazing sun in the Brazos bottoms! It seems to me that such a creature would fear to be left alone lest he filch from his body his own bowels and sell 'em to a sausage factory! Moody passes for an honest man, or has done so hitherto; albeit one or two transactions in which he has enacted the leading rôle have provoked adverse remark. True, a rumor has long been current in the Island City that he keeps his soul in the safety vault of his bank, where it is employed night and day plucking the feathers from the eagles on his coin and making them into pillows; but parsimony and rascality, while sometimes synonymous,

are not necessarily the same. A man may be so mean that he will forego a bath to save soap; so cold-blooded that his breath will fill his beard with frost on an August day, and still be honest within the purview of the criminal code; and perhaps that is all we have a right to expect of a Galveston cotton-factor. I trust that Col. Moody will get well out of his unpleasant predicament. Otherwise his well-known moral support of municipal enterprises of great pith and moment may go to protest. But if worst comes to worst, and loss of reputation and forced restitution ruins him, he can retire to his model "rice farm" in Chambers county and pick up no insignificant livelihood marketing mallard ducks that have died of mineral poison. Col. Moody's "rice farm" does not meet with the enthusiastic approval of Texas' sportsmen. It is known as Lake Surprise, and has long been celebrated as a hunter's paradise. Ducks flock there by the million to feed on the wild celery, and so many tons of lead have been shot into the lake that many are poisoned by the mineral they dig up out of the mud. As a perennial lake, this body of water was the inalienable property of the state, but, much to the surprise of old sportsmen, Col. Moody found men to make oath that they had seen it dry as a tariff editorial, and bought or pre-empted it for farming purposes. Lake Surprise may have gone dry at some distant period in the world's history—perhaps when Phæton drove the chariot of the sun and raised a mud blister on the bed of the Mediterranean. As the level of the lake is below mean low tide in the gulf, drainage is impossible, and the pretense that it can be utilized for farming purposes is self-evident fraud. Col. Moody has held possession of the lake for some years, but has raised no rice. His annual duck crop, however, is a daisy. He employs men to harvest it, and it is said that last season

his profit on dead mallards was nearly \$8,000. That were indeed a lively interest on his investment; but what does a man want with a duck ranch when he can pull the bucolic leg for \$300,000 by sending out a few cotton circulars? When the wild celery gives out, and with it the duck industry, Col. Moody will doubtless stock the paludal lands surrounding the lake with the most improved breed of French frogs and cater to the appetite of the batrachophagons. Of course there are two sides to most questions, but if I mistake not, a legal smelling committee would discover something even more unsavory than a lead-poisoned mallard in the Lake Surprise pre-emption.

* * *

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

THE question of strengthening our navy and fortifying our coast was discussed at considerable length at the recent session of congress, and resulted, as might have been expected, in a policy of parsimony. The *Gal-Dal News* and other mugwump papers of pro-British proclivities, pooh-poohed the idea of incurring the expense necessary to put the nation in a reasonable state of defense, despite the fact that war with two European powers seemed almost inevitable. We may safely assume that the patriotism of Gen. Andrew Jackson was as pronounced as that of our Anglo-maniacal editors, and that he was fully as competent as they to pass upon such important problems. In his farewell address, upon retiring from the presidency, he said:

“While I am thus endeavoring to press upon your attention the principles which I deem of vital importance to the domestic concerns of the country, I ought not to pass

over, without notice, the important considerations which should govern your policy toward foreign powers. It is unquestionably our true interest to cultivate the most friendly understanding with every nation, and to avoid, by every honorable means, the calamities of war; and we shall best obtain that object by frankness and sincerity in our foreign intercourse, by the prompt and faithful execution of our treaties, and by justice and impartiality in our conduct to all. But no nation, however desirous of peace, can hope to escape collisions with other powers; and the soundest dictates of policy require that we should place ourselves in a condition to assert our rights, if a resort to force should ever become necessary. Our local situation, our long line of coast, indented with numerous bays, with deep rivers opening into the interior, as well as our extended and still increasing commerce, point to the navy as our natural means of defense. It will, in the end, be found to be the cheapest and most effectual. . . . It is your true policy. For your navy will not only protect your rich and flourishing commerce in distant seas, but enable you to reach and annoy the enemy, and will give to the defence the greatest efficacy, by meeting danger at a distance from home. It is impossible, by any line of fortifications, to guard every point from attack against a hostile force advancing from the ocean, and selecting its object; but they are indispensable to prevent cities from bombardment; dockyards and navy arsenals from destruction; to give shelter to merchant vessels in time of war, and to single ships or weaker squadrons when pressed by superior force. Fortifications of this description cannot be too soon completed and armed, and placed in a condition of the most perfect preparation. . . . When this is done, and our naval force sufficiently strengthened, and our military armed, we need not fear that any nation

will wantonly insult us, or needlessly provoke hostilities. *We shall more certainly preserve peace, when it is well understood that we are prepared for war.*"



THE KANSAS TRINITY.

THE ICONOCLAST, which hitherto hath stood above the world "like the herald Mercury new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill," has been hurled at one fell swoop clear down to the mullagatawny's profoundest depths, and now horrors on Horror's head accumulate. Pelion is piled on Ossa, one misfortune doth gall his fellow's kibe, so fast they follow. Woe, woe the day; woe, woe the hour! Whoa, Emma! The Three Graces, having quit chortling in the wake of Apollo's gilded car and binding the cestus of Venus, have gone west to grow up with the country, and are now conducting the City Book Store at Emporia, Kansas. These beautiful damosels, sweet patrons of love and wisdom, who were wont to monkey with Minerva's owl and tangle their taper fingers in Aphrodite's shining hair, do not approve the ICONOCLAST. They declare it "vile stuff, nawsty and horrid," and now this erstwhile sunny world seems desolate indeed. They have even countermanded their order for the paper and forbidden the express companies to deliver a single package lest it do make the nerves to shriek like mandrake pulled at midnight. That is why the Apostle is missing meals and losing sleep of night,—going about with a brace of jack-screws to uphold his heavy heart and seeking a spot in the tawny Brazos deep enough to drown him. To be condemned by the Vestal Virgins of the land of she-male suffrage, sunflowers and cyclones, is too utterly too much.

The burthen laid upon me seems greater than I can bear. Imagine a man who has been for twenty years in the Baptist ministry, and who never uses a word without first examining its root to see if it is diseased, being denounced as nawsty—a veritable Boccaccio—by three fair maids who, for unnumbered years, have played guardian angels to literature and art, while wasting their honeyed sweetness on the desert air! As the heroine says in the play, “My Gawd, has it come to this!” It has. Henceforth the ICONOCLAST will not shed its fragrance through the temple of the Kansas Graces. The careful virgins will switch their patrons to the Sunday papers, with their political sermons and syphilitic panaceas. As the moral concept of the people is purged and purified, their pious guardians will permit them, for a monetary consideration, to peruse Shakespeare’s “Merry Wives of Windsor” and Byron’s “Don Juan.” In the course of time the great female trinity of bibliopoles may consider the Emporians to have reached that exalted level of moral excellence where they can enjoy the story of the debauchment of Lot’s daughters by a drunken father, and actually lay in a stock of Bibles. Perchance it was the very purity of the ICONOCLAST that surprised the maiden pietists. It is certainly not what the book-sellers of Kansas are accustomed to. Extreme cold has an effect upon the nerves similar to that of heat, and the modest maidens may have mistaken the iciness of Joseph for the fiery concupiscence of Mrs. Potiphar. Fair, if somewhat faded flowers of Kansas, the abiding place of the blooming bigot and home of the crinose crank, indeed you do me wrong. Had you been carefully reading the ICONOCLAST these past sixty years, it would have led you into an Hymenic Elysium instead of leaving you alone and lorn with none to cuddle you to a manly brisket, praise your wondrous beauty and

fill your corncob pipe. Instead of being condemned to the comfortless companionship of tabby cats and poll-parrots you might now see your great grandsons voting the Populist ticket, your female descendants of the fourth generation chasing the bubble fame on pneumatic tires. But it is never too late to mend. Hope springs eternal in the human breast,—and you may be happy yet. Come to Texas, where you can sit beneath the immediate drip-pings of the **ICONOCLAST** sanctuary and let it thaw you out. In Kansas the women are the men—and it is not good that man should be alone. Aye, hie you to Texas, fair but neglected blossoms of the Kansas prairie—come hither, where the roses ever bloom and night and day the mocking-bird pours his song, sweeter than bulbul's nocturnal lament in the beauteous Gardens of Gul; where the magnolia jags the air with swooning incense, and the jasmine's sensuous perfume is nature's matrimonial agency. A few years in this expansive state and you will cease to relish the droning sermons of one idea preachers, the story of the worm fricaseed in everlasting fire, and the awful atrocities of the Children of Israël. The artesian water will work your liver, cleanse your blood, sweeten your breath and transform you into things of beauty and joys forever. Then you will relish the **ICONOCLAST**, and send the Apostle bouquets of sweet but-tercups and blue for-get-me-nots. "Let the past be past" and hie you hither, where every prospect pleases and man is boss; where we drink at the fount of perfectual youth and talk only of love and love's raptures, instead of moping in dark corners with atribilarious livers and scandalizing our neighbors. As Troilus stood 'pon Ilion's ramparts and sighed his soul out toward the Grecian camp, where his fair Cressid was flirting with s'mother fellow, so stands the Apostle upon the borders of this sun-

kissed land and calls upon the Three Graces to come out of the Kansas cold and take unto themselves a Texas Apollo. Come, birdies, come!

* * *

HENRY CLAY AND THE APES.

THE anurous A. P. Apes are welcome to draw what comfort they can from the following utterance of that sturdy American patriot, Henry Clay:

“There are some foreigners who always remain exotics (He was referring to the English) and never become naturalized in our country; whilst, happily, there are many others who readily attach themselves to our principles and our institutions. The honest, patient and industrious German readily unites with our people, establishes himself in some of our fat lands, fills his capacious barn, and enjoys in tranquility the abundant fruits which his diligence gathers around him, always ready to fly to the standard of his adopted country, or of its laws, when called by the duties of patriotism. The gay, the versatile, the philosophic Frenchman, accommodating himself cheerfully to all the vicissitudes of life, incorporates himself without difficulty in our society. But of all foreigners, none amalgamate themselves so quickly with our people as the natives of the Emerald Isle. In some of the visions which have passed through my imagination, I have supposed that Ireland was originally part and parcel of this continent, and that, by some extraordinary convulsion of nature, it was torn from America, and, drifting across the ocean, was placed in the unfortunate vicinity of Great Britain. The same open-heartedness; the same generous hospitality; the same careless and uncalculating indif-

ference about human life, characterize the inhabitants of both countries. Kentucky has been sometimes called the Ireland of America, and I have no doubt that, if the current of emigration were reversed and set from America upon the shores of Europe, instead of bearing from Europe to America, every American emigrant to Ireland would there find, as every Irish emigrant here finds, a hearty welcome and a happy home!"

What a crying shame that the Great Commoner died before the Knownothing party could explain to him the necessity of repealing our naturalization laws; before the A. P. Apes could inform him that the French, Irish and Dutch, with their religion of papal diabolism, were sending this nation to the dickens! Poor old Clay! How much he might have learned had he been born a few years later!

* * *

THOU SHALT NOT.

"THOU SHALT NOT PRESS THE CROWN OF THORNS TO THE BROW OF LABOR, AND THOU SHALT NOT CRUCIFY THE BEST INTERESTS OF THIS GREAT REPUBLIC ON A CROSS OF GOLD."

THE edict has gone forth—the era of privilege and proscriptio must pass. No more shall it be proclaimed in the high places of this nation that to him that hath shall be given, while from him that hath not shall be taken e'en that which he hath. The people must not be pauperized for the benefit of the plutocrat, nor will the many consent to want that the few may waste. The toiling millions refuse to longer suffer the oppressor's wrongs, the proud man's contumely. "Thou shalt not," says the dauntless

young tribune of the people, and "Thou shalt not" comes ringing back in thunder tones from forest, and field and factory. 'Tis the Titan of Toil who speaks, and his voice is as of the voice of many waters. It is a proclamation that even he and no other is lord of this land, which the strength of his hands hath transformed from a wilderness and desert waste into fruitful garden—that no longer will he bow as low as Cæsar's feet and ask in humble tones a tithe of that his brawn hath wrung from the earth's unwilling bosom, or his cunning fashioned at the forge. No more shall the high-priests and myrmidons of Mammon press the crown of thorns to his beaded brow, nor crucify him on an industrial Calvary—"thou shalt not."

It is a new declaration of Independence flung into tyrants' faces by men born for freedom. It is a second Emancipation Proclamation, a warning to the pitiless Pharaohs of the present, a hammer laid to the galling shackles of the slave. It is an indignant denial of the doctrine that the masses should toil for the enrichment of the classes. It is a declaration backed by tremendous power, that the rotten rule of political rings must pass and this become in very truth a government by the people. It is a proud assertion of American Sovereignty, before which the petty princelings who grind the faces of the poor, now stand appalled.

Bryan is the candidate of the people, not of the politicians. For over a century or more our presidential nominees have been compromises effected by warring political cabals. Booms have been laboriously worked up by systematic advertising, just as patent medicines are put upon the market. Had McKinley been a bogus remedy for bots, or proprietary cure for bleeding piles, Mark Hanna, as a business man, would have proceeded exactly as he did to "work up a demand." In many cases money has been

freely used to purchase editorial influence and employ *claqueurs* to create a bogus furore and stampede the people—money contributed by men who were not in politics for their health, but expected these contributions to the corruption fund to yield a pecuniary profit—that it would enable them to fatten, directly or indirectly, at the expense of the public. Collectorships, cabinet portfolios, ambassadorships and other “spoils” have been partitioned out in advance of the convention to secure the influence of the prospective beneficiaries, powerful newspapers have been “seen” and an army of shrewd “workers” and wire-pullers turned loose upon the land. President-making has become of late years but little more than a well-laid conspiracy on the part of the plutocrats and politicians against the common people. The house of Have has regularly placed before us two puppets, one labeled Democratic and the other Republican; and, like two bad roads, to choose the one were to regret the other.

Bryan was not a candidate before the convention. Had he offered for that high honor all the political pie grafters and bunco steerers for New York and London boodlers would have declared him “unavailable.” Why? Because he had been guilty of the heinous crime of presuming to think for himself. He had looked at public questions from the standpoint of a patriot rather than a politician—from that of a man who produces wealth in the sweat of his brow rather than of the impudent parasite who consumes it in idleness. He had sought to promote the welfare of the whole people rather than the selfish interests of a party. He had dared to offend those who fatten on their country’s misfortunes, and who are expected to provide the “sinews of war” for political campaigns. He was regarded by the politicians with exactly the same suspicion that a nest of thieves contemplates a policeman.

But the emissaries of Dives were not strong enough at Chicago to dominate the convention. Having tired of being hoodooed and humbugged by those who make politics a paying profession, the people had exercised more than usual caution in selecting their representatives. The result was a platform of principles containing no slippery-elm planks. Each declaration is clean cut and cannot be interpreted one way in the East, another in the West, one way by the people and another by the president. It says what it means and means what it says. It contains no "cowardly compromise." The man who stands upon the Chicago platform does not have to swear out a search-warrant to determine where he is "at." There is not an ambiguous phrase from preamble to conclusion, from Alpha to Omega—not the faintest suggestion of deception or double-dealing. Right or wrong, wise or unwise, the framers of that instrument dealt honestly by the people. It is the first time in five-and-twenty years that a national convention of either of the old political parties has neither trimmed nor tergiversated, begged a question nor dodged an issue, and its manly candor will sink like incense from God's own altar into the soul of every honest American Sovereign. With such a platform, Bryan of Nebraska was the logical candidate, for its sentiments echo his convictions and its honesty mirrors his manhood. He did not have to stultify himself—as did McKinley—to accept the platform upon which he was nominated. He took no foundlings to rear in becoming chief exponent of the principles enunciated at Chicago—they germinated in his own heart and were born of his own brain. McKinley takes the field with the sinister bastard-bar on his political bearings; but on the argent shield of Bryan there's but honorable blazonry.

"Under which flag, Benzonian?" Under that of a man

who boldly utters his convictions and battles for the people, or that of one willing to accept *any* platform to reach the presidency. Is your chief in this struggle an American sovereign or a political slave?

Quite naturally, the nomination of Byran caused a tremendous howl to go up from every man with an axe to grind at the expense of the government. The firm of Belmont, Morgan & Cleveland stands appalled. There is consternation among the big mortgage companies. There is weeping and wailing in Wall Street. The operators of the great trusts are in agony. The practical politicians have become prophets of evil, and papers that profit by the sale of editorial influence to professional plunderers are shrieking forth their displeasure. Bryan is being denounced as a red-flagger, a Jack Cade, a veritable Anarsharsis Cloots, or political Anabaptist by those whose private snaps at public expense his candidacy endangers; yet his most uncompromising enemies grudgingly admit that he is exceptionally able and incorruptibly honest. How in the name of all the gods at once can the best interests of this country be subverted by placing an able and honest man at the head of its affairs? What do these fellows so industriously doing the bay-steer act, really want? A president with neither honesty nor ability? Is that their ideal of a chief executive officer? Do they want another Cleveland, who entered the White House a poor man, and, in seven years of public service—on a \$50,000 salary—accumulated several millions? Are they crying for a man like McKinley, who declined to have any monetary ideas until a professional booster inserted in his head the St. Louis bimetallic (?) platform in lieu of brains? “Able and honest.” Is that why Bryan is so distasteful to the grain gamblers and railroad wreckers? Is that why the New York *Sun*, the Texas *Gal-Dal* and all

the other journalistic trenchermen in the house of Dives are deluging him with their dirty intellectual dishwater? "He is a radical," they cry. Perchance that is the inevitable effect of which his admitted ability and honesty is the cause. Had he fewer brains or less integrity he might be as eminently "conservative" as McKinley himself. It is well to remember that those great men who established this government—despite the protest of the conservative Tories—were even more "radical and revolutionary" than even Bryan of Nebraska.

Somewhat more than a century ago the American people were being despoiled by a political tyranny. They plead for justice, and their supplications were mocked; they remonstrated and were unanswered with the musket. They grew restless beneath the brutal wrongs, and here and there the voice of an Adams, a Henry or a Paine was heard in fiery protest. The blessed "conservatives" wanted to execute such patriots as public enemies. Why? Because some of them held lucrative offices under the crown, others were profiting by the despoliation of the people, and gathered about these place-holders and commercial pirates was the same crew of crumb-grabbers, the same gang of God-forsaken lickspittles now pleading with the American people to endure a worse tyranny in patience. The same class of stall-fed cattle and the same yelping pack of intellectual yaller dogs insisted that we should remain the humble subjects of King George that now protest that we owe allegiance to King Carnegie, the industrial dukes and banker barons. Adams was denounced as an anarchist, Paine as a communist, and we may presume that Patrick Henry was the original "Pop." But the wail of the "conservatives" of '76 was vain as that now heard in Wall Street. The Conscript Fathers were not deterred by the frantic abuse heaped upon them

by the Danas and Belos of their day. Finding that they could no more stem the rising tide than any other bad smell could stop a thunderbolt, some of the "loyal subjects of his most gracious majesty" attached themselves to the Continental army—in the capacity of sutlers—while others, caught trying to betray their neighbors to British vengeance, were given a short shrift and a hair halter. Those "conservatives" now crying "peace, peace," will find there can be no peace until the people are the rulers *de facto*, as they are *de jure*, of this mighty nation—that they did not cease to be British subjects only to become industrial serfs. They will find that they can no more check with their phrenetic calamity-clack this uprising against ring rule than could King Canute prevent the majestic ocean rolling in the wake of the silver moon. They will find that brazen robbery in the realm of industry is doomed—that a cabal of multi-millionaires will not much longer be permitted either to dictate national polity or fix the price of the farmers' products. The people propose to take a hand in these important matters, and they will begin by placing at the head of affairs, not the creature of an "industrial cannibal," not a sinister plotter with "nothing to say," but a man capable of swaying all hearts with the magnetism of his manly presence and the mystic power of his matchless genius—of compelling even the political condottieri to acknowledge his ability and testify to his integrity.

Bryan is neither anarchist nor communist. He is the friend of order, but not an admirer of a "Roman peace"—a peace enforced with sword and scourge and grinding slavery. The real anarchist is the man who attempts to perpetuate the present political and industrial conditions—who would ignore the protests of the people, would trample upon the rights of the toilers that Dives may

double his fortune; who would reduce millions of American freemen to the condition of Russian peasants or Mexican peons and fill the land with bloated plutocrats and hungry paupers. He is the man who stands in the shadow of the red flag and builds bombs—is doing all in his power to precipitate a new and more terrible Reign of Terror. The true statesman tries to make all men equal before the law, to accord like opportunity in the field of industry and insure to each the full usufruct of his endeavor. The patriot puts the well-being of the whole people above the impudent claims of class and the selfish ambition of party. The astute politician imitates the example of Queen Elizabeth and graciously concedes what he could not long withhold. No man is fit to sit in a village council, much less to occupy the exalted position of chief magistrate, who does not recognize that the will of the people—whether it be wisdom or folly—is the fundamental law of free government, and any abridgement thereof an act of usurpation deserving of death. True, this is not the opinion of Mr. Cleveland and Ambassador Bayard; nor is it the opinion of those who would foist upon us a “new Napoleon”; but it is the irrevocable conviction of the common people. No man is fit to preside over the destiny of this republic who does not recognize, with Lincoln, that “the voice of the people is the voice of God.”

Tallyrand never uttered a truer paradox than when he declared that “Everybody knows more than anybody.” The cumulative wisdom of the country is greater, safer than the conclusions of a coterie, though it be composed of the Seven Sages, and this fact is the basic principle of the American Republic. The people may make political mistakes; but it must be ever borne in mind that this is *their* country; that they made it what it is and have a perfect right to rule it as they deem best—to coin iron

money if they want to, or abolish political currency altogether. The Belmonts and Morgans, the Vanderbilts and Astors hold a mortgage on the country; but, though it was obtained by fraud, there is no desire on the part of the people to cancel it by force. All they ask is conditions that make possible its payment and their emancipation from the pauperizing imposition; yet Dives, with his obliging law-builders and obsequious "able editors" of the Dana school, are doing all in their power, not only to perpetuate the present hard conditions, but to make the burden of the toilers too grievous to be borne—are day by day driving the masses nearer to revolt, adding fuel to the incipient flame.

This is not a battle of the East with the West, of the North with the South; it is a struggle between the patriots of every section with those who, in the pride of their wealth and power, have adopted the Vanderbiltian motto—"The people be damned." It is an attempt to decide an "irrepressible conflict" without the shedding of one drop of blood or the disturbance of any man's title to wealth which he has honestly earned—to adjust peaceably by virtue of the ballot what may otherwise result to the bullet. I have no debts to "repudiate." If the single gold standard makes for the benefit of the creditor, I might feel a slight interest in its perpetuation and join forces with those editors now striving to drown the Nebraska orator in a sea of acrid ink; but it does not. The man who, in times like these, considers only how he can make the "rascal counters" he may have at interest yield him a double increment; how he may play the contemptible pawnbroker and despoil a debtor of all his property; how he may squeeze a few more drops of lifeblood from the badly burdened people, is not only a rotten-hearted knave, but a purblind ass oblivious to his own best interests.

America's multi-millionaires are standing on a powder mine and "monkeying" with lucifer matches. Labor is becoming desperate—savage as the antlered stag brought to bay. Beyond it lies starvation's dreadful abyss. Further it cannot, and it turns upon the bloodhounds with a fierce "Thou shalt not!"

Labor has been bamboozled by politicians and sandbagged by plutocrats until it is losing faith in everything but brute force. Already anarchy is rife in the great cities and communism is spreading in the country like a prairie fire. It has been but a little while since, in the very city where Bryan was nominated, workmen asked for bread and were given the bayonet. When Coxey's hungry horde went marching across the country the heart of the mass thrilled with the terrible fire that burst forth in the French Revolution. All the vast army of industry felt a keen sympathy for that pitiful regiment of ragamuffins. Had the aggregation of wretchedness been fired on at Washington by some "new Napoleon," it would have been regarded by millions as another Lexington, a challenge from the classes to the masses, and flames have roared and bullets hissed from Bedloe's Island to the Golden Gate. So strong was the sympathy even among the farmers for that mockery of militarism that governors dared not oppose the progress of "industrial armies," and state militia companies could not be depended on to protect corporate property. The cannon was silent. Coxey marched up the hill, marched down again, and the acute phase of the affair was past; but the danger still remains—will remain so long as men educated to believe themselves the equals of kings and the superiors of princes cannot obtain sufficient food for themselves and families. Another panic, another closing of factory or mine, another Homestead horror, another invasion of a state by federal troops to shoot down men

who are striking blindly for self-preservation, may precipitate the explosion—then where will Dives find defenders?

Were it not wise to reduce the pressure somewhat, to loosen the thumbscrews a little? Were it not better to be satisfied with a reasonable increment than, by grasping for more, lose all? Were it not the part of wisdom to give to toil the full meed of its earnings lest it appropriate that of both labor and capital? Were it not better for the millionaire to concede a part while he may than all when he must? Were it not better to yield gracefully to an irresistible force than to stubbornly oppose it and be destroyed? "After us the deluge," cried the French aristocrats; but the cataclysm waited not their convenience—caught 'em without boats or umbrellas. The mechanic is rapidly concluding that a reign of anarchy could be no worse than an era of starvation; the farmer that the wildest "Populist vagary" were preferable to a scale of prices that will not meet the interest on his mortgage.

When matters become as bad as they can, any change whatsoever must be for the better. Having leaped from the frying-pan into the fire, resilience can scarce prove ruinous. Mr. Bryan's "radicalism" can be no worse for the country than Mr. Cleveland's "conservatism." A man possessing such "ability and honesty" as the goldbugs credit Mr. Bryan withal, would scarce add more than 262 millions to our bonded indebtedness in a time of peace, nor precipitate more than one panic during an era of plenty. Could he steer this nation to the very verge of a foolish war about anything of less consequence than the breeding place of moccasins and mosquitoes? Could he bring the mightiest of republics into more damning disgrace than by attempting the subversion of the Hawaiian republic while leaving struggling Cuba at the mercy of the modern Attila? Could even a radical of the radicals do

worse for the country than fill it with hopeless farmers, idle mechanics and broken merchants? Would he dare, think you, having a reputation for ability and honesty to maintain—permit his plutocratic friends to elongate Uncle Sam's leg to the tune of more than eight million dollars in as many days? Were it not the part of wisdom to supplant with an able and honest man one whose stupidity had been frequently demonstrated and his integrity as often doubted?

We have been making presidents of scrub stock entirely too long. Not every man who can serve a subpoena and engineer a hanging, shoot ducks and play pinochle will make a capable chief magistrate of a mighty republic. The politicians have chosen for us, not the ablest men, but those "ablest to be chosen." Webster nor Clay, Benton nor Blaine could reach the presidency. The politicians would not have them; but at last the people have determined that ability and integrity shall be no bar to the highest office in the gift of the government; that if we have among us God's noblest—and rarest—work, an honest man; if there be a sure-enough genius at large in the land, Uncle Sam, rather than the courts of Nebraska, is entitled to his services.

The cry is raised that Bryan is too young. Fortunately, the defect is not constitutional—with the blessing of God he will get over it. I regret exceedingly that his complaint isn't contagious. What difference does it make, forsooth, how young he may be so long as his very opponents admit his great ability? The idea that wisdom comes only with age is the merest moonshine. Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet" at 36, and at that age Lord Byron laid down the burdens of life. At 30 Lord Clive was conquering India for the British crown, and at 33 Alexander the Great gave up the ghost. At 27 Napoleon took command

of the Army of Italy, and at 32 Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. At 31 Webster was holding his own with such intellectual Titans as Clay and Calhoun, and at that age the best essays of Macaulay had been written. Pitt was Chancellor of the Exchequer at 23, and at that age Fox resigned the office of Lord of the Admiralty. Whether in art or literature, in war or statecraft, in commerce or industry, the great bulk of the world's best work has been done by men for whom life's shadows were still falling towards the West. Youth boldly faces the unsolved enigma of the future; age turns its face regretfully to the past. The first seeks improvement; the latter looks to precedent. Youth stands for progress and age for petrification.

We have fallen into the bad habit of making the United States Senate an old folk's refuge or asylum for senility, sending to the lower house of Congress pettifogging attorneys who cannot pick up a livelihood by practice in the chicken courts, then accepting for President whatsoever chump is most satisfactory to the plutocrats. It is small wonder that, with such a captain and crew, the ship of state is drifting to the devil. It is small wonder that her precious cargo is appropriated by pirates—that Capitol and White House are permeated by Wall Street's subtle perfume. It is small wonder that trusts flourish, the national debt increases, confidence is shaken and our public servants save more than their salaries. It is small wonder that the farmer halfsoles his butternut breeches with cotton bagging while the mechanic goes hungry to bed. It is time we sent to Washington a man whose heart is with the toiling millions, and who can not be lulled by the golden sirens of Greed—one with courage to say to those who make the national temple a den of thieves, "Thou Shalt Not."

DUTCH, DEITY AND DEVIL.

GOD has been insulted again! Gabriel has gone into mourning, Michael wears his wings at halfmast and Ithuriel sits clothed in sackcloth and covered with ashes. The wounds on Calvary bleed afresh, the angels rend their white robes and there is weeping and wailing in the Holy City. The golden harp hath gone silent, hushed is the loud hosannah, the stertorous sob and spasmodic snuffle have supplanted the hallelujah. St. Peter hath double-barred the gate, and the Almighty leaves the universe to run haphazard while he forges punitive thunderbolts and lays up barbed arrows in his sagittary against the day of wrath.

The Dutch did it—and all heaven cries with one accord, “D——n the Dutch!”

On a recent Sunday “We Chermans” said to ourselves: The weather is hot. We will go into the woods and make us a picnic. So? We had music and beer and redbugs. We ran foot races, played ball and rode in the merry-go-round. We sang the Star Spangled Banner and the Watch on the Rhine. We danced with the pretty girls and swung them until the roses bloomed in their cheeks and their laughter echoed like music through the leafy aisles of the first temples of our Lord. We smoked our pipes beneath umbrageous bows, discussed the latest news from the Fatherland, and watched our fat babies roll and tumble on God’s carpeting of green embroidered with fragrant flowers. It was a day of pleasure, one of rest without weariness, and we came home feeling that life was well worth the living—was something for which to thank the giver of all good. But scarce had the last peal of laughter died away, scarce had the last note of music melted into the throbbing atmosphere ere the religious busybodies were

upon us like a flock of unclean birds—defending an Omnipotent God from the deadly assaults of the Dutch! A Waco lodge of Good (for nothing) Templars lifted up its voice like discord at Peleus' nuptial *fête*, and declared that we had "desecrated the Sabbath." Where did this aggregation of atrabilarious bigots and irrepressible meddlers absorb its misinformation? Desecrated the Sabbath how? By being happy? By enjoying to the utmost our weekly respite from grinding toil? By playing ball instead of meeting together in solemn conclave to slander our betters? By dancing instead of consigning honest men and noble women to eternal damnation? By absorbing a glass of beer—when Christ made and blessed a more intoxicating tippie? Why, you small-brained, bilious-livered, acrid-hearted disciples of Cotton Mather, do you suppose for one moment that the Almighty can be injured by a toot on the trombone? And if it doesn't hurt him, why should you howl? Do you really suppose that the Creator of the Cosmos flies into a rage because Hans Brietman goes to church Sunday morning, then takes his best girl to the park in the afternoon and stuffs her corset full of hokey-pokey and peanuts? If he doesn't approve of Hans' method of passing the Sabbath can't he settle with him without your assistance? Has he commissioned you to see that Hans remembers the Sabbath day to keep it holy? Who are you that presume to interpret for us—quite unasked—the will of the Deity, and who would abrogate a fundamental law of this land, that of religious liberty? Are you in any wise responsible for our sins? Have you been commissioned as our religious guides? Do we interfere with your political privileges or religious prerogatives? And is it any of your d——d business what we do so long as your rights are sacredly respected? No? Then why in God's name do you persist in poking your

meddlesome snouts into matters that in nowise concern you? Why don't you take something for the meddler's itch and respect that other law from the book which you are continually hurling at our heads, viz.: "Judge not lest ye be judged."

I have never a word to say in derogation of the Christian Sabbath; but I do insist that my observance or non-observance thereof is a matter solely between my conscience and my Creator; that I am free to determine for myself what I may and may not properly do on that day, and that every law upon the statute books of American states which prohibits me from doing on Sunday what I may lawfully do on Monday is an invasion of the natural rights of man, subversive of the teachings of Christ, and a flagrant violation of the Federal Constitution. We have millions of good citizens—the equals morally and the superiors mentally of Waco's Good Templars—who firmly believe that Christ was a fraud. We have tens of thousands of worthy people who regard Saturday as the true Sabbath. Because we chance to be in the majority shall we compel all these people to either stultify themselves or leave the country—this country of "religious liberty," where every man is supposed to be privileged to "worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience?" Certainly a man should not be allowed to fill his hide with mean whiskey and become personally offensive to those for whom Sunday possesses a sacrosanct character; but he should be compelled on all days to conduct himself with decency and decorum or suffer the consequences.

It is high time the old Yankee blue laws were relegated to oblivion. Christianity is optimism, not pessimism. It is a religion of joy instead of sorrow, of laughter rather than of tears, of light and life, not of gloom and death. Viewed from a purely economic standpoint, the Sunday

holiday is to be commended; but it should be in very truth a holiday, not a day of penance—of the abject slavery of the whole people to the narrow theological views of those whom a different birth might have made high-priests of Mumbo Jumbo instead of western dogmatizers. It is doubtful if the workingman could create as much wealth without his regular Sunday rest as with it; but it is small gain to emancipate him from the slavery of the treadmill and deny him the right to recreate himself as he may choose. Sunday, to really benefit the workingman, to put fresh vigor in his veins and new courage in his heart—to remind him that he too is a man, and not a mere mechanic—should be as free from restraint as possible. let him have a brass band and orderly beer garden if he likes; dancing platform and shooting gallery, concerts and clean theatrical performances, horseracing and baseball. There is more true worship of God in a happy, joyful heart in a ten-pin alley than in a splenetic one repeating the catechism—and envying Solomon his 700 wives and 300 harlots. *Avaunt*, long-faced hypocrite, with thy Sunday law! Get thee into a corner with thy threnodies and be as miserable as thou mayst; but please to remember thou hast no warrant of God for making thy brother wretched; for shutting from him the sunshine; for robbing him of such happiness as he can find in this too unhappy world; for making him a canting pharisee like thyself—a thing despised by men and condemned by God.

Considered from a purely theological standpoint, there is absolutely no warrant for the Sunday laws in operation in most so-called Christian states and nations. The old Jewish Sabbath was a day of rest, of feasting and rejoicing—very different from that of the second temple, and the Puritanical Sunday which the laws in question seek to re-establish. Christ recognized the Jewish Sabbath, and

the early Christians observed it and no other. Naturally the day upon which the Saviour was said to have risen from the dead possessed a sacrosanct character to those who accepted Him as the Son of God. As the new doctrine spread among the non-Semitic peoples, who knew not Moses, it was natural that they should observe "the Lord's day" to the neglect of the Hebrew Sabbath, and a clash between the Gentile and Jewish Christians occurred in the time of the Apostles. Hence we find Paul absolving his proselytes from observance of the Mosaic sacred day and magnifying "the Lord's day" into a new Sabbath—upon what authority is not clear, as the original Disciples and first converts maintained the continued obligation of the Mosaic Sabbath and the limitation of the promises to those who observed it. Not only did they insist upon the observance of the Mosaic Sabbath, but on the rite of circumcision. The fact is that the observance of Sunday as a sacred day is simply a custom, not a divine command. It does not date from Christ, but is a heritage bequeathed us by a very unchristian quarrel among his followers, and, true to its stormy origin, it has been breeding trouble ever since. Those who would suppress Sunday newspapers, bathrooms and barber-shops, and who have the willies over a Sunday picnic or ball game, inherit their Sabbatarian ideas, not from Christ, but from those hypocritical formalists he so bitterly denounced. The Mosaic Sabbath had been twisted from a day of rest and recreation into one of torture by the religious degenerates of Jerusalem. Christ took special pains to prove his utter contempt for those early blue laws; yet they are the models adopted by the ignorant fanatics of the present day, who pretend to follow in his footsteps.

That the American people have a legal right to enact such Sunday laws as they choose, there can be no ques-

tion. There is nothing in the Federal Constitution prohibiting the people of any state establishing a church and supporting it by general taxation if they see fit to do so; but the legal right to do a thing does not prove either its justice or its wisdom. We must not forget, however, that secular is grounded upon moral law, and that in turn upon religion, or at least religiosity; that theology and jurisprudence are so interwoven that complete separation is practically impossible. But while all governments, whatsoever their name or profession, must, to some extent, be theocracies in which the theological views of the great body of people are shadowed forth, there can be no excuse for cramming non-essential religious formulas down the throats of dissenters with a policeman's bludgeon. Only Puritanical intolerance will compel those who reject the Christian religion, to observe its Sabbath; only bigotry, born of ignorance and nursed by insolence, will presume to dictate to an American citizen how he shall spend his Sundays.

* * *

THE CURRENCY CRAZE.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

I AM inclined to suspect at times that watermelons would continue to grow and shoats to fatten, the bicycle girl persist in pawing the atmosphere with her shapely legs and the ice-cold schooner come sliding down the slippery bar should both the white and yellow metal saviors of the country contract paralysis of the jawbone. This currency agitation has developed into a veritable craze, reminds me of the one-legged man who insisted that physicians treat him for cramps in his missing foot. Uncle

Sam's monetary troubles are purely imaginary, and even were he financially ill, it is beyond the power of the politicians to provide him with a panacea. Congress can no more increase or diminish the volume of our exchange media than it can increase or diminish the number of our quart cups or bushel baskets, and any attempt to do so were like a man in mid-ocean bailing water from one side of his boat to the other in the expectation of creating a hole and building a hill. Of course you can no more convince the perspiring goldites or conclamating silverites of this demonstrable fact than you can persuade a Digger Indian that the sun doesn't revolve around the earth. The men who believe that Congress can make or mar our exchange media, and thereby inaugurate a saturnian age or send us to the devil industrially, are cousins-german to those who believe the biblical miracles. Their financial convictions are purely a matter of faith, beyond the reach of reason, in nowise amenable to the laws of logic. Discussing monetary science with a confirmed goldite or silverite were equivalent to disputing anent form of baptism with a Campbellite.

Those trailing in the wake of that political pariah, Bill McKinley, are sweating blood lest the free coinage of silver depreciate the purchasing power of the dollar and utterly destroy our commerce and industry. Their doleful jeremiads mount night and day, and the burden of their lamentations is the woes to be inflicted upon the working people by the "dishonest dollar." The seven vials of the seven angels of the Apocalypse were as benedictions by comparison with the plagues to be let loose on this unhappy land by the "repudiators." The ICONOCLAST has never advocated the free coinage of silver; but it will pay \$100 in gold to the first man who sends to this office the name of any nation, ancient or modern, that has been

pauperized by a depreciation in the purchasing power of its exchange media.

Patrick Henry having assured us that "we can only judge the future by the past," I am not a little anxious to learn from what historic predicate the McKinley boomers draw their hair-raising and blood-curdling conclusion. I would prefer that the "new Napoleon" send Mark Hanna around to claim the reward and add it to the campaign fund; but if that be inconvenient, any of the learned Thebans now discoursing so glibly of "free silver and industrial ruin" will be permitted to take a shy at the ducats. I want to secure a map of that country in which a depreciation in the purchasing power of the exchange media reduced the aggregate of wealth and drove the toilers hungry to bed. I want to hang it up with my collection of those wherein an appreciating currency pauperized the common people—enabled a few to despoil the many by lending a pup and compelling repayment of a pig. Don't be bashful, gentlemen; the latchstring hangs on the outside and the reward awaits you. Why waste your breath spouting on street corners, your energies writing labored essays for the press, when by carrying your wisdom to this office, you can exchange it for

"Gold, gold, bright and yellow, hard and cold."

Do not, I beseech you, waste your sweetness on the desert air, but make your ebullient learning butter your parsnips. Search the history of every people, from the day when old Abraham paid "current money with the merchant" for the cave and field of Machpelah, to Modern Mexico, answer this plain question and "put money in thy purse." If you can find no such instance; if you have absolutely nothing upon which to bottom your alarming pre-

dictions, then, in the name of common decency, take the mainspring out of your calamity clack and go bottle your wind.

I freely concede that a depreciating currency is a bad thing; but history amply demonstrates that an appreciating one is worse. The first robs the creditor; the latter despoils the debtor. The natural tendency of the first is toward an equal distribution of wealth; that of the latter towards its concentration, making the many helpless dependents of the few, crushing liberty and inaugurating insolent despotism. This fact is self-evident, and explains why the creditor East is for the gold standard, while the debtor West and South demand the unlimited coinage of silver. Selfishness is the basic principle of both policies. Each hopes to profit at the expense of the other—and both will be disappointed.

Peace for a moment, in Heaven's name, and let us try to think that we're thinking. Let us quit rethreshing moldy economic straw and size up the situation. How much governmental money have we?

About two billions.

What proportion of our exchanges are affected by it?

Approximately 5 per cent.

And that 5 per cent. is what we are worrying about, is it? Our trouble with one-twentieth of our trade is what is raising the very Devil and Tom Walker and causing everybody, from Mrs. Lease down to Grover Cleveland to miss meals and lose sleep; With what is the other 95 per cent. of our exchanges effected?

With a commercial currency, manufactured from day to day, adapting itself automatically and infallibly to the exigencies of trade, and beyond the control of presidents and congresses. Money it is *not*, but an exchange medium it *is*. Clearly, whatsoever affects nineteen-twentieths of

our volume of exchanges must be considered a very effective part of our volume of currency.

If it requires 2 billions of currency to do 5 per cent. of our money work, what is the actual volume of our efficient exchange media?

About 40 billions.

And yet half of the people are having one conniption fit after another lest a few silver dollars be added to this tremendous flood, while the other half declare that without such addition we are bound to the Devil! No wonder the lunatic asylums of the land are filled to overflowing. How much silver do we produce in a year?

Enough to coin some 75 million dollars.

Suppose we coin it all for a period of 10 years, what have we added to the volume of our exchange media?

Less than a billion dollars.

If the expanding commerce of this country requires 40 billions now, what will it require 10 years hence?

Ask me something easy—perhaps 50 billions.

And the addition of less than 1 billion is what is giving you night sweats? Perhaps instead of a great financial idea you've got a tape worm.

But governmental money is the foundation upon which all this commercial currency rests—gold is the basis of the pyramid.

'Tis, eh? We have about half a billion gold coin in this country—and that upholds 39½ billions of credit money! No wonder the "yellow boys" want to go abroad. Barnum's fat woman sitting in the lap of Tom Thumb were not a circumstance to it. Cheops turned upside down and balanced on a dinner plate! Great is Uncle Sam! He is doing a \$40-business on a cash capital of 50 cents—all miracles hitherto heard of are out-miracled! Midas, we are told, had asses' ears, but his modern disciples go the

whole head. No wonder there's a "lack of confidence"—40 billion of America's exchange media trying to balance on G. Cleveland's slippery gold reserve. Some day it may occur to a man here and there that our great volume of currency—political and commercial—is really bottomed on a very large and fruitful splotch of the North American continent.

Sometimes, in unguarded moments when forgetful of McKinley's newly discovered monetary wisdom, I imagine that if our pitiful half billion of gold would go abroad and forget to come back, England would still manage to trade her cutlery and cloth for our corn and cotton—just as she does at present. I noticed that when Confederate currency was being used for gun-wadding it required a good many ships of war to prevent our trading with the rest of the world about as actively as though we had been on a gold basis. Europe didn't want our money then, nor does she want it now. When a man begins to talk to you about "money good the world over," tell him that if he will procure a sample of such money and send it to this office he will receive therefor fifty times its face value. I'm something of a numismatist myself, but I never saw such money. All trade, whether domestic or foreign, is, when reduced to the last analysis, but an exchange of commodities. When that oft forgotten fact is well fixed in your mind you will be able to estimate at its true worth the inane prattle about "repudiation of our foreign debts by means of a debased currency." We pay our foreign debts with our products estimated in the currency of the country to which they are carried; hence we would neither save nor lose a red cent if our dollar should become so debased that it would purchase less than a dime does to-day.

It will be objected that the dollar has had a two-fold

duty—that of effecting exchanges and of measuring values, the latter of equal importance with the first; that free coinage of silver will reduce the purchasing power of the dollar one-half—will saw our measure of value—as of a day's labor or a pound of pork—can only be reduced one-half by doubling the supply relative to the demand, and to accomplish this by silver coinage is a physical impossibility. We are told that the first effect of opening the mints to the white metal will be to drive gold abroad. In that case it will require seven years to fill the void with cartwheel dollars if we coin our entire annual product, then seven years to double the present volume of hard money and bring the dollar down to a 50-cent valuation—granting that in these fourteen years the demand for money does not increase. In so long a period commerce would quietly adjust itself to the changed conditions, and there could be no shock.

The dollar is our measure of value as the pound is of weight and the gallon of quantity. Suppose that commerce should agree to call 8 ounces a pound, 2 quarts a gallon and 50 cents' worth of metal a dollar. Would the earth come to an end, think you? Does it make any particular difference whether we express the value of a cayuse in Mexican or American money? Isn't he the same bundle of deviltry—exchangeable for so many bushels of beans or pounds of pork? Mexico, we are told, has to purchase gold wherewith to pay interest on her bonds, and give therefor 2 dollars for 1. What of it? When she gives two 50-centers for one 100-cent dollar is she any greater loser than when she gives two pints for a quart, two halves for a whole?

I said at the opening of this song-service that it is impossible for the politicians to either expand or contract our exchange media. It is one thing to make govern-

mental money and quite another to compel its employment by the people. We already have more silver coin than can be kept in circulation. Commerce insists upon being the sole judge of its needs and selects its own trade tools. When it has sufficient exchange media with which to do its money-work, it will use no more; and when it needs more it makes it.

It must ever be borne in mind that a measure of value may be one thing and the circulating media quite another. We might effect all our exchanges with commercial currency without any change in our unit of value, which, after all, is purely hypothetical, a term by which we express the commercial relation of each commodity to all others. If we agree that 25.8 grains of gold of a certain fineness is intrinsically worth one dollar; if we nominate it our measure of value, what difference does it make whether it be coined or uncoined so long as we are content with its representatives—so long as these representatives will serve us even better—because more expeditiously and at less charge for transportation? Let gold skip, if it likes. If we need it, cannot we mine it, as we do iron and copper? or buy it abroad with our products, as we do silks and wines?

Clearly if commerce maintains the gold standard—as it is likely enough to do regardless of the character of our political money—it will use no more of the white metal than at present, no matter how much is coined. In a barbarous country, or one where the commercial exchange system is crude; in a country where the bulk of trade is effected by the actual passage of coin from hand to hand instead of by means of bank transfers, a cheap money metal would soon drive out the dear one—the high office of unit of value be quickly usurped by the less valuable coin; but in a country where comparatively little govern-

mental money of any kind is employed, a sudden change in either the circulating media or the unit of value becomes a difficult matter—one which commerce will pass upon, quite irrespective of the acts of Congress.

The wisest thing the politicians can do is to cease meddling in matters monetary. It is a province in which they are powerful only for evil. The silverite agitators have convinced one-half the people that Congress can, by a simple "be-it-enacted," double the value of a day's labor and inaugurate a veritable Utopia; the goldite orators have succeeded in scaring the other half into convulsions by solemnly declaring that unless the impending silver tide be stayed, the country will go awwhooping to Hades in a hemlock coffin. Everybody has been wrought up to such a stage of feverish expectancy that if the ridiculous gold reserve should be exhausted to-morrow it were well nigh impossible to prevent a disastrous panic. It would have the same effect upon the people as the appearance of a bogus ghost has on a nigger camp meeting. The reserve is the tortoise which, in the mythology of the worshippers of the golden calf, upholds the world. If the mints should be opened to the unlimited coinage of silver to-day a cold chill would creep down the backs of millions, equal to that which the children of early Rome experienced when a comet appeared, "shaking war and pestilence from its horrid hair." And but for the mischievous prophesying of these unhung idiots, the gold reserve might be abolished altogether and not one man in ten thousand find it out; but for the gabble of these hydrocephalous apes, our governmental money might be contracted a billion or expanded two without ever raising a ripple on the great monetary sea.

All our exchange media, by whomsoever and of whatsoever made, rests upon and are representative of actual

wealth. When A buys a horse for \$100 on credit, the note he gives is a mortgage upon his property, actual and potential. When B secures a loan of \$100 and invests it in tools he really borrows the tools. When C gives a check for \$100, he simply instructs his banker to transfer that portion of his credit to another. When government issues a \$100 greenback it draws a draft against every atom of property between the two oceans. Whatever enables us to expeditiously effect exchanges is as "good money" for all practical purposes as virgin gold—though coined of buffalo chips or stamped in Chinese characters on the hickory shirt-tails of Kansas Populists.

There is no reason why Congress should supply commerce with an exchange medium or that it should provide it with yardsticks, scales and other necessary tools. What the 'ell do the politicians know about business, anyhow? Experience in office brokerage does not constitute a commercial education. Who sets a blacksmith to build a boat? Congress tinkering our exchange media were like a lot of tailors holding an autopsy—unable to distinguish between the lungs and the liver. Every man to his trade—and the trade of the average Congressman is keeping the public udder between his teeth—and this ridiculous, not to say damnable, currency craze is simply a portion of his political assets.

* * *

SLIPPERY BILL McKINLEY.

I HAVE never voted other than for a Republican for President. How else could I have officiated for two years as editor of the *San Antonio Express*? I expected to vote the Republican ticket this year, not because I approve all the tenets of the party, but because the country has been

generally prosperous under Republican rule—and “the proof of the pudding is in chewing the string.” The party is usually consistent. As a rule, it knows where it is “at” and whyfore, and there is just Scotch enough in my composition to admire consistency—even though it be “the virtue of fools.” The Scotch do not change with every phase of the moon—they are usually in the wrong, and proud of it. But this year my voice and my vote are for Bryan of Nebraska—not because he is a Democrat, for he isn’t; not because he is a Populist, for he isn’t; not because he is a free silverite; for I consider the hullabaloo anent the currency evidence of national paresis; but because he is an American sovereign possessing the courage of his convictions; because I must vote for Bryan or for Bill McKinley—for an intellectual Titan or for a moral vacuum and mental homunculus. The nominee of the Republican party should be relegated to the shades of private life. Because he is a political coward who dared not stand up in the majesty of American manhood and voice his honest convictions, but trimmed and tergiversated until a blatant congeries of monetary jackassi determined his political faith. Contrast McKinley’s cowardice with the boldness of the Nebraskan who led his party instead of meekly trotting in the wake of the bandwagon. Contrast it with the political courage of Henry Clay, whose simple sentence, “I would rather be right than President,” rings like sacred music in every true American soul! Look upon this picture, then upon that—the “Mill-boy of the Slashes” defiantly hurling down the gage to destiny and the political policy playing of Ohio’s Uriah Heep! ’Tis enough to make the uncrowned kings of this new Rome bow their faces to the very dust and weep bitter tears of shame to think that such a pitiful parody on American manhood stands even one chance in a million of

reaching that high seat denied a Webster and a Clay, a Tilden and a Blaine. For months he stood waiting for delegates—chosen by Mark Hanna—to tell him whether it were good policy to apotheosize the free silver men or anathematize them as repudiators whose theories in practice would precipitate a frightful panic; to advise him whether he could secure more votes by denouncing Wall Street as a congeries of shameless vampires preying upon the lifeblood of the people, or by deifying it as the avatar of disinterested patriotism, the bulwark of our national honor and commercial credit. Henry Clay failed to reach the Presidency; but he lived and died an independent American sovereign. Few can recall even the names of all the Presidents; but that of Clay rushes to the lips and fills the heart like a song learned at our mother's knee. The politicians would not make him President, but Almighty God made him a prince among the people. He would not stoop to conquer, yet won the ever-fadeless bays. McKinley cast honor and manhood behind him and groveled like a Senegambian helot before the leaden whip of the Spartan—for what? The poor privilege of strutting for a brief day upon the public stage, of hiding the heart of an ass behind the lion's royal robe, then fading like a feculent odor into everlasting oblivion. Think of a man posing as a leader, a tribune of the people, who has "nothing to say" when the populace, uncertain of their path and doubting their own judgment, appeal to him for guidance in what they consider the greatest crisis of the nation's history! Why, if a man were to call my dog McKinley and the brute failed to resent to the death the damning insult, I'd drown it. Slug this impudent political adventurer at the ballot-box.

Because he has truckled to the A. P. Apes, alias the Aggregation of Pusillanimous Asses. His boomers now

deny this, but the evidence against him—as outlined in the July *ICONOCLAST*—is too strong to be overthrown by the protestations of a coterie of professional pie grafters. No man is worthy to occupy the chair adorned by Washington and Jefferson and sanctified by Garfield and Lincoln, who is not in full accord with the American principle of religious liberty. Turn him down.

Because his nomination was not due to a spontaneous demand of the people or his party, but to the *finesse* of one, Mark A. Hanna, whom Master Workman Sovereign aptly describes as follows: “He has ever been the vindictive foe of organized labor. He is an industrial cannibal. He has crushed union after union among his thousands of employes and taken delight in doing so. He is worse than Carnegie.” Is it possible that this industrial tyrant should select a presidential candidate worthy the confidence of the working people? If Mark Hanna be our industrial enemy, shall we accept him as our political friend? Having done all in his power to beat down wages, hasn’t the bullet-headed, ape-mugged egotist got his gall to ask us to believe that he is now engaged in a herculean attempt to raise them? Shall the lamb put confidence in wolf and the fly accept the unctuous invitation of the spider to walk into his parlor? Nit! We prefer to judge the future by the past. We see the cloven hoof beneath the angelic robe of this suave hypocrite. The tens of thousands of toilers in mine and factory cannot be enticed to their ruin by the siren song of this industrial cannibal. They may fall into Charybdis, but they’ll avoid Scylla. The American working people will mass against McKinley.

Because he is distinctively the candidate of the trusts, tariff barons, bond grabbers and others fattening at the expense of the people, and who have promised to raise

\$4,000,000—for what? To secure an honest government? To promote the general welfare? Nay, nay, Pauline; to perpetuate their private snaps! Can four millions of money, ostentatiously contributed by eastern boodlers, elect their cowardly creature, their pliant tool, president of this nation, despite the protests of the common people? Not on your life! The money will be consumed in the purchase of such venal papers as the *Mobile Register*, the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and the *Santone Distress*—the utterance of whose editors has no more influence on the public mind than has the baying of a mongrel on the phases of the moon. Bury McKinley Bill beneath an avalanche of adverse ballots.

Because the monetary system to which he stands committed is a brazen fake, and was denounced by him as such before he contracted the Presidential itch and required the assistance of those who could be depended upon to submit gracefully to the “fat-frying” process to protect their illegitimate profits—to enable such men as Mark Hanna to become industrial cannibals and devour the common people. Rebuke at the polls the presumption of this policy player.

Because in every 1,000 Americans can be found 900 better men, stronger mentally, nobler morally, worthier in every way for Presidential honors. Defeat him world without end.

Because this should be a government of, for and by the people, instead of a government of, and by Mark Hanna and the gang of high-toned thieves and silk-stocking thugs for whom he is acting. Do not vote against him because he is a Republican; but because he is Bill McKinley, and if elected, must of necessity be the puppet of professional boodlers. The creature cannot rise superior to its creator, and McKinley as President would be the godless creation

of corporate greed. He would be the hired man of the Carnegies and the Hannas, the Belmonts and the Morgans, and the workingman compelled to pay wages to a pitiful peon pledged to his despoilation.

* * *

A BRAZEN HUMBUG.

I AM not much of a "free-silver fanatic," but I do dislike to see the people imposed upon by a set of editorial and oratorical frauds who brazenly juggle figures. Hundreds of papers, 'sputers and spouters are striving to create the impression that gold makes for high and silver for low wages; yet the biggest fool engaged in this disreputable sculduggery knows full well—if he knows anything—that he is perpetrating a brazen falsehood. If Cicero wondered that the Roman aruspices could look into each others' faces without laughing, what would he have thought of goldbug editors and orators who, after laboriously comparing the wage rate of England and the United States with that of China and Japan, solemnly advise the American workingman that if he doesn't want to toil for a dime a day—"in depreciated currency"—and live on rice and rats he should give the glad hand to the "cross of gold." There isn't an editor on earth with sufficient sense to dodge "plate-matter" when wielding a pair of shears, who doesn't know that all such talk is the veriest tommy-rot. There isn't an orator who employs it but does so far the express purpose of deceiving ignorant people. I here brand every man who indulges in such "argument" as a fool of the first water or a deliberate fraud. Certainly wages are higher in England and the United States than in China and Japan, and of right ought to be, for the productive

power of the energetic Caucasian, with his improved machinery, is ten-fold greater than that of the puttering Mongolian with his antediluvian devices. Every man versed in even the primary principles of economics, knows that the unit of value in vogue in a country has no more to do with its wage rate than with the number of wiggle-tails in its rainwater. We don't have to go to Ricardo, or Mill, or Montesquieu for this information—it is only necessary to turn to the latest published consular reports, which any man may obtain of his representative in Congress, free of cost. If the gold makes for high and the silver standard for low wages, how comes it that gasfitters receive \$14.50 a week in Colombia and \$18 in Venezuela, both silver standard countries, and but \$4.08 in Germany and \$3.40 in Italy, both on a gold basis? How comes it that cigar-makers receive \$12.50 and tinsmiths \$14 in silver-standard Venezuela, and \$4.80 and \$3, respectively, in gold-standard Spain? How comes it that distillers receive \$12 per week in Mexico and but \$3.90 in Denmark? How comes it that cabinet-makers receive \$10 in Ecuador and but \$4.25 in Germany, blacksmiths \$12.83 in Venezuela and but \$2.60 in Italy, telegraph operators \$11.50 in Mexico and but \$5.30 in Denmark, engravers \$19.75 in Peru and but \$3 in Spain? If the gold standard makes uniformly for high wages, why is there such a tremendous difference in the wage rate of gold-standard countries? The average weekly wages of bricklayers in the United States is \$21.18, in Spain \$3.80, in Canada \$18 and in Italy \$4.20, yet all are on a gold basis. Hod-carriers average \$13.38 in the United States and but \$1.70 in Italy; plumbers \$13.50 in Canada and \$3.25 in Spain, \$19 in the United States and \$7.90 in England, \$13.35 in New South Wales and \$4.25 in Germany—all gold-standard countries. Coopers get \$1.80 in China and \$10

in Ecuador, masons \$2.18 in Japan and \$10.80 in Mexico, butchers \$2.68 in Persia and \$12.30 in Peru; cigar-makers \$1.40 in China and \$12.50 in Venezuela—all silver-standard countries. Yet the goldbugs ask the workingman to believe that upon the unit of value depends the scale of wages! Is it a wonder that when a man makes that kind of a talk to intelligent people he escapes being hooted—or hanged! In pointing out that wages are higher in gold-standard England and America than in silver-standard China and Japan, the McKinleyites leak just enough truth to give their assertion the full effect of a dangerous and damnable lie. Carnegie, Mark Hanna and McKinley are wonderfully interested in the welfare of the workingman—in a perfect agony lest he commit industrial hari-kari! Will they please inform us how the gold standard is to prevent American wages going to the English level? Will they kindly take a day off and explain how the adoption of the gold standard by China would raise her wage rate to a parity with that of New South Wales—while that of England, Germany, Denmark, Belgium, France, Italy, Spain and Switzerland remain so far below that of Mexico, Colombia, Peru, Ecuador and Venezuela? And when they have explained this matter to the satisfaction of the public, will they explain why gold-standard Spain is decaying, while silver-standard Mexico is going forward with giant strides? If silver is the *bête noire* of industry, why is it that Texas begs in vain for capital to develop the potential wealth of her fertile fields, virgin forests and fecund mines, while millions upon millions of eastern and European capital pours across her into Mexico? The people are tired of your infernal sophistry; now talk sense. If a depreciated currency be responsible for China's low wage rate, why didn't it have a like effect in America previous to the resumption of

specie payments? Why did wheat go to \$2.85 in 1867 and to .49 in 1895? In 1867 I was 10 years old, and received \$2 a day for work in the harvest field; now 10-year old boys can be employed at like labor for \$2 a week. I am told that I was paid in a "depreciated currency." Cert! I could get only five sticks of candy for 5 cents; now the \$2-a-week boy can obtain six! What a pity my birth wasn't delayed 30 years, so the blessed goldbugs could keep me from being sand-bagged by a depreciated currency! While handicapped with "the evils of a depreciated currency," my people raised and sold wheat and corn and hogs, purchased more land and built comfortable houses and mammoth barns; but under "the manifold blessings of a stable gold standard" they are selling the land because its produce will not yield a profit, and letting the buildings go to wreck because unable to repair them. Then the old gentleman was wont to put \$1,000 bills in the family Bible and hide it under the bed; now when the tax-collector comes around he must go aborrowing. Then the farm, with its billowy wheat fields and golden corn, stretched out over an entire section and resembled a garden of the gods; now it is reduced to a pitiful 80 acres and looks like a desert of desolation. Seventy-five years of grinding toil has ended in "crucifixion upon a cross of gold."

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THE ICONOCLAST AND THE CLERGY.

THE CRITICS CRITICIZED.

QUITE a number of pulpiteers have taken the **ICONOCLAST** for text and preached therefrom sermons more or less interesting and instructive. Not to be outdone in courtesy, the **ICONOCLAST** will briefly discuss the dominies.

Strange as it may appear, the average pulpiteer does not approve of the **ICONOCLAST**; stranger still, those who have perorated about it most profusely admit that they have not read it, but condemn it altogether on hearsay evidence and insist that their parishioners shall do likewise. They have heard that it presumes to criticize the methods of certain ministers, and, without pausing to inquire whether it be right or wrong, whether it is serving the Deity or the Devil, they roll their sanctimonious eyes Heavenward and exclaim that another of those "vicious atheistical sheets" which are striving to pull the linchpin out of the Christian cultus and allow the whole majestic universe to go crashing back into the noisome realm of Chaos and old Night.

The average pulpiteer is a party who persistently stinks for attention. Like the skunk, he compels even nobility to notice him. Like the wisest of this world are trying to trace here and there a line in the Heavenly hieroglyphs, "dark with excess of bright"; acknowledging that, strive as they may, they cannot think the thoughts of the Deity—can only grope toward His throne in fear and trembling—the pulpiteer poses as a modern Pallas, to whom the most recondite secrets of the Heavenly Hierarchy are as familiar as the face of the town clock—competent to glibly read every riddle in the vast apocalypse of nature; to interpret every blazing character traced by the unseen finger of God!

Of course, there are exceptions to this rule; there are to most rules. There is occasionally a minister of whom both his Maker and mankind may well be proud, as there are pedagogues who are somewhat more than parrots and politicians who are really patriots.

In its very first number the **Iconoclast** threw down the

gage of battle to Frauds, Falsehoods and Fakes—and the pulpiteers promptly picked it up! Why? Why is it that at the cry of “stop thief” every purloiner of other people’s property turns pale? Perhaps it is not so strange that the average pulpiteer should consider the **ICONOCLAST**’s denunciation of Shams a personal affront—should feel called upon to assume the defensive!

Were the pulpiteers honestly striving for the salvation of souls, to eliminate evil, to weed falsehood out of the world, would they not welcome as an ally, instead of denouncing as an enemy a journal that tries to teach men to tell the Truth, lead pure lives, eschew vain shows and honor their Creator? Yet, in a world filled with foul wrong and brutal outrage; patrolled day and night by the Demon of Darkness; swept by the hot breath of Lust; reeking with wretchedness; millions of human creatures going down to destruction; society rotten to the core and faith in Almighty God slowly but surely fading from the earth, the pulpiteers pause in their alleged labors for the salvation of souls to drag through the dirt a journal that has the wellnigh unheard of audacity to assail Shams; to belittle and belie it; to pray their parishioners in God’s great name to put all their pennies into the contribution plate; to refuse to patronize it—to starve it out.

The fact is, the pulpiteers want no allies in the work of regenerating the world. They consider that their special province—that they are entitled to all the perquisites it can be made to yield—and they look upon all extraneous aids as interlopers; regard them with the same feeling of commercial jealousy that one pack-peddler does another! That is the secret of the opposition of the pulpit-pounders to even clean Sunday newspapers, the stage and innocent forms of Sunday diversion. They detract from church

attendance, lessen the amount of boodle corraled by the contribution boxes. They interfere with the business, with the bread-and-butter getting of the sacerdotal caste, which considers the Sabbath as its harvest time—of ha'-pennies! That is also the secret of the bitter war waged upon each other by the different denominations—they are *business rivals*! If a man go to heaven via the Catholic Route, the Protestant Through Line loses his fare; if he “get religion” at the “mourner’s bench” of Methodism, the Episcopalian priesthood figures that it loses so much pew rent; if he fall in with the Campbellite flock the Presbyterian plate passers utter an audible groan!

The rivalry of these various Through Lines is very brisk, but so far there has been no cut in rates! On the contrary, the fiercer the rivalry the higher the fare. Salvation is now only “free” to paupers, and they must travel in fourth-class coaches, usually with a novice or superannuated track-walker pulling the bell cord.

While there are many men in the ministry who devote their lives unselfishly to the service of the Savior, the above is a true pen-picture of the average pulpiteer, of the minister who was manufactured by an orthodox theological college and stamped with its denominational trademark, much as muslin is made in Massachusetts cotton mills. These theological colleges are so many manufacturing factories, warranted to turn out a particular brand of preacher, no matter what the raw material. Would you make an Episcopalian divine, Methodist exhorter or Presbyterian polemic of your young hopeful? There are the mills, all with signs plain to be seen. Throw him into the proper hopper, and take to thyself no trouble regarding the result. The Methodist mill could no more make

any other kind of minister than a loom adjusted to weave jeans could turn out calico.

Such are the methods by which ministers are made. No independent inquiry; no search for Truth beyond the narrow confines of a particular creed! And yet these men, warped by education a certain way, unable to recognize a Truth unless stamped with the die of a certain dogma, set themselves up as teachers; presume to interpret the entire Plan of the Infinite; to tell mankind just what the Creator requires of them; are ready to measure men with their little one-foot rule—to howl “heretic” when one of their number dares carry his research beyond certain prescribed limits, or attack the Devil with weapons upon which their sect has not set its seal!

Time was when the ministry was venerated by all men; now it is a byword and a reproach. It is not that it has become much worse, but that the world has grown wiser, refuses to be longer duped by its hollow pretenses to preter-natural prescience or recognize its fiat as final as matters of religion and morals.

It is still an open question which has done most to retard the world's progress, the public pedagogue or the pretentious priest—false education, or arrant hypocrisy. Both have ever stood in the pathway of the car of progress and bade it stand like Joshua's moon in Ajalon; both have filled the world with doleful jeremiads because it would not await their good pleasure—and then toiled slowly, painfully along in its wake, disputing which furnished the power that pushed it forward. There has never been an advance made in the theological science; never a death-blow dealt to debasing superstition; never a new Truth declared to the world; never an upward step taken from the weltering chaos of subter-brutishness that the rank and

file of the professional pilots from Time to Eternity did not denounce as heterodox, blasphemous, calculated to send souls to Satan! Even to-day the progressive preachers of the various denominations are being denounced, vilified and misrepresented because they persist in learning something, refuse to sit on the dead limb of a decaying orthodoxy and hoot the hoots that awoke the echoes in the dreary days of the English Court of High Commission and the Spanish Inquisition; because they believe that all the truth is of God, and worthy reverence wherever found; will not consent to turn their faces from the Future to the Past, to bob up and down like so many manikins whenever the conference or synod pulls the string.

One-half the ministers of America continue to desecrate the grave of Paine; to heap calumny upon the dead; to denounce him as an "atheist," as a man who denied the existence of God, when he only called in question some of the cherished traditions of professional dogmatizers—pulled aside the stage scenery of the sacerdotal caste, exposing to the gaze of their dupes the thunder-boxes, lightning machines and bogus terrors. Let it be said of a man that he is an infidel—that he does not swallow, unquestioned, every draught prepared by preachers; does not accept as literally true everything found between the lids of the Bible, and the ministry, instead of attempting by kindly arguments to convince him that he is in error, begins a bitter war of denunciation and misrepresentation; opens the sluice-gates of its vindictive hatred, deluges him with a torrent of "Christian" calumny! He may be honest, brave, charitable; he may put more money in the pockets of the deserving poor than any devout deacon of double his worldly wealth; may clothe the naked and feed

the hungry, defend the weak, and make of this weary work-a-day world a pleasant Paradise for wife and children—it matters not! He has called in question the legitimacy of the business by which the preachers thrive, and may expect no mercy—not even simple justice at their hands. If he aspires to office they shriek “anti-Christ” and “infidel”; if he embarks in business they make a bushwhacking boycott upon him; if he prints a book or paper the public is warned not to read it—lest it learn something!

. . .

In olden times preachers were presumed to be “holy men”—men from whose natures worldly dross had been purged by penance and prayer. They were regarded not only as teachers, but exemplars—better, purer, truer, more God-like than common mortals. Does any, even the most ignorant, suppose them to be so now? Is there a man so simple that he would put his young daughter in the power of the average preacher more readily than that of other men? Is there a banker who would discount the unsecured note of a preacher more readily than of an infidel? Is it not true that the penitentiaries contain as large a proportion of preachers as of other professional classes, and that many a one now occupying a prominent pulpit would, if justice were done, be wearing stripes? Have they shown superior learning, purity, generosity, forbearance? Is it not true, and so recognized by the world, that the *odium theologicum* is even more virulent than the *odium medicum*? Then, how comes it that they arrogate to themselves the position of exemplars, and resent even kindly and well-meant criticism as presumptuous?

. . .

By what right do they pronounce the **ICONOCLAST** "a publication inspired by Satan?" By whom and when were they made infallible? Does not the Book which they pretend to reverence say, "Judge not lest ye be judged?" How comes it that the ministry has never turned its attention to purifying the daily press, but feels flattered to find its sermons sandwiched in among swindling and unclean advertisements? Why is it that when the press is seized with one of its periodical attacks of moral hysteria, and commences a crusade on prostitutes, it appeals to the pulpit in vain for aid? Is it not true that the clergy are restrained by the consideration that many of their best paying parishioners, of their most liberal patrons, are the landlords, the silent partners of prostitutes, and divide their gains with them—giving a portion thereof to the support of popular preachers?

Is it not true that in the manufacture of homilies the clergy consider more what will make their ministry popular, the contributions large, the pew rent prolific, than what will snatch brands from the burning, save souls from the clutches of Satan? Is it not true that the greater proportion of the preachers now toiling more or less assiduously in the Lord's vineyard were tempted thither by hope of earthly reward or the attractions of a lazy life? Is it not true that many of them are narrow-brained bigots or hypocritical frauds and fakirs, and consequently legitimate game for a journal devoted to the destruction of Shams? Is it not true that each and every one belonging to the above named classes will now rail at the **ICONOCLAST** louder and longer than ever, while the true and faithful servants of the Saviour will go quietly on with their labors, never suspecting that this article is intended to cast any discredit upon them or the cause of their Master? Is it not the galled jade that winces?

AN OLD MAIDS' AUCTION.

NO MORE will precocious infants convulse their auditors at school exhibitions by lisping that almost painfully humorous "piece" entitled, *The Bachelor's Auction*. No more will they stand before us in all their uncomfortable cleanliness and astound fond parents and admiring friends by droning forth,

"Here's an old bachelor, who wants to buy?

A hundred old maids make answer, 'I,' 'I!'

And all the old maids, some younger, some older,

Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder."

The times change, and we change with them. I have before me a scorched banana handbill advertising an "Auction of Old Maids," under the highly respectable auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Christian Church, Lampasas, Texas. From this remarkable flyer I copy the following:

"No bids entertained for less than 25 cents nor more than 50 cents. Each purchaser of an old maid is entitled to two saucers of ice cream. Now is your chance!" I should suggest! A nice, kittenish old maid at two to four bits, according to the bidding, and a brace of iron-stone china saucers of the best home-brewed ice cream thrown in as *lagniappe*! Why didn't the Ladies' Aid Society advise me before it was everlastingly too late?—I would have taken the entire lot. Lapped in the oleiferous luxury of country cream, and surrounded by devoted damosels whose charm, like wine, has improved with age, I would find life well worth the living—would plead with the fleeting moment in the words of Faust, "Stay, thou art so fair!" Or I could have colonized my fair *Florimels* in female suffrage Kansas and resold 'em to Mark

Hanna at a profit of 300 per cent. Ah, me! there be "tides in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, lead on to fortune;" but ever does the Argos sail for the Golden Fleece ere I can get afloat. One does not have an opportunity every day to serve the Lord by wallowing in the fragrance of faded flowers, contemplating ancient paintings and absorbing sweetened frost. If the Ladies' Aid Society has any more old maids left, whom they can recommend as suitable companions for a middle-aged, but uxorious Baptist minister, they may ship, C. O. D., a dozen or so, assorted. 'S'matter with Lampasas as an old maids' market, that they are sold for a song and mock-birds supplied to sing it? Has the boom collapsed, or is the town overrun by enterprising widows who crowd their inexperienced sisters to the wall? Think of a woman, whose charms have grown mellow 'neath two score summer suns, standing on the auction block "in maiden meditation fancy free" and peering from behind her fan into the upturned faces of creation's alleged lords, while a stentor-lunged salesman offers her for the price of an aitch-bone or boarding house hen! Imagine the unfeeling huckster of a virgin heart dilating upon an ice cream dower—and all for a quarter of a dollar. O manhood, where is thy blush! O chivalry, where thy shame! A toothless pickaninny—of the Waco Baptist breed—would have brought more in ante-bellum times. What disposition the reckless purchasers made of their property I am not advised. Had the sale occurred in Constantinople, the answer were easy; but the purchases may have been made in Lampasas solely on account of the cream. Selling ladies at auction in the name of the Lord is not a custom peculiar to Lampasas. Last April, the Epworth Leaguers, at Suffern, N. Y., disposed of a number of females at public outcry to the highest bidder, and, to fire the callow heart of youth into

religious fervor, hit upon the happy expedient of concealing their faces and allowing prospective purchasers to examine their legs. Whether the Ladies' Aid Society of Lampasas profited by this plan, I have not learned. If they did not, they are by no means up to date—it being so much easier to round out with sawdust the “hose a world too large for the shrunk shank,” than to recall the lilies and roses of auld lang syne. The fact, however, that small bids were cheerfully received and large ones not expected—that the sacred game was played with a two-bit ante and 50-cent limit—argues that they entered a *caveat emptor* by recklessly exposing the faces of those brought to the block. That is some consolation; still, the ICONOCLAST, as court of last resort in matters religious—the Phillipe de Mornay of Protestantism—cannot sanction the sale of maids of whatsoever age at auction—no matter what portion of their anatomy be submitted for public inspection. It has granted indulgences to a few churches, in sore financial distress, to sell kisses to the public at a fixed price, but it must place sacred leg shows under the ban, even where the petticoat reaches as low as the knee, the high-water mark of the Epworth Leaguers. It must anathematize the sale of old maids as too suggestive of the devil's auctions held in days ago in Chicago's variety dives. It feels constrained to admonish the Epworth Leaguers and Ladies' Aid Societies that infraction of this interdict will result in excommunication. Ministers finding their parishioners actuated by abnormal zeal, untempered with judgment, will read this rescript from their pulpits for three consecutive Sundays. The ICONOCLAST humbly hopes that no irreparable injury has yet been wrought to morality by those whose religious ardor has caused them to ignore social ordinances and indulge in æsthetic heresies—who have embraced the dangerous doc-

trine that the end—or even both ends—justifies the means; but it must consider the future and estimate the evils that are likely to flow from this growing tendency on the part of the church to compete with the Devil in this particular province. Having once resorted to money-raising expedients which render religion ridiculous, if not disreputable; having begun with grab-bags, raffles, cake-rings and other cutthroat gambling devices, and already gotten so far as the sacred kissing bee and sanctified leg show, where would misguided zeal lead these gnat-straining camel-swallowers did not the ICONOCLAST blast with its anathema this evil in the bud? As man became sated with one appeal to his animalism they would have to resort to others even more *risque* to tempt his jaded appetite, until even the obscure orgies of ancient phallic worship were revived, and Sam Jones' open-sewer sermons and Sid Williams' guano metaphors considered affectedly euphemistic. Because the Devil fishes for saints with an old sun-bonnet, we are not privileged to bait our hook with fancy hosiery in a frantic attempt to land a few sinners. Aside from questions of propriety, appeals to pruriency by the godly seldom pay. Selling kisses—in the name of Christ—no longer appeals to this æsthetic people. It has learned by experience that a kiss snatched in public from lips defiled with the saliva of beery bums and "terbacker chamin" deacons does not create the ecstatic delirium of the "lingering sweetness long drawn out" when you have a monopoly of the business beneath a harvest moon—does not make the blood to dance and the soul to swoon like a yum-yum snap behind the parlor door. Even the reflection that you are doing your Christian duty does not sweeten the disagreeable dose. Besides, the doctors of medicine have decided that a young woman's bussing machine should be carefully deodorized every time

she changes fellows, to discourage mumps, measles and cholera morbus bacteria. When I absorb my two bits' worth of sanctified honey dew, I examine the front elevation of the sacrificial virgin for a spot where the drug-store bloom retains its pristine brightness. If it has been all swiped off by enthusiastic elders, I draw her head tenderly but firmly down until her sunny bangs nestle on my heaving brisket, plant my apostolic imprint on the back of her snowy neck and make a break for the open air, thanking the Lord at every leap that I have both saved my soul and preserved my life. The sacred leg show is likewise becoming stale, flat and pecuniarily unprofitable since the advent of bikes and bloomers. When one can get a surfeit of all kinds, classes and conditions of legs by simply lingering on the corner, he will not—unless he be a holiness camp-meeting neophyte—cough up much cash for the privilege of gazing at a lot of splay feet that would frighten the Salvation Army, a congeries of misshapen bandy-shanks that would give a stage manager the nightmare and drive a poet to drink. An old maids' auction—even with two plates of cream added to every chromo—is not calculated to make the average man empty his pockets into the coffers of Israel. Of course the godly might resort to bust exhibitions and bare-back auctions; but they would encounter disastrous competition in the popular bathing resorts and fashionable ball-rooms. What else have they to offer in their attempt to beat the devil at his own game—to make the church as attractive to worldlings as a Five Points' variety dive?

“THE WEDDING OF THE SEASON.”

IT OCCURRED in St. Louis, August 12, at exactly 5 o'clock, p. m.; at least it was advertised—several thousand dollars' worth—to take place at that time, and we may presume that it was successfully pulled off, as there was no apparent reason for police interference. The *Republic* gave it a full-page “spread”—evidently via the business office—as advance notice, and said absolutely nothing about it on the day following the nuptial date. Having put up so handsomely for advance advertising, “the high contracting parties” doubtless supposed they would be given at least a column puff after the agony was over, but were doomed to disappointment. But if the *Republic* failed to throw in any post-nuptial lagniappe, it at least did its contract work well—made its write up of this conspiracy against single blessedness as interesting as any laundry soap epic or soasyoudont romaunt I have yet seen. It led off with a half-tone pine-board portrait of the loving pair holding up a rustic fence and spooning with the unconstrained enthusiasm of 'Arry and 's 'Arriet. The bride-elect is gazing out into the gloom with a whither-am-I-drifting expression, while her fiance peers into her face with the hungry look of a Weary Waggles regarding a hot weinerwurst. Next on the page we have a full-length portrait of the woman in the case as she appears when about to have her photograph taken, while to her right is a jackknife sketch of her fellow sufferer, apparently wondering whether he had best do the deed or take to the woods. Sandwiched in among fac-similes of wedding cards, gorgeous gowns and music “composed for the memorable even” are several columns of information concerning the people whose agreement to occupy

the same sheets is supposed to be of international importance. They are a Miss Marie Garesche, daughter of William A. Garesche, a St. Louis attorney of whom I had not hitherto heard, and a certain young man who enhances his personal pulchritude by putting his moustache up on curl papers, preserves his mental equipoise by parting his hair at the equator, and is growing somewhat bowlegged beneath the ponderous title of Count Vincent des Rioux de Messimy. He clerks in the St. Louis branch of a New York jobbing concern and is known to his *intimes* as "Messy." The *Republic* describes him as "a handsome gentleman with the most engaging manners;" but an "ad man" with a fat contract to fill always sidetracks his conscience. The portrait of this prize beaut suggests a French barber struggling with the glad surprise of a ten-cent tip. His affianced is described as "a dainty creature, petite in stature, a blonde of the purest type, with large blue-grey eyes and delicately chiseled features;" but the artist makes a vigorous minority report. The portrait—which I sincerely hope does Miss Garesche rank injustice—makes her dish-faced as a new moon, with nose like a seed-wart, weak mouth, soup-ladle chin and a smirk calculated to frighten anything but a French count sorely in need of cash. Mistakes will happen, and it is possible that in the rush and hurry incident to the occasion Papa Garesche gave the *Republic's* "ad man" photos of Marie's Norwegian maid and some becurled bargain-counter "mash;" or, in making up the forms, the foreman may have transposed the portraits of the happy pair and those intended for the freak page.

The pedigree of the young lady is given from prehistoric times, and from it we gather that she, too, is of blooded stock—that "from a long and noble ancestry, and successive infusions of the bluest blood," has sprung

this fairest of the flowers. "The Garesche family traces its origin to the early epochs of the primitive Celts of Druidical memory!" Just how it manages all this, doesn't particularly matter; but it is evident that its genealogical tree is a veritable Ygdrasyl, and probably antedates Adam by several centuries. Carlyle has given us a pen-picture of "the early epochs of the primitive Celts," in his *Sartor Resartus*—refers to Col. Garesch's distinguished ancestors as a "savage, glaring fiercely from under his fleece of hair, which with the beard reached down to his loins, and hung round him like a matted cloak; the rest of his body sheeted in its natural fell—a flint-hurling, aboriginal anthropophagus!" But the Garesches progressed gradually from the primitive to the polite. In the course of some ages they acquired the gentle art of weaving and wearing breechclouts, and eventually became "members of the Huguenot nobility of France."

It is unimportant to note that "Jean Garesche, great-grand-uncle of the bride's grandfather, died at Nieul in 1754." Poor old man! He didn't have a title, but he may have had a tapeworm or a wen. Anyhow, he's dead—died before witnessing the crowning glory of the Garesche family, the purchase of a whole page of slop in the *St. Louis Republic*. Ah, me! In the midst of life we are in death, and no man knoweth what kind of chronic jackass his great grand-nephew will beget. A grand something-or-other of Col. Garesche is listed as "taking an active part against the oppressive decrees of the revolutionary powers." They appear to have been very active indeed. He fled from San Domingo to France to save his life, and when the revolutionists there began to shoot recklessly he skipped over to the United States. The French royalists were at that time great skippers, and close in their foaming wake was usually to be found the patriot tri-color

of France and a Tillmanic pitchfork. Vital Marie Garesche, grandfather of William A., was given a pretty job in the government land office and assigned to St. Louis. He appears to have laid the foundation of the family fortune by filing a homestead claim on what is now a portion of the city. In the course of time he was elected to the city council—and the rest was dead easy. He found time, however, despite his onerous aldermanic duties in the then insignificant city, to beget sons and daughters. One of these sons, of whom we hear little in the biographical sketch, begat "William A. Garesche, the lovely girl's father, who will give her in marriage to a nobleman of equally proud lineage!" (Will somebody please 'phone to the Southern Hotel bar to send over a Joe Rickey cocktail, with seltzer on the side? Thanks!) How nice—the marriage, I mean. Col. Garesche is a forty-second cousin to various titled Frenchmen who cannot at present realize on their patents of nobility, Gallic coats-of-arms being quoted on the Bourse as on a par with Confederate bonds. Just what the downtrodden French noblemen are doing to earn a living while the republic laughs at their pretended rights of robbery, the biographer of the Garesche family does not inform us. But we need not borrow trouble—genuine French noblemen can always find employment. They make the best of barbers, the most obsequious of waiters, while as cooks they defy competition. They possess a native delicacy of touch, a refinement of feeling, and an appreciation of the eternal verities of art that render them incomparable in the depilation of a tender face or the manipulation of a soufflé. Take away our French counts and Italian princes and the American sybarite would suffer.

A few commonplace Morrisons and plebeian Browns have managed to intermingle their proletarian blood with

the divine ichor which pulses in the veins of Miss Garesche, but as "pa" has boodle to throw at the birds, this misfortune may be forgiven, if not forgotten. Not much is said about the bridegroom's pedigree; but we are led to infer that, tucked away in some cosy corner of la Belle France, his "ancestral castle" rears its proud battlements. He couldn't be expected to bring both his title and his castle to this country—it might disturb the world's equilibrium. The "ad man" of the *Republic*—who is something of an artist at "slinging the soup"—manages to weave a very pretty romance around this blue-blooded Venus and Adonis, whose union constitutes "the wedding of the season"—makes even the hymenic torch that welded the Marlborough title to the Vanderbilt millions, and the costly pyrotechnics of Count Castellane, pale their ineffectual fires. It appears that about a decade ago, when Miss Garesche was—by her own arithmetic—of almost marriageable age, her father occupied a government position in keeping with the dignity of a man who traces this "proud lineage" back to an unbroken line through Huguenot nobles to the "primitive Celts." He was United States consul to Martinique, a West Indian island—fully equal in area and importance to that of which the city council of Galveston once appointed "Sandy" Musgrove governor. It is well nigh as large as a South Texas melon patch, and an equal number of niggers may be found in it on any moonlight night. His duties consisted in displaying the American flag on July Fourth and Washington's birthday, drawing his salary and taking his siestas. Count Vincent des Rioux de, etc., had some relatives perched on that insignificant knob, which, for some reason, protrudes itself out of the waters of the neo-tropics, and while swinging around in search of a situation, he them under the tribute for a few days' fodder. He couldn't

very well turn around to spit in the narrow confines of Martinique without meeting the American consul. They were kindred spirits—one the calyx, the other the corolla of the fragrant genealogical flower. They compared their “proud lineages” and found them to be on a parity. The bogus count called on the opera-bouffe consul. There “he saw a fairy child with large blue eyes and a bewitchingly tender mouth. The chit of a girl (about 14) said, ‘How do you do?’ and ‘Good afternoon,’ with inimitable grace.” After a careful study of what the *Republic* calls her portrait, I am surprised that she didn’t add that Polly wanted a cracker; but perhaps we should not expect abnormal precocity of children handicapped with noble pedigrees. Her “How do you do” seems, however, to have knocked the impressionable count clear off the Christmas tree, for we are assured that “whenever the young man put aside the stern realities of life he closed his eyes and dreamed of the little girl in the far-away West Indies.” In other words, when the shop was closed for the day, the blinds drawn down, the cuspidore cleaned, the sawdust swept up and his lingering eternity of a title carefully polished, joint by joint, and stood up in the corner, his wits would go a wool-gathering and wonder how much “dust” old man Garesche had got. A new president was elected, “the rascals were turned out”—as usual—and William A. Garesche, with the public udder remorselessly pulled out of him, returned to St. Louis and resumed the burdens of life. Six years later Count Vincent des, etc., also drifted to the Cyclone City. He once more heard the magic name of Garesche, and—probably thinking he might be invited to stay to dinner—put in an appearance. The girl had forgotten him in the effort to add a few more phrases to her vocabulary. Finding the old man to be financially well fixed, Messimy laid siege to

the heart of Miss Marie, and after three long years of importunity the belle of many seasons surrendered. How glad we should all be that the St. Louis breed is to be improved; that the "blue blood" of the Garesches, traced to the primitive anthropophago, will not be further corrupted by admixture with that of plebian Browns, but brought back by easy stages to that pristine purity when every daughter of the distinguished house was sired by a "primitive Celt" and dammed by dame of high degree! Happy Garesches! Ecstatic Messimy of the vestibule train title! How pretty it is to see William A.—whose grandfather's great-uncle departed this life in 1754—throwing bouquets at the nobility of both families, bouquets that cost several hundred dollars a bunch. And what a concession to *hoi polloi* to be taken into Miss Garesche's confidence and told with what kind of lingerie she will adorn her sacred person while filling the count's cup of felicity to overflowing!

I'm not finding fault—heaven forfend! The ex-consul to the mighty empire of Martinique has a perfect right to "blow hisself" for page newspaper puffs—to exhibit his genealogical tree in Shaw's Garden if he like's; while it is the prerogative of the *Republic* to trade nux vomica drule and Della Cruscan drivel for good American dollars. Still I cannot imagine the great American public filing a protest had Count Vincent des, etc., and his cerulean blooded Baby Mine slipped out to Carondelet, or over to East St. Louis while no one was looking, got hitched by a justice of the peace, regaled a few friends with keg beer and pretzels, then started blithely in to take the conceit out of the census enumerators of Chicago and perpetuate the noble name of de Messimy, instead of halting the political torch-light parade to vaunt their "purty" and proclaim that they were about to accept St. Paul's sage advice to

couples similarly situated. I have no word of criticism for Miss Garesche; she is a young thing, somewhat under thirty; but William A. and the gentleman with the serial story title are old enough to know better.

It is a trifle strange that no attempt was made to trace "the proud lineage" of either bride or groom back to an aristocracy of intellect, a nobility of brains—that their pride should center in a supposed descent from various mental vacuums who were "stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings."

They exalt their horn, not because their families have produced men who won and wore the amaranthine wreath; but because their ancestors were unimportant factors of that ignoble French "nobility" whose transcendent impudence, disgusting debaucheries and wolfish exactions drove a patient and long-suffering people to a revolt whose attendant horrors constitute the darkest page in human history. France, like the United States, has abolished patents of nobility, and for the selfsame reason—because they are badges of servility, and in a republic every citizen should be a sovereign. Imagine Americans, who have learned senators for servants, and who make and unmake the chief magistrates of the greatest nation that ever sunned itself in the smile of omnipotent God, boasting that their ancestors had to take orders from some petty princeling ruled by a prostitute! There was never but one real nobility on this earth and its acknowledged head was born in a hovel. No pompous monarch that ever wielded a sceptre was worthy to sit in the presence of Shakespeare. The proudest nobleman who followed the fortunes of Charlemagne, or danced and grimaced in the corrupt court of *le Grande Monarque* would have been honored by a careless nod from Miguel Cervantes or a kick from Bobby Burns. All the Orleanists of France could not

have furnished forth the brains of the boorish Corsican. No "prince of the blood," since Trajan's pillar first marked the center of the world, was the peer of Abraham Lincoln.

Messrs. Garesche and Messimy should get "the pomp of heraldry" out of their foolish heads. Few Americans can trace their lineage back more than a century or so without finding some petty lordling or ticky-tailed princeling figuring as a member of the family; but we are striving desperately to live down the disgrace. We are trying to breed out the syphilitic "blue blood" and fill the veins of this nation of sovereigns with a healthy crimson tide, thereby insuring beautiful and noble women, and men too manly to make themselves ridiculous by boasting that their ancestors were a set of impudent thieves living upon the honest earnings of others. We aspire to membership in an aristocracy founded, not upon the bones of a French king's upper-servants, but on the honest worth of noble men and women. If the Garesches and Messimys think there is, was or can ever be a prouder title than American sovereignty, a nobler lineage than descent from brave and brainy men and chaste and beautiful women, why did they drag their empty bellies hither? Let them be sent back across the sea, as unworthy to live one hour where falls the sacred shadow of Freedom's flag.

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A WAIL FROM THE A. P. A.

CRITICISING THE ICONOCLAST.

"Editor ICONOCLAST: Having for several years been a reader of the ICONOCLAST, I am constrained at this late day to take issue with you respecting an article appearing

in the July number of your magazine, under the caption: 'Catholic vs. Protestant Cranks.' I take issue with you, not because I am a Protestant, but rather despite the fact that I am not. I am of neither persuasion, but believe in giving the Devil his due. That you should espouse the cause of 'Romanism' is a thing not only to be discredited, but likewise to be marveled at. And yet from the tenor of the article in question one can only conclude that such is the fact. I shall not speak disparagingly of anything good or commendable that the Catholic church may have accomplished in this world. A good deed will always outlive a bad creed. I am addressing myself to the foundation of Romanism. It claims to be the only true interpretation of Christ's teachings or Christianity and regards all other sects as being unbelievers and traitors to the cause of Christianity. From the fact that the columns of your magazine are not open to contributors, I harbor the inference that you do not invite criticism. Be this as it may, journalistic courtesy should prompt you to give even a dissenter, whether religious or political, a fair hearing through the columns of the *ICONOCLAST*, and I trust you will do as much for me. But to return to the issue. From the article in reference I glean enough to convince me that you are either an avowed champion or an apologist in the cause of Romanism. Whether you are this from personal convictions or for personal and pecuniary gain, is no affair of mine. Your abuse and denunciation of certain advocates and leaders of the well-known A. P. A. were, I opine, quite amiss. In doing this you are waging a warfare upon persons, not principles. Abuse is no argument and to indulge in disparaging personalities were not elegant. It is certainly evident to you that the Catholic church in this country openly violates the Constitution by demanding a portion of the free school fund

for the support of their parochial schools. Will you please explain why Catholics persistently attempt to have nuns placed in our public schools as teachers, whereas it is a notorious fact that Catholics regard the public schools as institutions of ignominy and hotbeds of infidelity? And, furthermore, why it is requested that they (the nuns) be permitted to wear their convent garb? Please tell us this rather than dilate upon the alleged colloquy between Luther and the Prince of Darkness! If perchance you should be harrassed with doubt as to the veracity of these statements, I can adduce sufficient evidence to verify the same. And facts that may or can be established by strong and sufficient evidence should not be discredited. It is, furthermore, a notable fact that all nuns and communicants of the Catholic church are bound by allegiance to an infallible (?) Pope. Any one subject to the authority of any foreign potentate or power cannot, in my opinion, at the same time be a loyal and patriotic citizen of this great commonwealth, unless he be traitor to his religious convictions. It is incumbent upon you as an advocate and champion of the rights and liberties of the American people, and as an outspoken enemy of all that encroach upon our Constitution, to raise the lance in warfare against them. You have as much as asserted that it is your lifework to fight frauds, humbugs and their kindred. In doing this you should not allow sectarian preferences to influence you. A Catholic fraud is as bad as a Protestant humbug, and vice versa. In your reply to the anonymous screed which appeared in the July number of the *ICONOCLAST* I note the following: 'I am not aware that they (speaking of supernal visions) are doing the world any serious damage; and the *ICONOCLAST* assails only those things which it believes to be really detrimental.' Now, since this is your honest purpose and intention, why

do you not assail an institution which is trying to undermine the public school system of our country? You should evince enough fairness to swallow the Catholic whale if you persist in straining at an insignificant Protestant little gnat. Once you pose a disciple of John the Baptist, and in the next breath you denounce the sect that received its name from this distinguished scriptural personage.

“*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur cum illis.*”

“GEO. C. KNOLL.”

Weimar, Texas, *en route*, July 20, 1896.

Having read the ICONOCLAST so long, has my correspondent yet to learn that with dogmatical dispute between Protestantism and Catholicism it has nothing to do? “Romanism” may claim what it likes in matters theological, and “Lutherism” deny it until the crack o’ doom for aught I care. I concern myself only with their deeds, leaving to others the disputation anent the respective merits of their *creeds*. Pope expresses my sentiments exactly when he says:

“For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;

His can’t be wrong whose life is in the right.”

I care never a copper whether people regard the Pope as the Vicar of Christ or anti-Christ, so long as their theology does not prompt them to interfere with my religious privileges or political prerogatives. A man sufficiently learned to successfully assume the role of critic should know that an editor who—“whether from personal convictions or for pecuniary gain”—becomes “an avowed champion or apologist in the cause of Romanism” would scarce give his journal a name so distasteful to the Catholic church. I am, sir, an “avowed champion” of *every* religion that has pierced Life’s dark shadows with

one ray of sunshine. I am an "avowed champion" of every American citizen whose civic rights are invaded because of his religious convictions. Should the Catholic conspire to exclude from the honors and emoluments of office either Protestants, Jews, or Agnostics, because of their supposed theological heresy, I would never cease denouncing them until either I or the damnable conspiracy were dead. In the dozen years of my editorial ministry I have assailed no religious faith, howsoever much I may have criticised its professors. A man's theology is his own affair, his political acts are the concern of every citizen. It was only with the *political* phase of this organized warfare upon Catholicism that I concern myself. Nor do I pretend to unselfish patriotism. If the civic rights of Catholics are circumscribed, may not Jews and Agnostics next fall under the ban? May not I wake up some morning and find myself ineligible for office, because I am a disciple of John the Baptist, instead of John Calvin? Once this proscription begins, where will it end? "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." In assisting the Catholics to preserve their rights, I strike a blow in defense of my own freedom.

I was not hitherto aware that the A. P. A.'s considered "abuse and denunciation" as cardinal sins. If it be a grievous error into which I have fallen, it is the fault of their own bad example. The A. P. A.'s are the Thersitæ of the century. The advocates of no other cause depend so much on denunciation and so little on logic. They cannot speak of the Catholic church without coupling it with a curse, nor mention the Pope without a malediction. And do members of this order, which has filled the land with the fumes of sulphuric acid, complain that I have proven too apt a pupil—that my vocabulary of invective is abnormal? Disparaging personalities are not to be com-

mended—but who began the thing? I was combating the principles of the order well within the pale of polemical courtesy when these modern Chesterfields proceeded to serve me much as the Yahoos did the unfortunate Gulliver. Nor did they stop at “abuse and denunciation.” They were not content with outcursing Caliban and overdoing Termagant, but resorted to the scurrilous methods of the pot-house politician, “answered” my courteously worded objections to their order much as Sid Williams did the criticisms of Ingersoll—by the deliberate concoction of stupid calumnies. And must I retort with the soft answer that turneth away wrath, while spewed upon by such featherless buzzards, such moral hyenas as Slattery and Hicks? I could never make a success in the role of other-cheek Christian. Like Sancho Panza, I object to having my face handled by hoodlums. That’s why I have unearthed the records of some of the arch-angels of this great “American order.” It might be well for the A. P. A.’s to get the bridge beams out of their own eyes before reaching for the diatoms in the optics of others.

I may presume that a man who “gives the devil his due” would not deliberately create a false impression regarding even the Catholics. Now, will Mr. Knoll kindly turn to his copy of the Federal Constitution and inform us what article and section these dangerous Romanists “openly violate by demanding a portion of the free school fund for the support of their parochial schools?” I am unalterably opposed to such diversion of the free school fund—even in a community where the Catholics pay nine-tenths of the taxes; but before shelling the Vatican and assassinating the papal legate, I want to know wherein such “demand” is subversive of the fundamental law of the land. Because I disapprove a thing it does not follow, as a matter of course, that it’s either *malum in se* or un-

constitutional. What in the name of Lindley Murray has the Federal Government to do with the school system of a sovereign state? It doesn't even prohibit Texas setting up a religious establishment and supporting it by general taxation. The public school fund of Texas is the property of the people, to do with as seemeth unto them best. The Catholics, as a portion of the people, have a right to be heard in the matter, but must bow to the will of the majority. So long as they do the latter they are patriotic Americans, true to the principles of democracy. They have as much right to ask that nuns be employed as teachers and that they be permitted to wear their convent garb as I have to ask the appointment of Baylor graduates and that they be compelled to wear bloomers. It must be remembered that the American citizen—of whatever creed or no creed—is a sovereign to the extent of his vote and influence. He has perfect right to urge the enactment of such laws as he may like, whether state or national, and the amendment of all charters and constitutions that may do violence to his opinions. If the Catholics regard the public schools as "hotbeds of infidelity," can they be blamed for urging the employment of teachers "sound in the faith"? Does my correspondent consider it a crime for Catholics to combat infidelity here at home while we Protestants spend millions of dollars in our fruitless tussle with it abroad?

And why, pray, am not I privileged to dilate upon the *historical* "colloquy between Luther and the Prince of Darkness," when worthy A. P. A.'s complain to me of the celestial visions seen by Catholic virgins? Have I no right to comfort the souls of Protestants by citing the history of our great prototype as evidence that it is no sin to dream dreams and see visions? Suppose that Satan should suddenly appear to my correspondent. Would he not be

pleased to know that his vision was eligible for A. P. A. membership—having induced Luther to counsel the assassination of the Pope? Nay, sir; you shall not thus summarily deprive me of my occupation as counsellor and consoler to the Protestant clergy. But please tell us something more about the Constitution “rather than dilate upon the alleged” endeavor of the Catholics to stamp infidelity out of the public schools. State, I prithee, for the benefit of a benighted editor—who has failed to worship at the sacred shrine of Whiskey Bill Traynor and absorb his patriotism from unfrocked Irish priests who apostrophize the British flag—to what kind of “foreign potentate or power all communicants of the Catholic church owe allegiance.” Is he some Cæsar or Alexander with vast armies and navies at his command? or is he a frail old man, having kings and princes for his subjects in matters spiritual, yet bowing to the authority of the humblest magistrate in matters temporal? What have the religious convictions of a Catholic to do with his political allegiance? Cannot I recognize the sovereignty of Jesus Christ without getting up in the middle of the night and pulling the tail feathers out of the American eagle? Catholics regard the Pope simply as the representative on earth of One who said, “Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s and unto God the things that are God’s.” If the Pope be eager for temporal power, and all Catholics owe him paramount allegiance in matters political as well as spiritual, why doesn’t he grab Italy, France, Mexico and all the nations of South America and set up a new and greater Roman Empire? Why doesn’t he take his 235,000,000 subservient janizaries and conquer the earth? If the A. P. A.’s be telling the truth, the Pope could blot Protestantism out of existence, subdue all political opposition and rule the world with a rod

of iron! Excuse me! I don't mind tackling a bucking broncho, but I'm tampering with no earthquakes! As "a champion of the rights and liberties of the American people," I do not propose to raise the "lance of warfare" against the Pope unless he crowds me.

And why should I, as a Protestant, war on Catholicism any more than a homeopathic doctor would take a fall out of Hippocrates? It may be antiquated, but it is respectable. It constituted our only hope of salvation for long ages before we succeeded in evolving the holiness fad, the camp-meeting jerks, or even the blessed doctrine of the Anabaptists, just as the old-school practitioners were our refuge in measles and mumps ere the dawn of Christian Science, the coming of Schrader or the invention of the microbe mitrailleuse.

It is well to sometimes remember that but for these selfsame Catholics we might have no beloved constitution to worry about. When they wrung the Magna Charta from King John they became the grandsires of the American Government. True, we are not altogether indebted to them for the development of our institutions; but the part played by them in our great national drama has been very important. They decreed religious liberty in the new world—whether before or after the Roger Williams rescript is of no particular moment. They were among the first—if not indeed the first—to move for the independence of the American colonies. They sanctioned—and signed—the Declaration. They poured their treasure into the coffers of the new-born nation and their blood upon its battlefields with an enthusiasm that called forth a letter of thanks from even the phlegmatic Washington. Many prominent Catholics, like Baron de Kalb and Marquis de Lafayette, crossed the sea to fight for American liberty. When all seemed lost, Catholic France sent her

chivalric sons to draw about the cradle of liberty a lethal circle with the sword. In our own day American Catholics have ever been ready to set foot as far as who goes farthest in defense of the old flag. I don't give a d—n what may be their creeds about "allegiance to a foreign potentate or power;" there's the *record* of my Catholic countrymen—seamed with fire and sealed with blood! With that before me, it will require something more than prattle about nuns, frocks and "hotbeds of infidelity" to silence the guns I have aligned upon the Guy Fawkes' conspiracy engineered by the A. P. A.

And can I not be a devout disciple of John the Baptist without approving all the practices of a people who have adopted his agnomen—perhaps to signify that they have no head? John was something of an iconoclast himself, and—like his Lord—somewhat addicted to "denunciation." I can but wonder that his allusion to the eminently respectable Pharisees and Sadducees as a "generation of vipers" has not called forth a withering rebuke from honey-tongued A. P. A. orator. Albeit he was somewhat addicted to "abuse," I heartily approve his creed and cheerfully commend it to those whom religious intolerance has led to depart from time-honored American principles. "Repent ye—every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." That's all there is to it—and it's enough.

I have fought the A. P. A. from its inception; not that I approve the Catholic creed, but because I approve that clause in the Constitution which declares that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States; not that I accept either papal infallibility or the apostolic succession; but because it were a violation of the principle of liberty, equality and fraternity—our political trinity—to circum-

scribe the rights of the humblest citizen because of his religious opinions. The privilege of defending my own prerogatives obligates me to sacredly respect the rights of others.

If I have exhibited aught of "sectarian preference" it was not altogether my fault. As a citizen, I place our political constitution above all religious creeds—the rights of life above the hopes of death. I have judged Protestantism and Catholicism—as political forces—not so much by reading their professions as by observing their practice. For ten years the Protestant clergy have waged unrelenting warfare upon me for presuming to exercise the American prerogative of free speech—for disagreeing with them have denounced me with far more vigor than they brought to bear on the Devil. They have demanded my discharge from editorial positions and advocated boycotts on newsdealers who handled papers on which I was employed. Yet I never spoke disparagingly of their religion or denied their Deity—I simply criticised people who confess themselves "the chiefs of sinners" and "poor miserable worms of the dust." I have dissented from Catholicism also, but its priesthood have ever treated my rights as a citizen with the utmost respect. Doubtless the Pope would place many of my articles in the *Index Expurgatorius*; but no Catholic priest or prelate has ever tried to deprive me of employment or to injure my business by means of that most cowardly of all un-American weapons, the contemptible boycott. Reasoning by induction, how could I avoid the conclusion that Catholicism is far more friendly than is Protestantism to intellectual liberty—to "freedom of speech and freedom of the press?" When I find prominent in the councils of the A.P.A. men who, for years past, have striven to suppress my pen and seal my lips for questioning their theological

infallibility, am I likely to look to that order for the preservation of my American prerogatives, and turn, like a wolfish hound, upon those who never planned me harm? Believing—with such cogent reason—that the A. P. A. is a conspiracy against liberty of conscience, is it not my duty to war upon it to the death—to denounce its every advocate as a potential Benedict Arnold, a political Judas Iscariot? And must I be careful not to wound the sensibilities of these teachers of high treason, these political heretics? Should I regale them with oil of Smyrna and honey of Hymettus? No; I prefer to imitate the example of our Lord, and scourge with a whip of cords those who would make the temple of my fathers a den of thieves.

I put it to you, sir, and to every member of your order; could a devout Catholic, even though his ancestors were at Runnymede and penned Maryland's first proclamation of religious toleration; even though his gran'sire signed the Declaration and helped frame the Federal Constitution; even though he had sacrificed his fortune and risked his life in defense of our liberties—could such a Catholic, I say be elected president of this country; You know he could not. You know that a Catholic wife would be an almost insurmountable handicap to even a lineal descendant of Cromwell or Calvin. And why? Protestant prejudice. Yet in those cities, counties and districts—both in Europe and America—where Catholics predominate, Protestants are frequently advanced to the post of honor. Could "Pagan Bob" Ingersoll be elected president? He could not. Why? Protestant prejudice—the admixture of religion and politics by those clamoring for "complete separation of church and state." We know that Ingersoll is a man of superior intellect. His patriotism is above suspicion. The Constitution is his Bible, the Declaration his Confession of Faith. While Cleveland was saving the

country by proxy and wiping away the tears of buxom widows, Ingersoll, at the head of 800 Illinois troopers was cutting his way through Forest's redoubtable cavalry corps numbering more than 8,000 men. Were he nominated for chief magistrate, Jews, Agnostics and Catholics would promptly divide on political lines. They would not ask his opinion of the Immaculate Conception, but rather his position on the tariff and currency, and act accordingly, but the Protestants would mass against him almost to a man, regardless of political predilections. Three-fourths of their preachers would thunder at him from the pulpit, while the Epworth Leaguers and Christian Endeavorers, the Y. M. C. A. and B. Y. P. U. would all sweat their boots full of blood. The Pastors' Association of Dallas would stand appalled; Sam Jones would predict the Day of Judgment and Doc Talmadge fall into the opening of his own face; while all the sectarian advertising grafts, like Hayden's *Holy Fake* and Cranfill's *Weekly Slumguillion* bristled with double-headed diatribes against the damning disgrace of making an Agnostic chief magistrate of a "Christian country." Don't you know they would? Don't you know that J. D. Shaw—as stainless a man as God ever made, couldn't be elected Governor of Texas though he possessed the combined statecraft of Washington and Webster, Clay and Calhoun—simply because he doesn't know so much about God as does Sin-Killer Griffin? Don't you know that the A.P.A. would vote almost solidly against him—while belly-aching about religious liberty and damning the Catholics for objecting to casting their children into "hot-beds of infidelity?" Don't you know that if the Protestant priesthood could have its way, it would transform this nation into an intolerant theocracy and disfranchise every Jew and Catholic, every Atheist and Agnostic—

“for the glory of God?” If you do not, you have read the signs of the times as inattentively as you have the Constitution. *Auf wiedersehen.*

* * *

McKINLEY AND THE APES.

THE A. P. Apes of Illinois recently declared against Candidate McKinley, alleging that he was a “papal sympathizer” and, as governor of Ohio, had appointed Irish Catholics to office. I at first supposed that McKinley’s managers had hired the leaders of that unAmerican dark-lantern organization to denounce him, and thereby supply him with an “issue” that would draw to his support all manly men. It would have been a shrewd campaign trick, and could have been easily carried into effect. With the Apes fighting McKinley, no power on earth could have prevented his election. He would have been loved for the enemies he had made. The American people would have rejoiced at the opportunity to stamp out of existence that congeries of fools and fanatics who demand the disfranchisement of men because of a difference of religious dogma. But it appears that the noisy chatter of the Apes was not the result of a conspiracy. Perhaps the leaders of the simians had struck the McKinley management for money and had been refused. They are notoriously “out for the stuff,” and the report had gone abroad that the McKinleyites have boodle to burn. Failing to make a “deal” with the Buckeye candidate, they proceeded to denounce him. On no other hypothesis can I account for their sudden discovery that McKinley was an emissary for the Pope. Instead of treating their noisy

clamor with contempt, the new "Napoleon" rushes into print with his Protestant pedigree and a tearful denial that he had appointed Catholics to office. He deliberately destroyed valuable political capital that had been cooked up for him free of cost. McKinley is an ass. By this act of political cowardice he has forfeited the respect of the American people. A manly man would have sent the Apes word that it was none of their d——d business in what church he worshipped, or what the religious affiliations of men he had seen fit to elevate to office. He would have told them that he wanted the support of no conglomeration of fanatics who would deny liberty of conscience to American citizens. He would have reminded them that the Catholics were the first to enact laws in the New World permitting religious liberty, and that many of the bravest defenders of the old flag lived and died in that faith! He would have advised them that their secret oath-bound politico-religious society was a conspiracy against the peace and dignity of the government founded by the Conscript Fathers, and that, if elected, he would use his best endeavor to root it out and imprison the ringleaders. Instead of doing so, however, he figuratively fell on his knee before this gang of political highbinders and brainless bigots to explain at length that his family had been Protestant for ages past, and that he had neither political, social nor religious affiliation with Catholics. His position is well nigh as pitiful as that of Bradley, of Kentucky, who got a presidential bumble-bee in his bonnet and became so frightened by the mowing of the Apes that he was initiated into that unclean order of idiots.

TOM REED'S CANDIDACY.

MAINE stands by Thomas Brackett Reed's presidential boom, and advises all whom it may concern that he "is opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver except by international agreement." That simply means that the "Czar" has ceased fluctuating between the goldbug and the free silver camps and pitched his presidential tent with the former, for the "international agreement" talk is the veriest tommyrot. Reed also "favors the restriction of immigration." In that he is at least logical, for restriction of immigration is the natural correlative of the doctrine of protection. Protection with our ports open to European labor were like trying to raise the level of the Mexican gulf with water dipped from the Atlantic ocean; yet that is exactly what the Republicans have hitherto been trying to do. If protection advances wages in America it also induced European and Canadian immigration, and the competition for employment restores the old scale. If it enhances the profits of the manufacturer it induced foreign capital to seek investment here, and competition soon deprives the original beneficiary of his extra profits. The manufacturers may, by means of trusts or combines, limit the supply and maintain the artificial price; but only in exceptional instances has labor been able to so organize as to long maintain the wage rate above the normal. Only by arbitrarily closing our ports to foreign labor is it possible to make protection of any permanent benefit to the American workman. That even this would improve our industrial condition remains to be demonstrated. To assume that it would do so were to argue that increase of population and the rapid development of the Nation's resources were impolitic—that Gov-

ernor Ireland was right when he declined to encourage Texas immigration. But it is not my present purpose to point out all the absurdities of the protective theory. I presume that Mr. Reed has simply committed himself to the illogical course of all Republican candidates—that he would erect a barrier for the protection of American manufacturers while leaving their employes to compete with the vast army of European workmen who come hither every year in search of employment—that he would only turn back the pauper and criminal classes. Mr. Reed is also, we are told, “the friend of American shipping and its restoration to its former rank in the world.” Our merchant marine should be accorded especial encouragement, not that it makes any particular difference per se whether our goods be carried in American or British bottoms, but that in case of war with a European nation we might have a powerful naval reserve force. There was a time when the Yankee tar was lord of the winds and the waves. His equal in seamanship was not to be found in the world. Many a time did he take an old wooden sloop and fight a British man-of-war to a finish. His skill and nerve constituted a better defense than do costly iron-clads and expensive forts. Through a mistaken policy our merchant marine, that mighty recruiting ground for able seamen in time of war, was suffered to decline. The few vessels that now fly the American flag are manned chiefly by foreigners. It were much better to encourage our merchant marine than to put so many millions in fortifications and iron tubs that may be rendered obsolete before they are finished by the invention of new arms or more powerful explosives. With men trained to the sea, and an abundance of wealth with which to construct battleships when needed, we may contemplate with serenity the armed legions and floating monsters that are bankrupting our European brethren.

A MODEST HE-MAIDEN.

JUDGE D. A. HOLMAN is a candidate for congress from the Thirteenth Texas district. He says in his autobiography, published in the *Dallas News*, that he "is as modest and diffident as a maiden, but absolutely fearless in the defense of honor and the enforcement of right." His modesty will probably wear off should he chance to be elected,—at least to such an extent that he can meet the languishing gaze of the female lobbyist without going into hysterics. He further states—with the modesty and diffidence of a maiden—that "some of his legal achievements are phenomenal"; that "in his first murder case the defendant was confined in jail for six years, four times convicted and sentenced to be hanged, two gallows erected to hang him on, one coffin made and a grave dug to bury him in. He saved his client, who is to-day a free man." That was a trifle phenomenal—for an inexperienced lawyer who "is modest and diffident as a maiden." But was his client really innocent; or did the modest and diffident maiden lawyer prostitute his phenomenal talents to cheat Justice of her dues and turn a brutal homicide loose upon the land? Was the acquittal due to Judge Holman's "absolute fearlessness in the defense of honor and the enforcement of right," or to a smart piece of scull-duggery for the sake of a fee? Judge Holman in his autobiography modestly refrained from informing the people on this all important point. If the prisoner was really innocent Judge Holman should be rewarded with at least one term in congress; if he was guilty, the attorney who, by sharp practice secured his acquittal, should be corralled by the outraged people and comfortably hanged.

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